

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



MARCH
1930

"NO DEFENCE"
A New Serial by
SIR GILBERT PARKER

· TEN ·
CENTS
A COPY

One of the new designs—a neat and attractive small home. Its simplicity gives it a very artistic and pleasing appearance. The plan provides for four rooms, closets and a bathroom. The living-room and dining-room may be used as one large room, and both kitchen and bedroom are of good size. See plan No. 37, size 26 x 28 feet.



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Make up your mind now to drop in on your home town lumberman and see the latest series of house plans which have been specially designed for him this season. Each one

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After you have found the home and plan that suits you, tell him your building problems and with his friendly advice drawn from a wealth of experience, he will solve them for you and give you complete costs of building with lumber—the ideal and most enduring building material for Western Canada.

Don't blunder—Use lumber.

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USE IT—NATURE RENEWS IT

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Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber & Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and the Western Canada Sash & Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.



This fine, large-family design, can be adapted to a smaller size house. Downstairs is a living-room, a dining-room, a sunroom, den or bedroom, kitchen, breakfast nook and pantry. Upstairs: five bedrooms, large bathroom and clothes closets. It is Plan No. 21, size 42 x 30 feet.

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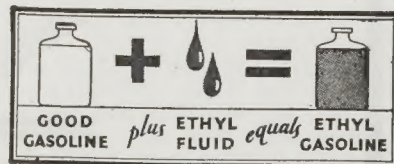
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He and his horse were notables in town.

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Invention of electric light was the end of the lamp-lighter but it was only the beginning of change in the oil business. The automobile, modern machinery, the airplane—each has demanded new products. Each new product has meant endless experiment and unceasing effort.

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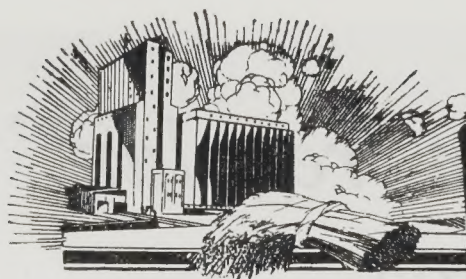


IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS

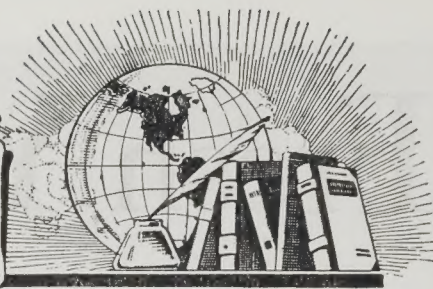
ALWAYS SO MUCH BETTER



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LUBRICANTS



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 3

World Peace

THE WORLD does not find it easy to regard itself as a well-ordered community. The relationships among the members have not as yet been rightly established and the elements of mutual trust and mutual regard have not been developed. The way to peace now being so anxiously sought is shown with wreckage of past indiscretions and is clouded by memories of treacheries and intrigues. Every step forward must be taken with caution, but even the slightest advance inspires hope. The future once so menacing in its aspect, now seems less forbidding. One hundred million people receiving at the same moment the same thought and imbued with the same feeling cannot forget the thrill that came with a recognition of common kinship. Surely it is not too much to feel that the darkest hour is past and that somewhere ahead the sky is brightening to indicate the dawn of a better day.

The Family as a Community

THE way to World Peace may be made easier for us if we study the way to peace in the simplest of communities—the family. Here each member must regard the others, and failure at this point means disaster. Should the father consult his own interests and needs, and sacrifice the happiness of his wife and children, it is clear that family ruin will follow. The story of ten thousand families in every land bear testimony to this truth. The selfishness of the purse-holder is proverbial. Similarly the indulgence of the mother may lead to trouble, and trouble even more immediate and disastrous: "On a road like this men dawdle and drive, but women go fearless and fast to the devil."

Yet even when the home is well conducted and when extreme selfishness is banished there come time of great privation and the suffering must be unequally borne. The common opinion of mankind will bear testimony to the sacrifice of motherhood in times of distress. Only the Good Lord knows what they have endured for the sake of husband and family.

The World as a Community

BUT when it comes to members of the World Family all are children. True enough, in the family of nations that compose the Empire, the good old Motherland has ever sacrificed for the children, and their present loyalty and devotion express their thanks, but in the larger family, The World, there is no mother who has been willing to sacrifice for others unless it be that same Motherland, which in the late war for the sake of humanity bore unbelievable financial burdens and untold sorrows. In their juster moments all lands will give full praise even if they will not help to bear the load.

Just now, then, because there is no head to the World Family it is necessary in times of distress for each member to make some sacrifice. Each must lose himself in the group. This will be possible only as national selfishness gives way to the higher ideal of world brotherhood.

It need not be expected that at the London Conference the older ideals with be relinquished all at once. Nationalism is an almost incurable disease. Yet one may have strong national bias and entertain a higher love for humanity.

The Real World Rivalry

THE real rivalry among the nations is not in armaments, but in those things which seem to make armaments necessary—trade and territory. When any nation cannot find markets for its products there is a decline in wages, an increase in unemployment and general dissatisfaction. When

any land becomes so crowded with people that there is no room for all there is a demand for territory in which to expand. If no such territory can be found there is national unrest which easily leads to war. The cure for world ills is the establishment of better trade relations, and the opening up of new territory to populations that are too crowded. Sooner or later the conference on armaments must be followed by a conference on tariffs. There can be no enduring peace otherwise. Then there must be some thought given to conditions in Japan, Italy, Germany, and even England where unemployment is so great. Right here Canada comes into the picture, so that if as Mr. Ralston suggests she does not figure greatly in the present conference, she may figure very prominently when trade and territory are the basis of discussion.

Let us, however, welcome the advance made at the London Conference, and above all let us admire the spirit shown by those who are speaking for their people. Good-will is valuable, even if it does not issue in immediate action.

The broader and more Christian conception of world-brotherhood will be fully developed only after years of patient waiting and careful education. There will even be regrettable lapses in the climb to better things. It seems as if the first step would be an agreement covering naval equipment "to transfer national needs into terms of relativity." This in itself will mean much to over-taxed people and will pave the way for reductions in every form of armaments. This reduction of armaments if continued will mean that national differences must be settled by arbitration rather than by force of arms. It will be a great step upwards when civilization reaches that decision.

The Movies and the Children

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS is doing a great work. One of its committees that has made an outstanding contribution is that which considers public welfare. In 1926 it analyzed 250 movie films, it found in them 97 murders, 51 cases of adultery, 19 seductions, 22 abductions, and 45 suicides. Among the principal characters were 176 thieves, 25 prostitutes, 35 drunkards. In most countries there is little or no prohibition when it comes to attendance by children and in few cases have children to be accompanied by parents. In four years, 1924 to 1927 the New York censors eliminated 4,825 scenes as tending to incite to crime and 3,763 as indecent or obscene or immoral or tending to corrupt morals. In many places outside of New York where there were no censors these scenes were left in. Is it not cheering to know that children are being served such delicious food for their young souls?

It may be urged that these pictures have no effect on young life. Let us get the testimony of those who know. One hundred and twenty-five teachers in Chicago in public and private schools were questioned and the great majority said that the pictures interfered with school work, retarded mental development, lowered vitality, made children nervous and excitable, weakened initiative. The children get false and distorted views of life, they become irresponsible and selfish, become immodest and impure. Ninety-nine of the teachers said that even in Chicago the movies engendered disregard for marriage ties. Judge Waters of the Los Angeles juvenile court says, "It is useless to preach chastity on Sunday, if Cleopatra is being shown on Monday at the neighboring theatre."

Hear again the children themselves: "I like the fighting and torturing." "I didn't sleep for a week without dreaming of skeletons." "The movies make you want things you haven't got and you take them." "Things that look bad outside seem all right in the movies." "Movies sorter coax a feller. They get money easy. A feller thinks he won't make a

mistake if he tries it. I thought I could get the money, put it in a bank a long time and use it later."

It is needless to go further. Those who are in this—some of the richest concerns—are in it for money. They have no consciences. They are worse than thieves. They besmirch childhood, they deride holiness, they revel in lust. Anything to make money.

Most of this is suggested by an article by Fred Eastman in the Christian Century and we make no excuse for quoting with him that most appealing of all verses: "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

Our Contributors

THERE come to the editor's table every month contributions that have to be returned because the supply is much greater than the demand. Selection must be made. In choosing the reviewer has to judge every contribution by applying three standards: does it convey truth? does it set forth beauty? does it magnify the good?

It is obvious that in a descriptive article a writer must be truthful. Otherwise the subscribers lose confidence in the magazine. In one or two cases The Western Home Monthly has been called in question because of statements made by writers who were more anxious to say things in a striking way than to convey the truth. In fiction it is also possible for a writer to be untruthful. It was said of Dickens that he enjoyed his characters more than any of his readers did. They spoke to him, and he put down the words. He never coined phrases nor invented situations for them. Now, whether this is true or false we cannot say, but there is a truth in the idea. Characters in fiction, to be impressive, must be real.

Then there must be in all writing some regard for the law of beauty. This does not mean that every character must be highly moral. In the same play there are Othello and Iago; in the same gospel story there are Jesus and Judas. But Othello is always Othello, and Iago is always Iago. There is no inconsistency. The most common fault in the writing of fiction is inconsistency—in thought, in feeling, in language.

Frequently when character is carefully delineated and true to itself, the language in which thought is expressed is unsuitable. It may be unworthy of the characters in the story or it may be unworthy of the readers of the magazine. The chief error here is traceable to a belief on the part of some that speech to be striking has to be "slangy" or vulgar. Fortunately on this score there are few complaints to be made by reviewers of manuscript submitted to The Western Home Monthly. True, it will recognize that certain characters will use language suitable to their environment, their walk in life, and in harmony with their early associations, but it will not ask that in phraseology all live down to the level of the lowest.

Good writing possesses a charm that is indicated in choice of words, in rhythm, in balance of structure, in use of figures.

To some contributors it is necessary to say that no article can be considered which is faulty in spelling, punctuation and paragraph structure.

The third standard employed in judging a contribution was this: "Does it magnify the good?" In Canada we all want the good to prevail. We may be ignorant, or lacking in refinement, but we must not be ethically unsound. Therefore, in descriptive articles as in narrative we must live up to the standard that right thinking, respectable people will approve. This does not at all mean that the ideals of Puritanism must control us. The Puritans may have been wrong. Moreover, the world has changed. Only this—we cannot afford to set up ideals of which our better selves in our better moments would be ashamed.

These badly-phrased sentences may help our contributors. If they do, we make no excuse for printing them.

"Fresh Yeast keeps the system 'regular'"

SAYS NOTED HOSPITAL DIRECTOR



Photo by Ghitta Carel, Rome

GRAND UFFICIALE PROFESSORE DOTTORIO PIO PEDICONI of Rome . . . director and chief physician of the important San Gallicano Hospital . . . special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome . . . distinguished exponent of Europe's most conservative medical tradition! Dr. Pediconi says:

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"For many years yeast has been used by dermatologists to prevent and cure certain common skin eruptions.

"Yeast is especially rich in vitamin B. When exposed to ultra-violet rays, the ergosterol it contains becomes vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which acts on the system the same as the sun itself, strengthening resistance to disease."

How simple it is—this advice from one of the world's great physicians! Just yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast—a remarkable stimulating *food* which you eat 3 times a day. And your reward . . . rich new energy, new ambition, new alertness! Try it—today! You can get it at grocers, restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Every cake is rich in *two* indispensable vitamins—B and D. Directions on label.

Their doctors' simple advice brought thrilling new health!



"I was everlastingly taking laxatives," writes Mrs. EDNA DU VALL of Toronto. "I suffered with bilious headaches. Having heard of doctors prescribing yeast, I tried it. Today laxatives are not necessary. I am minus my headaches, and my complexion is no longer muddy."



"For two years Robert consumed quantities of medicine," writes Mr. HARRY F. STRONG of East Milton, Mass. "Our doctor then decided to give him yeast to strengthen his intestines; where the trouble lay. Today Bob is every bit as healthy as his picture shows."

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Founder of Europe's most exclusive private clinic, Geheimrat Dr. CARL VON NOORDEN, declares, "Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. It has an extraordinary tonic effect. Regularly used, it can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels."

PROFESSOR DR. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is head of the hospitals of Rome. He says, "Yeast has long been famous for its ability to keep the intestinal tract clean and active and to correct indigestion."

DR. B. PONTOPPIDAN, noted skin specialist and physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital of Copenhagen, says, "In my practice I have had excellent results with the use of fresh yeast."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians



One on either side of the old man, they went with him up the hillside to the door of his house.

NO DEFENCE

By Gilbert Parker

Illustrated by John Clymer

“WELL, good-bye, Dyck. I’ll meet you at the sessions, or before that at the assizes.”

It was only the impulsive, cheery, warning exclamation of a wild young Irish spirit to his friend Dyck Calhoun, but it had behind it the humor and incongruity of Irish life.

The man, Dyck Calhoun, after whom were sent the daring words about the sessions and the assizes, was a year or two older than his friend, and, as Michael Clones, his servant and friend, said, “the worst and best scamp of them all”—just up to any harmless deviltry.

Influenced by no traditions or customs, under control of no stern records of society, Calhoun had caused some trouble in his time by the harmless deeds of a scapegrace, but morally—that is, in all relations of life affected by the ten commandments—he was above reproach. Yet he was of the sort who, in days of agitation, then common in Ireland, might possibly commit some act which would bring him to the sessions or the assizes. There never was in Ireland a cheerier, braver, handsomer fellow, nor one with such variety of mind and complexity of purpose.

He was the only child of a high-placed gentleman; he spent all the money that came his way, and occasionally loaded himself with debt, which his angry father paid. Yet there never was a gayer heart, a more generous spirit, nor an easier tempered man; though, after all, he was only twenty-five when the words with which the tale opens were said to him. He

had been successful — yet none too successful — at school and Trinity College, Dublin. He had taken a pass degree, when he might have captured the highest honors. He had interested people of place in the country, but he never used promptly the interest he excited. A pretty face, a fishing or a shooting expedition, a carouse in some secluded tavern, were parts of his daily life.

At the time the story opens he was a figure of note among those who spent their time in criticizing the government and damning the Irish Parliament. He even became a friend of some young hare-brained rebels of the time; yet no one suspected him of anything except irresponsibility. His record was clean; Dublin Castle was not after him.

When his young friend made the remark about the sessions and assizes, Calhoun was making his way up the rocky hillside to take the homeward path to his father’s place, Playmore. With the challenge and the monstrous good-bye, a stone came flying up the hill after him and stopped almost at his feet. He made no reply, however, but waved a hand downhill, and in his heart said:

“Well, maybe he’s right. I’m a damned dangerous fellow, there’s no doubt about that. Perhaps I’ll kill

a rebel some day, and then they’ll take me to the sessions and assizes. Well, well, there’s many a worse fate than that, so there is.”

After a minute he added:

“So there is, dear lad, so there is. But if I ever kill, I’d like it to be in open fight on the hills like this—like this, under the bright sun, in the soft morning, with all the moor and valleys still, and the larks singing—the larks singing! Hooray, but it’s a fine day, one of the best that ever was!”

He laughed, and patted his gun gently.

“Not a feather, not a bird killed, not a shot fired; but the looking was the thing—stalking the things that never turned up, the white heels we never saw, for I’m not killing larks, God love you!”

He raised his head, looking up into the sky at some larks singing above him in the heavens.

“God love you, little dears,” he added aloud. “I wish I might die with you singing in my ears, but do you know what makes Ireland what it is? Look at it now. Years ago, just when the cotton mills and the linen-mills were doing well, they came over with their English legislation, and made it hard going. When we begin to get something, over the English come and take the something away. What have we done, we Irish people, that we shouldn’t have a chance in our own country? Lord knows, we deserve a chance, for it’s hard paying the duties these days. What with France in revolution and reaching out her hand to Ireland to coax her into rebellion; what with defeat in America and drink in Scotland; what with Fox and Pitt at each other’s throats, and the lord-lieutenant

a danger to the peace; what with poverty, and the cow and children, father and mother living all in one room, with the chickens roosting in the rafters; what with pointing the potato at the fried fish and gulping it down as if it was fish itself; what with the smell and the dirt and the poverty of Dublin and Derry, Limerick and Cork—ah, well!" He threw his eyes up again. "Ah, well, my little love, sing on! You're a blessing among a lot of curses; but never mind, it's a fine world, and Ireland's the best part of it. Heaven knows it—and on this hill, how beautiful it is!"

He was now on the top of a hill where he could look out towards the bog and in towards the mellow, waving hills. He could drink in the yellowish green, with here and there in the distance a little house; and about two miles away smoke stealing up from the midst of the plantation where Playmore was—Playmore, his father's house—to be his own one day.

How good it was! There, within his sight, was the great escarpment of rock known as the Devil's Ledge, and away to the east was the black spot in the combe known as the Cave of Mary. Still farther away, towards the south, was the great cattle-pasture, where, as he looked, a thousand cattle roamed. Here and there in the wide prospect were plantations where Irish landlords lived, and paid a heavy price for living. Men did not pay their rents. Crops were spoiled, markets were bad, money was scarce, yet—

"Please God, it will be better next year!" Michael Clones said, and there never was a man with a more hopeful heart than Michael Clones.

Dyck Calhoun had a soul of character, originality, and wayward distinction. He had all the impulses and enthusiasms of a poet, all the thirst for excitement of the adventurer, all the latent patriotism of the true Celt; but his life was undisciplined, and he had not ordered his spirits into compartments of faith and hope. He had gifts. They were gifts only to be borne by those who had ambitions.

Now, as he looked out upon the scene where nature was showing herself at her best, some glimmer of a great future came to him. He did not know which way his feet were destined to travel in the business of life. It was too late to join the navy; but there was still time enough to be a soldier, or to learn to be a lawyer.

As he gazed upon the scene, his wonderful deep blue eyes, his dark brown hair thick upon his head waving and luxuriant like a fine mattress, his tall, slender, alert figure, his bony, capable hands, which neither sun nor wind ever browned, his nervous yet interesting mouth, and his long Roman nose, set in a complexion rich in its pink-and-cream, hardness and health—all this made him a figure good to see.

SUDDENLY, as he listened to the lark singing overhead, with his face lifted to the sky, he heard a human voice singing; and presently there ran up a little declivity to his left a girl—an Irish girl of about seventeen years of age.

Her hat was hanging on her arm by a green ribbon. Her head was covered by the most wonderful brown, waving hair. She had a broad, low forehead, Greek in its proportions and lines. The eyes were bluer even than his own, and were shaded by lashes of great length, which slightly modified the firm lines of the face, with its admirable chin, and mouth somewhat large with a cupid's bow.

In spite of its ardent and luscious look, it was the mouth of one who knew her own mind and could sustain her own course. It was open when Dyck first saw it, because she was singing little bits of wild lyrics of the hills, little tragedies of Celtic life—just bursts of the

Celtic soul, as it were, cheerful yet sad, buoyant and passionate, eager yet melancholy. She was singing in Irish, too. They were the words of songs taught her by her mother's maid.

She had been tramping over the hills for a couple of hours, virile, beautiful and alone. She wore a gown of dark gold, with little green ribbons here and there. The gown was short, and her ankles showed. In spite of the strong boots she wore they were alert, delicate and shapely, and all her beauty had the slender fullness of a quail.

When she saw Dyck, she stopped suddenly, her mouth slightly open. She gave him a sidelong glance of wonder, interest and speculation. Then she threw her head slightly back, and all the curls gathered in a bunch and shook like bronze flowers. It was a head of grace and power, of charm and allurements—of danger.

Dyck was lost in admiration. He looked at her as one might look at a beautiful thing in a dream. He did not speak; he only smiled as he gazed into her eyes.

She was the first to speak.

"Well, who are you?" she asked with a slightly southern accent in her voice delicate and entrancing.

Her head gave a little modest toss, her fine white teeth caught her lower lip with a little quirk of humor; for she could see that he was a gentleman, and that she was safe from anything that might trouble her.

He replied to her question with the words:

"My name? Why, it's Dyck Calhoun. That's all."

Her eyes brightened. "Isn't that enough?" she asked gently.

She knew of his family. She was only visiting in the district with her mother, but she had lately heard of old Miles Calhoun and his wayward boy, Dyck; and here was Dyck, with a humor in his eyes and a touch of melancholy at his lips. Somehow her heart went out to him.

Presently he said to her:

"And what's your name?"

"I'm only Sheila Llyn, the daughter of my mother, a widow, visiting at Loyland Towers. Yes, I'm only Sheila!"

She laughed.

"Well, just be 'only Sheila,' he answered admiringly, and he held out a hand to her. "I wouldn't have you be anything else, though it's none of my business."

For one swift instant she hesitated; then she laid her hand in his.

"There's no reason why we should not," she said. "Your father's respectable."

She looked at him again with a sidelong glance, and with a whimsical, reserved smile at her lips.

"Yes, he's respectable, I agree, but he's dull," answered Dyck. "For an Irishman, he's dull—and he's a tyrant, too. I suppose I deserve that, for I'm a handful."

"I think you are, and a big handful, too!"

"Which way are you going?" he asked presently.

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm bound for home." He pointed across the valley. "Do you see that smoke coming up from the plantation over there?"

"Yes, I know," she answered. "I know. That's Playmore, your father's place. Loyland Towers is between here and there. Which way were you going there?"

"Round to the left," he said, puzzled but agreeable.

"Then we must say good-bye, because I go to the right. That's my nearest way."

"Well, if that's your nearest way, I'm going with you," he said, "because—well, because—because—"

"If you won't talk very much!" she rejoined with a little air of instinctive coquetry.

"I don't want to talk. I'd like to listen. Shall we start?"

A half-hour later they suddenly came upon an incident of the road.

It was, alas, no uncommon incident. An aged peasant, in a sudden fit of weakness, had stumbled on the road, and, in falling, had struck his head on a stone and had lost consciousness. He was an old peasant of the usual Irish type, coarsely but cleanly dressed. Lying beside him was a leather bag, within which were odds and ends of food and some small books of legend and ritual. He was a peasant of a superior class, however.

In falling, he had thrown over on his back, and his haggard face was exposed to the sun and sky. At sight of him Dyck and Sheila ran forward. Dyck dropped on one knee, and placed a hand on the stricken man's heart.

"He's alive, all right," Dyck said. "He's a figure in these parts. His name's Christopher Dogan."

"Where does he live?"

"Live? Well, not three hundred yards from here, when he's at home, but he's generally on the go. He's what the American Indians would call a medicine-man."

"He needs to take his own medicine now."

"He's over eighty, and he must have gone dizzy, stumbled, fallen, and struck a stone. There's the mark on his temple. He's been lying here unconscious ever since; but his pulse is all right, and we'll have him fit again soon."

So saying, Dyck whipped out a horn containing spirit, and, while Sheila lifted the injured head, he bathed the old man's face with the spirit, then opened the mouth and let some liquor trickle down.

"He's the cleanest peasant I ever saw," remarked Sheila; "and he's coming to. Look at him!"

Yes, he was coming to. There was a slight tremor of the eyelids, and presently



Again and again Dyck pressed his antagonist backward, seeking to muddle his defence and to clear an opening for his own deadly stroke.



"Think of it—why, what's to prevent you, Dyck Calhoun, from being President of the Irish Republic?"

they slowly opened. They were eyes of remarkable poignancy and brightness—black, deep-set, direct, full of native intelligence. For an instant they stared as if they had no knowledge, then understanding came to them.

"Oh, it's you, sir," his voice said tremblingly, looking at Dyck. "And very kind it is of ye!" Then he looked at Sheila. "I don't know ye," he said whisperingly, for his voice seemed suddenly to fail. "I don't know ye," he repeated, "but you look all right."

"Well, I'm Sheila Llyn," the girl said, taking her hand from the old man's shoulder. "I'm Sheila Llyn, and I'm all right in a way, I think."

The troubled, piercing eyes glanced from one to the other.

"No relation?"

"No—never met till a half-hour ago," remarked Dyck. "We were strangers till then."

The old man drew himself to a sitting posture, then swayed slightly. The hands of the girl and Dyck went out behind his back. As they touched his back, their fingers met, and Dyck's covered the girl's. Their eyes met, too, and the story told Dyck in that moment was the beginning of a lifetime of experience, comedy and tragedy.

He thought her fingers were wonderfully soft, warm, and full of life; and she thought that his was the hand of a master—of a master in the field of human relation. That is, if she thought at all, for Dyck's warm, powerful touch almost hypnotized her.

The old peasant understood, however. He was standing on his feet now. He was pale and uncertain. He lifted up his bag, and threw it over his shoulder.

"Well, I'm not needing you any more, thank God!" he said. "So Heaven's blessing on ye, and I bid ye good-bye. You've been kind to me, and I won't forget either of ye. If ever I can do ye a good turn, I'll do it."

"Oh, no, we're not going to leave you until you're inside your home," said Dyck.

The old man looked at Sheila in meditation. He knew her name and her history. Behind the girl's life was a long prospect of mystery. Llyn was her mother's maiden name. Sheila had never known her father. Never to her knowledge had she seen him, because when she was yet an infant her mother had divorced him by Act of Parliament, against the wishes of her church, and had resumed her maiden name.

Sheila's father's name was Erris Boyne, and he had been debauched, drunken, and faithless; so at a time of unendurable hurt his wife had freed herself. Then, under the egis of her maiden name, she had brought up her daughter without any knowledge of her father; had made her believe he was dead; had hidden her tragedy with a skilful hand.

Only now, when Sheila was released from a governess, had she moved out of the little wild area of the County Limerick where she lived; only now had she come to visit an uncle whose hospitality she had for so many years denied herself. Sheila was two years old when her father disappeared, and fifteen years had gone since then.

One on either side of the old man, they went with him up the hillside for about three hundred yards, to the door of his house, which was little more than a cave in a sudden lift of the hill. He swayed as he walked, but by the time they reached his cave-house he was alert again.

The house had two windows, one on either side of the unlocked doorway; and when the old man slowly swung the door open, there was shown an interior of humble character, but neat and well ordered. The floor was earth, dry and clean. There was a bed to the right, also wholesome and dry, with horse-blankets for cover. At the back, opposite the doorway, was a fireplace of some size, and in it stood a kettle, a pot, and a few small pans, together with a covered saucepan. On either side of the fireplace was a three-legged stool, and about the middle of the left-hand wall of the room was a chair which had been made out of a barrel, some of the staves having been sawn away to make a seat.

Once inside the house, Christopher Dogan laid his bag on the bed and waved his hands in a formula of welcome.

"Well, I'm honored," he said, "for no one has set foot inside this place that I'd rather have here than the two of ye; and it's wonderful to me, Mr. Calhoun, that ye've never been inside it before, because there's been times when I've had food and drink in plenty. I could hav made ye comfortable then and stroked ye all down yer gullet. As for you, Miss Llyn, you're as welcome as the shining of the stars of a night when there's no moon. I'm glad you're here, though I've nothing to give ye, nor a bite or sup. Ah, yes—but yes," he suddenly cried, touching his head. "Faith,

then I have! I have a drap of somethin' that's as good as anything dhrunk by the ancient kings of Ireland. It's a wee cordial that come from the cellars of the Bishop of Dulany, when I cured his cook of the evil-stone that was killing her. Ah, thank God!"

He went into a corner on the left of the fireplace, opened an old jar, thrust his arm down, and drew out a squat little bottle of cordial. The bottle was beautifully made. It was round and hunched, and of glass, with an old label from which the writing had faded.

With eyes bright now, Christopher uncorked the bottle and smelled the contents. As he did so, a smile of good cheer crinkled his face.

"Thank the Lord! There's enough for the two of ye—two fine tablespoonfuls of the cordial that'd do anny man good, no matter how bad he was, and turn an angel of a woman into an archangel. Bless yer soul!"

When Christopher turned to lift down two pewter pots, Calhoun reached up swiftly and took them from the shelf. He placed them in the hands of the old man, who drew a clean towel of coarse linen from a small cupboard in the wall above his head.

She and Dyck held the pots for the old man to pour the cordial into them. As he said, there was only a good porridge-spoon of liquor for each. He divided it with anxious care.

"There's manny a man," he said, "and manny and manny a lady, too, born in the purple, that'd be glad of a dhrink of this cordial from the cellar of the bishop. *Alpha, beta, gamma, delta* is the code, and with the word *delta*," he continued, "dhrink every drop of it, as if it was the last thing you were dhrinking on earth; as if the Lord stooped down to give ye a cup of blessing from His great flagon of eternal happiness. Ye've got two kind hearts, but there's manny a day of trouble will come between ye and the end; and yet the end'll be right, God love ye! Now—*alpha, beta, gamma, delta!*"

With a merry laugh Dyck Calhoun turned up his cup and drained the liquid to the last drop. With a laugh not quite so merry, Sheila raised her mug and slowly drained the green happiness away.

"Isn't it good—isn't it like the love of God?" asked the old man. "Ain't I glad I had it for ye? Why I said I hadn't annything for ye to dhrink or eat, God only knows. There's nothing to eat, and there's only this to dhrink, and I hide it [Continued on page 28]

The Human Touch and the Immigrant

IN THIS Canada of ours, with its millions of acres of unoccupied lands and its something less than ten millions of people, immigration is still a puzzling problem, an urgent question, a great national issue.

Each year and almost every month of each year, heated disputations of tried or untried methods of immigration occupy federal and provincial parliaments, worry editors, disturb the public mind and afford endless material for passionate orations at innumerable gatherings.

From the "down east" provinces where imperialism still flourishes, one hears stentorian cries that immigration must be kept all British or ruination stares the nation in the face; from the far west comes the equally earnest contention that from South Eastern Europe have originated many of the most industrious, thrifty settlers in the Prairie Provinces; from Great Britain herself comes an ever-recurring cry for aid in finding homes and work for her unemployed hundreds of thousands; while from the labor leaders in Canada may be heard continuous warnings that it is madness to pour more people into the country while our own problem of unemployment stands so threateningly at our doors. Thus the clash goes on from year to year. Yet, each year, despite storms of words and regulations, the tides of immigration, which receded to so low a level after the war, gradually rise to higher and higher levels. From Great Britain or other parts of Europe, they flow majestically through the three ancient ports of Halifax, Saint John and Quebec into the Maritimes, into Ontario, into the far West where the twin lures of golden wheat and opportunity have drawn as with a magnet these elder peoples of elder civilizations from old, familiar ways of life into an unknown and untried environment. An impressive, thought-producing spectacle. One has only to see a great liner unload at the seething docks of an Atlantic port her human freight, among which are hundreds of picturesque, cosmopolitan seeking immigrants to experience a sympathetic thrill of excitement and anticipation. For, if the mighty river, in full flood, grips the mind of a spectator as an awe-inspiring "Act of God," this steady flow of questing humanity, responding to the urge of economic necessity, ambition, courage and the spirit of adventure touches one almost to tears as a revelation of the innate greatness of men. Surely again we glimpse the Golden Fleece with men and gods in hot pursuit across the worlds.

DO WE all or always catch this vision of the immigrant and his family, we in our comfortable North American homes? Do we, as we talk glibly or read with eyes alone of the immigrant, picture these uprooted heroic men, women and children, so enduringly bearing the separation from all that they have ever known, so bravely facing the long, hard journey into the unknown? Do we really understand and feel in the utter piteousness and the magnificence of the thing we see? Not always, it must be admitted, even in the present, while in the past our sins of omission in this respect have been as the sands of the sea. But there are today many indications in Canada that humanitarianism as effective as it is intelligent and warm-hearted, will characterize our future dealings with the thousands of strange, seeking peoples who month after month knock at our half-open doors. Quotas? Yes, with preference to the British-born migrate, but also with some understanding of his problem and our own.

Indeed, it may be stated that in 1929 a new era dawned in Canada; an era in which this great matter

Unique Seaport Nurseries and Outpost Hospitals Perform Great Services

By
Anne Anderson Perry

of immigration, touching not only innumerable human lives but the heart of the national life, will be taken, in large measure, from the realm of "big business" straight into the field of statescraft. An era when the British Government, acting in co-operation with our own, and it in turn with provincial governing bodies, will assume responsibility for the selection and transfer of great blocks of citizens from the older lands, citizens whose transplanting will be of mutual benefit because it will be arranged with an eye to not only the best interests of the countries concerned but to



Red Cross Nurses' railway car in Northern Ontario. In oval—Meadow Lake Outpost, Saskatchewan—ninety miles north of North Battleford.

those of the adventuring migrants themselves. Many of these, in anticipation of their new lives in Canada, now undergo state-aided preparation in Britain, some are prepared in Canada, but at last all are being now recognized and dealt with as human beings and not as steerage freight on big ships or fodder for our railways. Some day soon even the "foreigner" may be treated to like-enlightened methods, but meantime even he is being better selected, more carefully examined, and far more humanely handled than in the past.

NOR is government action the only evidence of a changing spirit. The two great railway systems of Canada, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways, both of which cross the continent from sea to sea, and both of which maintain immense

terminal facilities on the Atlantic seaboard, have shown every desire to co-operate. Last year there were opened at Halifax, Nova Scotia, magnificent new ocean terminals of the National Railway unrivalled on this continent

for size, customs facilities or modern methods in handling immigrants. In preparing the million-dollar designs for these buildings special consideration was given to means of comfortable, rapid reception and passage of immigrants from ship to train, and to the natural susceptibilities of the migrants themselves. Provision was made, which has proven eminently satisfactory, for the segregation of British-born immigrants from those of other countries. This separation has extended to include both detention and hospital cases. Immigrants for the United States are also examined in separate quarters, while returning Canadians, visitors or others requiring no immigration examination, pass directly through the buildings, on the docks to the ramps leading to customs examination and thence to station or hotel. Thinking back to the wild confusion, uproar, distress among newcomers and exasperation among officials of ship, Immigration Department and railways of only a few years ago, when an immigrant ship discharged its cargo, it is a

very positive delight to watch the motley crowd at Halifax or Quebec walk through pleasant passageways to large airy assembly rooms, there deposit in lockers all their hand-baggage and go quietly on to the medical examinations.

Those admitted to the country pass again into the ramp leading to the lockers, release their baggage and pass on to the customs where they find their heavier luggage which has been released from the ship through the freight sheds and here all baggage examination is quickly accomplished.

In detention and hospital quarters segregation of the British-born is maintained and special arrangements looking to the comfortable accommodation of entire families are in evidence. In the railway waiting-rooms the general air of cheer and orderly briskness is maintained. Officials seem to be omnipresent to resolve all difficulties, ministers of many denominations are busy in their offices hard by, looking after special charges; conductresses of unaccompanied women bustle about seeing to the needs of their proteges; at the canteen many people buy food for the long journey west; in a post office run by volunteer helpers of the Red Cross dozens of immigrants hastily scrawl letters to relatives in Europe on paper purchased for a cent, while in the Red Cross Nursery a veritable friendly teaparty is in progress in two large, bright rooms where white-clad nurses flit about looking after the crowds of mothers and their children.

"I do not know," said the supervisor of the Women's Division of the Canadian Immigration Department to

the writer, "how the women and children would be able to survive the hardships they have to endure if it were not for the encouragement and help given them in the Seaport Nurseries," an opinion endorsed by the Hon. Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration, when on a tour of inspection recently. Yet this work of "necessity and mercy" is no new thing. It has been in operation for eight years and was, indeed, one of the pioneer efforts in Canada to do the humanitarian offices for the immigrant which the Red Cross had long seen were pressingly needed. In that period over 75,000 women and children have been "welcomed" in the three nurseries, by this highly desirable organization. Not by any means an official welcome, but one filled with the very breath of warm human interest. Here there is the open door, the outstretched helpful hand, the first breaking of bread with the

stranger and friendly advice. For these havens with their attendants do not stop at tea-and-talk. In tiny, well-equipped surgeries small ailments are treated and larger ones are referred to the port doctor; follow-up cards are given the mothers to put them in touch with the Red Cross wherever they may be going or with the other health machinery in province or town; while, in many instances when real tragedy stalks, Red Cross nurses are detailed to advise or assist so long as there is need for such kind help, as in the death of mothers or children in port hospitals or painful accidents, or care of the very old.

COMPLETELY equipped for their work, the Seaport Nurseries contain every appliance a proper nursery should have from feeding bottles to bathtubs, lavatories and laundries. In the latter the incoming mothers may busy themselves doing a family "wash" after the long sea-voyage and are manifestly delighted with the running hot water, immaculate walls, sunny rooms and facilities for a complete "clean-up." Just a small convenience, but yet symbolic. It spells a



Altaro Outpost, Alberta, with staff and workers.

"homey" feeling, sanitation and hospitable consideration for the needs of these people. A sharp contrast to the procedure at the docks only a few short years ago when immigrants came off the ships dirty, were received on confused and littered docks and were as hastily as possible transferred to colonist cars on the railways, sans welcome, sans cleanliness, and sans all helpful advice.

Nowadays, when a ship docks at Christmas or Easter the children of the port cities in Junior Red Cross Societies plan joyous parties for the incoming families; throughout the year they make scrapbooks and collect toys for the nurseries and often assist their mothers in looking after those in the crowded tea-room when three or four ships dock the same day, attentions for which the immigrants themselves are highly appreciative. "A year ago today we landed in Canada from England," writes the wife of a British settler in the far West to Miss V. A. Tremaine, M.V.O., the efficient chief of staff of nurses in the three Seaport Nurseries, "and I wonder how many times a week I think of your busy comforting corner and your kindness to me and my children." These were people coming to Canada under the 3,000 Family Colonization Scheme, most of whom have already passed through the welcoming doors of the Nurseries and with all of whom the usual helpful contact was established and has been maintained.

For Red Cross assistance does not end with the welcome at the seaboard.



Miss V. A. Tremaine, M.V.O., Superintendent of Red Cross Nurseries, with three Mennonite maidens just off the ship.

Throughout the West and in Northern Ontario there are scattered some forty-four Outpost Hospitals which are as unique in character, as constructive in their services as the nursery havens. These outposts serve rural districts, railway and mining towns in the remotest frontier sections. They were instituted after the war and have been steadily increasing ever since. Previous to that time it was no unusual thing for thousands of the most courageous and enterprising of the citizenry—our pioneers—to be living in sections fifty or a hundred miles from doctor, nurse or hospital.

It was for people such as these, living in isolation under primitive conditions, that the Canadian Red Cross brought into being the Outpost Hospital, an institution not before known in any other country but which today is being imitated in many lands where similar conditions have demonstrated their urgent need. Frequently the smallest type of outpost is a mere log hut on the very frontiers with its back to the wilderness but its brave flag and open door fronting a huge district with a very scattered population of five hundred to five thousand

roomed house in a lumbering centre; or a municipal institution in a small town, but in all cases operated by the Red Cross, which meets deficits and supplies nursing supervision.

Some 15,202 persons were treated in or through the outposts during the past year, a not imposing number unless it be remembered that without the outpost most of these men, women and children would have been without the benefit of such care. Under the skilled eyes of the 82 Red Cross nurses in charge of the outposts nearly 800 new Canadians were born while 180 mothers were attended by outpost nurses at confinements in their own homes. In only 50 of the latter cases was there any medical attendant available; yet the figures show that the death rate in outpost centres is less than one per cent, a tribute on the one hand to highly efficient nurses and on the other to the fine type of women who do our pioneering—strong, healthy, hard-working mothers who courageously face life with the conquering spirit.

IT IS surely not difficult to vision what the Outpost Hospital means to new settlers in the hinterlands—men and women meeting existence with small means and their naked hands. Picture, for instance, that farthest north Outpost at Pouce Coupe in Alberta, five hundred miles west of Edmonton; in charge of two resourceful Red Cross nurses. Just a three-roomed wooden house set in the midst of a district as big

as some provinces, in which the settlers are scattered over hundreds of miles of territory, their only means of transport varying from dogsleds and ox-teams to the rare Ford car. In the hospital there are two wards with four beds in each, but if you were to ask the matron how many patients she could care for she would say: "Oh, eight to eighteen," for in the Outpost Hospital, service is not measured in terms of equipment, but by the urgency of the need. Urgency, undoubtedly, for there is only one medical man in the whole district, and he is as likely to be at the most distant end of it as the other, so busy are his days. But everyone knows about the Little Hospital and everybody counts upon it for their worst emergencies. Here is a man burning up with pneumonia on Nelson River, five days' travel by sleigh from Pouce Coupe—five days of bitter cold, with just one stopping place en route. But stern necessity teaches the pioneer. The man is kept warm on that desperate trip by heavy chains heated in a camp fire, is kept alive to reach the peace and succor of that tiny outpost



Immigrant children waiting for the last train at St. John Nursery.

[Continued on page 42]



"You?" said the Sergeant.
"You trail the Tartars? If
you did stumble on them by
accident, they'd put six holes
apiece through that blazing
head of yours before you
could lift a finger."

Rab of the Red Head

By H. A. Kennedy

Illustrated by Newton Brett

"YOU don't know where you were born?" The sergeant glared at the cool and cocksure youth, who had taken for granted a quick and cordial welcome to the ranks of the Mounted Police.

"Nor why!" the youth replied, calmly seating himself on a corner of the official table. An exasperating youth. The size of a man, but the smooth round face and light-hearted smile of a boy.

The sergeant held himself in severely. The force had some reputation for dignity to be maintained.

"Nor when, eh?"

"When I was very young, I reckon!" This with an easy smile.

The sergeant's laugh was not easy. It expressed little mirth but infinite sarcasm. "The Bowery maybe," he said, "and about fifteen years ago, to look at you."

The young man also held himself in, but found it hard. Not trusting his angry eyes to remain fixed on the sergeant's, he looked out of window. His kickfull cayuse, Buck, stood motionless on the bank of Lost Man River, obedient to the reins left hanging to the ground beneath his untwitching nose—placid as the river itself, here sleeping off its wild career of raging rapids. Two perfect examples of self-control. He loved the horse, and respected the river. If they could suppress their wrath, so could he.

Smiling again, he turned back to the man at the table and answered cheerfully: "Maybe! New York, Chicago, San Francisco—take your choice. One of those little burrs over the line, anyway. Saint Louis'd be my own guess. Name? Robert Fergus, if you want the whole mouthful. Commonly called Rab among his friends, if any. I'd get all the information you want, with pleasure, down to the brand of blue milk they filled my first bottle with, and the state of the moon when I cut my first tooth, if my parents hadn't gone off before I cut the second, and forgot to leave their address—and if you'll tell me how my birthmarks and all the rest of it'll help me trail a man through the brush or—"

"Trail your grandmother!" the sergeant broke out. "What sort of a man d'you reckon you could trail, I'd like to know?"

"That sort," said Rab light-heartedly, nodding at a placard on the wall. The portraits of two ferocious bandits. Killers, both. "The Tartars." they had come to be called, their true names unknown. The face of one in particular had caught Rab's eye. Hadn't he seen someone like that before?

The team, it appeared, had robbed a score of banks in as many western towns. Baffled and nearly caught in their last attempt, at Morraville, they had broken away after a bloody fight in the street, but not before the druggist opposite had run to his door with a kodak and captured their features. Zigzagging them from point to point, they had always kept one jump ahead of the police. Suddenly the trail had gone dead. For weeks not a sign of them had been reported. Officially \$5,000 was offered for their capture, and unofficially the sergeant had added in pencil "Alive or dead." Recovery of the loot would be worth five thousand more.

"You?" said the sergeant. "You trail the Tartars? If you did stumble on them by accident, they'd put six holes apiece through that blazing head of yours before you could lift a finger. See here, now, if you think the force is so hard up for men it would take on a half-baked red-headed town boy that don't even know his own—"

Rab jumped off the table as if it had been a red-hot stove. He was red-hot himself by now. But he crammed his fists into his pockets, turned his back on temptation, and walked out in raging silence.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders and struck a match. "Some spirit!" he said to his pipe. "Derned if I don't like that lad after all. But I wouldn't like the job of breaking him in.

The lad was already up in the saddle. "I'll show you!" he shouted—whisked his horse around, and vanished into the woods.

YES, he'd show them! "Red-headed?" Well, he could afford to laugh at that. His thatch of fiery curls had been his secret shame until he found he could lick any boy who called him carrots; since then he had been rather proud of it. But "town boy!" It was ten years since he had run away from the prairie farm where as a raw boy from town he had learned the rudiments of farming—ten years of hunting and trapping in those northern woods, all on his own. Was there anything he did not know of life in the wilderness? He'd show 'em!

How he was to make good his words he neither knew nor cared. The prospect of making them good in some heroic fashion gave him a pleasant thrill, and he let it go at that. He had no intention of starting out on a man-hunt, as a private enterprise. The idea of fighting and capturing two dare-devil killers single-handed—that would be something to brag about, to be sure; he could see himself doing it, in the movie theatre every man keeps at the back of his head; but no fantastic dream, he flattered himself, however fine, could lure a cool backwoodsman like Rab Fergus off any plain common-sense path he chose to follow. At that moment he was simply riding home, back to the pal he had left behind. Bill Brett and he had been trapping together for five good years. That was the life, after all! He had only quit to try this police job because they had fallen out over a trifle. They had always made up their differences, and always would.

Oh yes, he'd show 'em, all in his own good time. There was no hurry. And yet he found himself hurrying, riding hard. It was "Get up, Bucko! Get on, Bucko!" right along—not in spoken words but in swing of heels on hide. Buck got on—his not to reason why—but he nursed a hungry grievance. Why couldn't his master have stopped long enough at the post to give him a feed? What was the hurry?

Rab could have given him no reason—none that a self-respecting hungry horse could accept. Some mysterious force drew him on. Well, it was—what was it? A hunch, that was it. He laughed at himself, having no belief in hunches; but he obeyed it instinctively as Buck obeyed the swinging heels.

On they pressed together, threading the forest labyrinth, for two long days. The second night found them still far from home; but by riding late and branching down a side trail they might make Dan Dwane's old place on Lost Man Canyon. The shack had stood empty ever since Dan's disappearance, a year and more ago. Bill and Bab used it as a cache of canned stuff for emergencies.

"I'll make that shack or bust!" said Rab aloud. Then he laughed, surprised at his own vehemence. What did it matter where he spent the night? He was not short of grub, nor did he care a hoot whether he slept under a roof or under the sky. Still, he had a hunch and when he came to that branch trail, he took it.

At the old log shack he paused to throw off his saddle, then led Buck a hundred yards farther on, to a little creek where he knew the grazing was good. The house itself looked over a path of thin dry turf, dotted here and there with stunted willow bush, to the edge of the deep ravine.

Tethering the cayuse to a tree, Rab walked back to the house, lit a match, and satisfied himself the place was just as empty as when he had seen it last. A mere shell of a house, its doorway a gaping blank. Bill and Rab themselves had taken off the door to complete the floor of an improvised attic for their cache of grub—a dozen poplar poles stretched across from wall to wall at one end of the building, close under the roof.

Climbing up there now, by finger and toe holds between the logs of the wall, the young man rolled himself in his blanket on the old slab door, with his saddle for pillow. Too sleepy to make fire, he had dug some bannock and cold bacon from his pack, and he drowsed off still munching.

HOW long he had slept he had no idea, when he woke up with a start. He was not alone in the shack.

A light flashed up between the poles at his side. Someone had struck a match. He held his breath.

"Dammit, this pipe won't draw. Gimme a cigarette."

There were two of them, then.

"Guess you're right," the voice went on, after another match had blazed up. "It's as good a hole as any to lay low in. But those two guys you say use the same trail, how far d'you say it was to their place?"

"Twenty mile."

The listener's eyes opened wide. He knew that voice well. The long-departed Daniel Dwane!

"Twenty mile good. And their trail don't pass by here, neither. I showed you where it branched off, a mile and more back. They won't come fooling around us, Joe, never fear! They were too damn curious about where I came from, and what my line had been, seeing plain enough I was new to the damn woods. I couldn't always remember what I'd told them before, and I had to shut 'em off. I gave 'em to understand I was a natural born hermit, in love with solitude and sick of civilized ways—which I'd good reason to be just then, same as now, eh?"

The talk flowed on, and soon dispelled the mystery. Dwane and his mate were evidently hold-up men, with a long and lurid record of crime.

They began reckoning up the haul of a recent campaign—a paltry \$1,200 at Burraston, a tidy \$25,000 at Froom City, and so on, till the listener overhead lost count. They lost count themselves. They wrangled over the figures with growing ill-temper, but at last agreed that the total must be over \$125,000.

"And would have been a hundred and fifty," grumbled Dwane, "if you'd had the guts to shoot that devil of a manager at Morraville before he drew on you."

At Morraville! The very man. No wonder that face on the wall had caught Rab's eye. It was Dan Dwane's face, with the backwoods beard shaved off. The Tartars were revealed as Dan and Joe!

Through Rab's body ran the hot thrill of discovery, chased by a cold chill at the possible result of being himself discovered. The chill passed off: the thrill remained.

Joe retorted savagely, Dwane snapped back at him, and Joe shut up for a spell. But then he started a fresh quarrel over an incident of their flight. Joe's hat had blown off into the river, and Dwane had refused to turn and row back for it. Evidently, finding all roads too closely watched after the Morraville affray, they had stolen a boat and made their get-away by water. Rowing all night up Fox River, and hiding in the brush by day, for two whole tedious weeks, they had come ashore where Dwane knew of a trail leading over the height of land to his old refuge on Lost Man Canyon. Even then, he had still insisted on travelling only by night and sleeping by day. Joe seemed to owe him a particular grudge for that. And so did Rab. If they had not slept all day, they wouldn't stay so embarrassingly wide awake now. [Continued on page 24]



He flashed a powerful right at Dwane's jaw, but the fellow ducked, and the pair closed in upon him.

PIGS FOR

He leered at her, his pudgy face alight as he bent over saying, "Mademoiselle, I am still of a mind to take a wife."



MARIE FLEUR kept her laughter to herself until the door closed after the departure of the wide figure of Madame Alphonse Pre-mont and her wisp of a serving-girl. And then she threw herself down among her jonquil cushions and gave way completely to the amusement that the transaction provided. Madame had promised her three sheep in return for the very dress which Madame la Comtesse Chartier de Montigny had worn when she had so venomously described Marie Fleur as "pretty but unfortunate."

Gurgling with laughter, she went over in her mind's eye the events of that night in the salon of the old Princesse d'Orleans, the unconcealed interest in the eyes of more than one of the gentlemen, the envious contempt of the Comtesse and her daughter and the bitter, bitter truth of her words.

"It is sad, is it not, Mademoiselle de Marny, that you should be so pretty and at the same time so penniless—pretty but unfortunate. A plain girl is so much more easily reconciled to obscurity."

The words of the dowager Comtesse had been like so many porcupine quills that penetrated her heart and stayed there. If only they had not been so very, very true!

She was pretty—she was penniless. The ward and protegee of an aristocratic and meagerly-dowered aunt, Marie Fleur, at the cost of endless sacrifice, was given her peep into paradise, as her aunt imagined it to be. Yet her self-sacrifice was cruelty for it was a forbidden Paradise. A girl without a dot, be she never so charming, might search in vain for a husband in Paris.

Like a wounded bird, Marie Fleur had slipped out of the salon in search of privacy to compose herself. She would show neither anger nor grief before the eyes of that cold and resentful society. Madame la Comtesse would never know how her barbed words stung. And in her search for obscurity—yes, that was the word; it had already come in usefully—Marie Fleur came upon Camille Frechette de Charny.

Sieur de Charny was, to say the least of it, not very well at ease. Here he was at the culmination of his heart's desire, and miserably unhappy. It had taken nearly all of his forty years of trading and saving to get him into the salon of the Princesse and what he found there was less than ashes to his taste. The up-start merchant-noble from New France got in, to be sure, but the air he found there was far more frigid than the winter winds of Quebec.

Quick to recognize a kindred misery, Marie Fleur was kinder than she would have been an hour before. In the little sitting-room, on the fringes of the music, Camille found himself telling everything about himself, even bits of stories of his trade in furs, the fairs at Montreal, the tawdry things the Indians eagerly accepted in exchange for their furs, the gaudy things

the couriers des bois bought for their women-folks, red and white. He told her of the ambitious society of Montreal, of the new nobility, of poor seigneurs and wealthy shopkeepers. His bitterness was a magic draught, opening his eyes as they had never been opened before and he was grateful for the attentive ears and sympathetic comments of Marie Fleur.

Desperation is the mother of audacity. Marie Fleur had a reason for her sympathy. Born of those to whom trade was a stigma no gentleman could outlive, yet Marie Fleur's eyes grew bright with excitement and her thoughts tripped over themselves. All else that she had ever heard of New France came back again.

Marie Fleur swept back into the salon of Madame la Princesse prettier than ever, twinkling, audacious, amused. Trade! Why, they were all in trade. Madame la Comtesse was trading her daughter to the highest bidder. Madame la Princesse was trading her royal influence for gifts of jewels and lace. There was a man trading his sword for his livelihood. They were trading, every one of them; only some made poorer deals than others, and some traded honor for the very gowns they wore. She, too, must trade, if she would cling to the precarious footing her aunt had achieved for her.

She beat out a tattoo with her finger-tips upon a cushion as she recalled the conspiracy with Suzanne—good, faithful, cunning Suzanne, who had helped her to sell her few jewels and to spend the money upon the castoffs of Marie Fleur's acquaintances. Suzanne had secured the green satin of Madame la Comtesse, and when Baron Castrain appeared in a new periwig Marie Fleur warned Suzanne and she got the old one from his valet for a song.

It had been a good joke, this searching for evidence of discarded finery and the passing on of the word to Suzanne. Marie Fleur had never enjoyed herself so much in Paris and in a few weeks she slipped away with an astonishing number of hide bound trunks, a little cash and the faithful Suzanne. She left a note of explanation for her aunt and she, truth to tell, was only too relieved to know that Marie Fleur was gone beyond recall. There was nothing—thank Heaven!—that she could do to force her return to a reluctant and harrassed kinswoman.

MARIE FLEUR was nearly frightened out of her wits at times in the new world. She went to Montreal because Camille Frechette had made his fortune there and she was determined to follow as closely in his footsteps as she could. If stupid Camille—she thought him very stupid before she was through with him—if he could make a fortune in trade, why, any half-witted girl could do as much.

Fortunately for Mary Fleur, Suzanne acquired a husband almost before she had recovered from the motion of the ship. No fine-looking, buxom maid such as Suzanne need go without a husband in Montreal! And so when Marie Fleur found a little house and installed herself in it, to the mystification of Montreal, she had Louis Legar as well as Suzanne to keep her company. And Louis was a treasure. Suzanne whispered about the news to the other maids of what Mademoiselle had in her innumerable trunks. And when their mistresses came to see her and gloated over the discarded finery of Paris, Marie Fleur herself learned to drive a hard bargain. She got a litter of pigs for Baron Gastain's old periwig! But it was Louis who went to market with the cows and sheep and pigs and chickens and who went to the fairs and made friends with the hunters and got their promises of the choice of the packs, and who brought home the skins and stowed them away for her until the ships sailed to France.

And by the time her trunks stood gaunt and empty Marie Fleur had gold, and plenty of it, to spend in trade like any other merchant of Montreal.

And so Marie Fleur became a legend. And the legend came to Henri Chauvin.

FOR four years Henri had lived gloriously. And yet even to live gloriously is sometimes futile if one must live alone, cut off from the inconsequential things that somehow make up the necessities of life to those softly nurtured.

Henri sat upon a stool, with a leisurely pipe, his hands on his knees, as he glanced over the skins spread on the floor around him. These alone, of the many thousands that had passed through his hands, he would carry away himself when he went. He gloated

PERIWIGS



By
Blodwen Davies

Illustrated by
Robert Dorf

over them. Rarest and loveliest of all were these silver foxes, deep-haired, delicate, soft, and enough of them to cloak a princess. He picked one up and ran his fingers caressingly through the hair, for he loved furs; loved them as much as the adventure of the trade and travel, as much as he loved the untrammelled life of the woods. And he wondered why he was leaving it.

In four years he had never been within a hundred miles of the nearest settlement, at Montreal, yet here and now he was so strongly pressed by hunger for his kind that he had resolved to quit his lonely venture and return among those who spoke the same soft speech as himself; who wore embroidered jackets and buckled shoes, who plucked music from taut strings and turned pretty phrases in a woman's ear.

"Tiens! a man cannot live by trade alone," he told himself and Andre's hard and weather-beaten face suddenly became distasteful in spite of all the bargains he had driven and the hunters he had lured to the post. To Andre he would give the post and its stores, provided that he would continue to engage the brothers Dufort, those singing voyageurs of his who guided the bark fleets down to the fair at Montreal every spring. His had been the spark of genius, the spirit of audacity that had turned a little adventure into a great one. The duller spirits and brawnier arms could at least go on from his starting point when he left them to their own resources.

"But you will return, Monsieur Henri, is it not so?" the brothers Dufort asked in consternation.

Henri shook his head.

"I return to France, my good friends," he said. "Perhaps some day to covet your freedom. But for the present, return I must."

"But you are the true adventurer, Monsieur," protested one of the brothers Dufort. "Never would we dare for ourselves what Monsieur plans for us. And the savages! Voilà! They give you of the best, the choice in everything! Andre . . . ? Bah! Stay, Monsieur."

Henri shook his head and began to gather up his silver fox.

"Pack them, for I take them with me tomorrow," he said, and they knew that he feared to listen to them because he would not have his resolution shaken.

He walked about the palisaded post with a curious affection, for here he had had his adventures, his dreams, his freedom; here he had lived gloriously. Here his great body had grown brown and supple, here he had learned to walk lightly, to move swiftly, to think clearly. He was as lean and as hard as a wolf, as alert as a deer. Yet the old call of his race, of kind to kind, lured him back among his own people. Beyond the open gates the tardy hunters were casually encamped, their tepees pitched between the palisades and the river shore. Suddenly it struck Henri with regret that he might never see them again if he returned to France and his friends. He frowned. For four years he had been free of this cursed sense of choice and indecision. Here on the banks of the Riviere des Pins he longed for France. On the banks of the Seine, would he yearn for his palisades and savages?

AT MONTREAL he slung his pack over his shoulder reluctant to entrust the precious parcel to any keeper, while he picked his way between the gay booths of the furmarket, outside the walls. His heart quickened. Here were some of the trappings he had not seen for so long, the gay things from France displayed here and there between the stacked bales of furs. Gay ribbons, hats, laces, rolls of silk—strange things these to offer in trade to these rough and buckskin-clad hunters.

Yet how eagerly they bought them. He watched with amusement the bargaining over exchange of skins for silks.

As a trader he stopped to examine the skins that had come down from the wilderness. As he ran his fingers through the fur of a red fox he heard a troubled little sniff—yes, distinctly, it was a sniff.

With a turn of his head he saw a hooded figure at his side. One small hand was dabbling at a face with an absurdly delicate handkerchief. That was all he could see for the grey cape covered the woman entirely and the hood was pulled forward over her face and the head was bent. She was still wiping hidden eyes when Henri withdrew his hand from the furs, and fascinated, gazed at her bent head as she turned away from him and moved to the next booth. Of course Henri followed her. There, while she talked to the trader her hands flitted like birds over the skins, with loving little pats. Then she passed on. Henri kept pace with her for he had had a glimpse of her face. She walked ahead, a straight graceful figure with the folds of her cloak rippling about her ankles. She entered the city through a studded gate in the walls and he followed, watching her picking her way delicately over the bad roads. Up a steep path she

went to the top of the hill and turned westward past the Governor's house.

Presently she hesitated for an instant, then stiffened and went on bravely. Henri saw that ponderously approaching her was a man evidently of official importance. He set his feet down with an emphasis that proved his petty authority. He was middle-aged and rotund, with a niggardly mouth. He stood squarely in the way of the girl.

"Good day, Mademoiselle," he said in a deep official voice. "I trust the morning finds you well."

"Exceedingly, Monsieur."

"And preparing for your voyage, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Ah! that is well. Mademoiselle will be much happier in France."

"That, Monsieur, is a matter in which I would prefer to be the judge."

"Then Mademoiselle would still prefer to remain in Montreal?"

Silence.

The man's face changed.

"There is a way."

He leered at her, his pudgy face alight.

"Mademoiselle," he bent over her, "I am still of a mind to take a wife."

Snap!

There was a little stinging sound and a small hand retreated under the grey cloak after the official face had been soundly slapped.

Startled out of his absorption the stout man saw Henri in the background because he had chuckled involuntarily. The girl in the grey cloak whirled. Her face grew scarlet and her eyes flashed.

"Bravo, Mademoiselle!" laughed Henri. "He abases romance who would propose marriage on the King's highway with wayfarers for audience."

"Begone, both of you," panted the stout man, his face twisted with temper. "And, Mademoiselle, I will not answer for you if you do not sail by the first vessel bound from New France."

He passed on with all the dignity he could muster. The girl was on the verge of tears again. Henri offered her his arm without knowing why he did it and she slipped her hand through it leaning softly against him while she struggled to conquer her trembling lips. The upper town was deserted and they walked on along tree-covered paths, past the monastery garden, before she could speak to him.

"You must pardon me, Monsieur, for what must indeed seem like strange conduct, but I am—unhappy."

"And you are leaving Montreal?"

She nodded.

"How long have you lived here?"

"Three years."

"And your family returns to France?"

She shook her head.

"I return to France, Monsieur, alone."

"Then why not remain here with your family?" he pressed.

"I have no family. Ah! here we are. Will Monsieur enter?"

She tripped up the stone steps to the green door and led the way into a narrow hall, where Henri dropped his pack, and then on into a small and gracefully furnished drawing-room. She flung off the grey cape and he saw her in a muslin dress with her hair drawn back from her face. For the first time since he had left Montreal he sat down upon a carved chair from France and glanced with satisfaction at the panelled walls and the colored bagatelles with which she surrounded herself.

"It is four years, Mademoiselle, since last I was in the drawing-room of a lady," he told her whimsically.

She laughed suddenly, cheerfully.

"But, Monsieur, Montreal does not think I am a lady." Some impish glee seemed suddenly to possess her. "I am an evil influence in the colony. Montreal has decided that I must return to France for the sake of—well, there, I know not what. But the invitation to depart is unmistakable."

Henri gazed with speechless amazement at the graceful little figure, at the frank and winsome face.

"I do not understand, Mademoiselle."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur, I must—"

"Tiens, Mademoiselle, what an excellent piece of business!" Suzanne's exultant voice came from beyond the doorway. "St. Anthony! what a pack! How came you to get them, Mademoiselle Marie Fleur. They are worth a fortune. Never again will Montreal see your like."

She stood in the doorway panting a little, because she had struggled with tough knots, and in each hand she held a silver fox.

"Suzanne!" Marie Fleur's face was pink with embarrassment, as she crossed the room to her waiting-woman. "They are not mine!" [Continued on page 44]

The Sow's Ear

By Freda Graham Bundy

A GENTLE breeze stirred the branches of the old apple tree and showered petals upon the pair beneath, where they lay like shells of pearl upon the tousled curls of the girl, but bounced quickly off the sparse, colorless hair of the tiny boy.

"Aren't they beautiful, Herbie?" demanded the voice of the girl-child. "See! they're covering this ugly brown dress of mine all up — soon it will look like pink satin."

"Wanta go house!" cried the small boy.

"No, Herbie, you've got to stay right here with me; your ma is busy and if I let you go to the house, she'll whale me."

"Ol' Lizzie! Ol' Lizzie, hate you!" cried the boy in a rage and in spite of his three years he screamed loudly enough to be heard in the white house a few hundred yards away.

His efforts brought forth instant results, for around the corner of the house a large, angular woman appeared, red of face and wiping moist hands on a damp, dingy apron.

"Lizzie! What are you doin' to Herbie? Pretty funny thing you can't sit under that tree and mind him while I do this washin'. Now if I hear any more yellin' out of him, I'll tan you."

"Yes ma'am—no ma'am, I wasn't doing nothing to him; he just yelled 'cause I wouldn't let him go to the house," replied the little girl hastily.

"Well, you mind what I said," admonished the woman, "you don't need to think I'm clothin' and feedin' you for nothin'."

"No ma'am," replied Elizabeth in the dutiful manner acquired from two years at the Orphanage.

With much cajoling and bribery, Herbie was finally induced to remain under the apple tree, rather than go to the house.

"You don't want to go to the house, Herbie," said the little girl; "it isn't beautiful like it is out here. It's an ugly old house and ugly old things in it and when I stay in it I feel all sad in my stomach, but when I lie out here under the trees I'm all happy and shivery."

"Wanta go house!" demanded the perverse young man.

"Some day, Herbie," continued Elizabeth, unmind-



"I'd like to be a flower and be dressed like that," sighed Elizabeth.

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

ful of the interruption, "I'm going to live in a lovely, great big house, with shiny furniture and have a really mother, the kind that puts her arms around you and lets you sit in her lap."

"Lizzie! Come right in and get the potatoes on for dinner," commanded a shrill voice from the porch. "Bring Herbie, because I can't keep my eye on him; I've got these clothes to hang out."

Stooping down, Elizabeth lifted Herbie's thin little body in her arms, his paralyzed leg hanging limp and trailing. Thin and frail as he was, he made too heavy a burden for the little seven-year-old that carried him.

"Miz Saunders, how many potatoes do you want cutten up?" called Elizabeth as she settled Herbie on the floor of the porch.

"Good land!" was the exasperated reply, "you ask me that nearly every day. Ten or twelve—can't you remember nothin'?"

"No ma'am," was the obliging response.

The ten or twelve potatoes were brought, a trip to the pump was made and Elizabeth seated herself on the step to peel them.

"Herbie, you know Miz McLeod?" queried the little girl, and, not expecting an answer, she continued: "I'm goin' to her party this year and maybe she'll 'dopt me. She wants a little girl with curly hair 'cause I heard her say, but the matron never showed me to her and I was the only one with curly hair. I heard the matron tell her husband that Miz McLeod had no husband or little girls now."

Herbie proved to be a very uninterested listener.

"I wonder," continued Elizabeth, as she thrust her tiny hand amongst the peelings and water, for more potatoes, "if my hair is curly enough!"

Rising, she went over to the cracked mirror that was nailed above the tin wash basin and peered anxiously at the distorted reflection.

"Ow-w-w!" A scream rent the air and turning quickly, Elizabeth saw that Herbie had crawled to the pail and had upset the contents, water and peelings, all over himself and the floor.

"Oh, Herbie, why didn't you stay put!" wailed the little girl.

From around the corner of the house came Mrs. Saunders with wrath in her eye.

"What now! For mercy's sake, couldn't you clean a few potatoes without spillin' the water all over the floor and Herbie! You get

right down and clean up every bit of that mess. Upon my word! You are more bother than you are good. What I took you for I don't know—I guess I'm too kind-hearted. You clean that mess up; make a good job of it too, then change Herbie's clothes and set the table. See if you can do it without makin' any more trouble."

To add emphasis to her words the enraged woman gave the curly head a sounding cuff.

THE afternoon sun shone in the tiny kitchen window, shone on the worn oilcloth and upon the two children playing on the floor. In the next room Mrs. Saunders entertained three callers; entertained, if the exchange of local scandal might be called a form of entertainment.

"I see you still have Elizabeth; how does she do?" queried Mrs. Peters.

"Nearly drives me to distraction; she'd rather play than work any time. Always makin' a game of everything."

"Do you hear that?" whispered Elizabeth to her limp rag-doll, Blossom. "She says I don't work. Well, what makes my arms and legs get awful tired sometimes; it isn't playing, is it?"

"Don't she go to school yet?" asked one of the voices in the other room. "I thought you had to promise the Board to educate her."

"No, I ain't sending her to school," was the reply. "She had two good years of it when she was at the Orphanage—she can read and spell better than our Emmie now, so I ain't goin' to be in any hurry sendin' her, so long as the Board don't kick up no fuss and so long as I can get any work out of her."

"Listen, Blossom!" said the child fiercely, "she is scared to send me to school 'cause I could beat Emmie. Old dunce Emmie! Skinny old Emmie!"

"She's kind of pretty

[Continued on page 62]

Hockey Speeds Up

By William David Stovel



“**H**OW fast is fast?” Einstein would say it all depends on the speed of the observer in relation to the speed and direction of the moving object. This is a good thing for the motorist to remember in connection with those quaint little happenings at railroad crossings, and for the hockey magnate to make allowances for in his plans to speed up the ice game.

More than 100,000 fans in the ten cities of the National League, not to speak of the great number patronizing the minor leagues, were thrilled and not a little puzzled this year by the new forward pass rule which has been introduced to speed up the game of shinny-on-your-own-side. Hitherto, the rules have favored the defence, whereas the new forward pass rule, introduced as a desperate means of abolishing shut-out and tie games, has shifted the balance in favor of the forwards.

Going back to Mr Einstein, the question of how long this speed will seem so fast depends upon how soon defence players can adapt themselves to the new situation.

“What about this new ruling, anyhow?” Westerners are asking.

All indications seem to point to it being practically the same as the old forward pass ruling used in the Western Canada Hockey League of blessed memory. It means simply that a player may pass the puck forward to a team-mate anywhere on the ice, providing that at the moment he passes it, his team-mate is in the same area as himself. By area, we mean the three spaces marked off by the blue lines and the ends of the rink.

A player carrying the puck on each play must be the first member of his team to cross the line into his opponents’ defending area, and the old trick of “packing” the defence is vetoed by a rule which says that no more than three players, including the goalie, may be back of the defending line unless the line has been first crossed by an attacking puck-carrier.

One would think the Western exports to the big league would have shown up to tremendous advantage in view of their long training on the Prairies and at the Coast, but, strange to say, excepting in a few

cases, they have seemed to do no better than those brought up on a diet of the airtight defence system which was in force in the N.H.L. before the innovation. That eventually the balance will be once more adjusted to make just as low scores as ever seems to be the opinion of most hockey writers, and to back up their verdict they point to the Pacific Coast League and the American Association which have been operating on practically the same rules for some time.

It is just a matter of finding new defence devices to meet the greater freedom of the forwards.

At the same time there is no denying the fact that so far the new rule has had tremendous effect in speeding up the play in regard to the number of goals scored.

By the middle of February, 1928, there had been 444 goals scored in both sections of the N.H.L., and that number would seem to be fairly representative of the successful goal-getting ever since the United States have adopted the “big-time” hockey. But what happened during the past season? By Christmas the number of goals had surpassed the total figure for 1928 by more than 40! If Eastern fans crave plenty of goal-scoring they should be satisfied.

The change is also a matter of personal satisfaction to the writer of this article, inasmuch as it has revived his faith in a scoring system he has used in these columns for the past three years. Last year the system showed signs of weakening and in fact became obviously not a gauge of the respective values of the forwards and the defence.

FIRST of all it might be well to explain the principle upon which the system is based. The reader may remember enough about direct and inverse ratio from his high-school days to be able to understand that the scoring ability of a set of forward players can be represented by a percentage obtained by dividing the number of goals scored by them by the number of games played, and in the case of the value of the defence, by dividing the number of goals played by the number of goals the team had scored against it. Carry the figures to two decimal places in each case, and one should obtain a result faintly resembling a baseball percentage list.

It is interesting to compare the figures of the six leading teams at the completion of the 1927-28 N.H.L. schedule, obtained in this way:

Club—	Forwards	Defence	Average
Canadiens	.264	.917	1.181
Ottawa	.177	.772	.949
Boston	.175	.628	.803
Maroons	.227	.571	.798
Rangers	.213	.556	.769
Pittsburg	.152	.566	.718

But it will be seen that the value of the defence as shown by the figures is out of all proportion to those of the forwards, and consequently the writer could be excused for assuming that the system under the old rules was “not so hot.” Taking the average value of forwards in the 6 teams we get a percentage of .201 and for the defence a percentage of .668.

WHAT about this year? Ask me another.

In digesting the following representative mid-season figures for 1929-30, the dopesters are warned against placing any large bets on their accuracy in forecasting the winner of the world’s championship. Without the highly intricate and equally profitable play-off system now in force in hockey’s “big time,” it might be possible for a prophet, even a mathematical prophet, to have a chance. But what is one to do when a man like Lester Patrick gets into the very bad habit of building teams which finish the schedule in third place and then step out to take world’s honors in the play-offs? He did it twice with the old Victoria Cougars, and then with the New York Rangers. The Montreal Maroons are another aggregation that have a disagreeable way of upsetting the dope in spite of mid-season showings. Well, anyway, here it is:—

Canadian Division	Forwards	Defence	Average
Montreal Maroons ..	.373	.375	.748
Montreal Canadiens	.356	.333	.689
Ottawa Senators	.393	.291	.684
Toronto Maple Leafs	.280	.267	.547
New York Americans	.207	.222	.429

United States Div'n	Forwards	Defence	Average
Boston Bruins	.407	.369	.776
New York Rangers..	.393	.318	.711
Chicago Bl'k Hawks	.323	.388	.711
Detroit Cougars	.335	.280	.615
Pittsburg Pirates	.315	.209	.524
Average for all teams	.338	.305	

The reader will agree that the figures given in the last table look much more plausible as a comparison of relative values of forward and defence players than the table for 1927-28. Previously, a team which could catch its opponents napping in the first period, slip in a goal, and then go back on defence and play an air-tight game for the other two periods, had practically a cinch on first honors as far as the schedule games were concerned.

In the figures for 1927-28, for instance, the defence of the Canadiens showed such efficiency that it alone was enough to place the team in the top berth. Under the new forward pass rule defence playing is no longer placed at such a premium, as is shown by the fact that the team showing the best average for its offensive system is Boston with .407, while the one showing the best defence is Chicago with .388, a similarity which might lead the flip-pant fan to rejoice that "Calder's in his office, all's right with the hockey world."

Out in Vancouver, however, Frank Patrick, the man who has been responsible for more innovations in hockey rules than anyone else, is probably smiling to himself, for he knows that in the end the natural trend of safety-first in hockey playing will assert itself and bring back things pretty much to where they were before.

BUT perhaps, after all, the Western fan at his distance from the scene of battle is far more interested in hockey and hockey players when he can repeat that grand old term: "I knew him when—"

What about the Western players who are burning up the ice in the large Eastern centres? Consider this year's line-up of the world's champions, the Boston Bruins.

Cecil Thompson, the goalie secured last year, has supplanted Hal Winkler, a former Calgarian, on the regular line-up, and is reported to be among the best net defenders on the N.H.L. On defence is the famous (or should we say notorious) Eddie Shore, former Edmonton Eskimo and dirt farmer of Daugh, Alberta. The fiery defence man is reported to be receiving \$17,500 for his services this year—no, not from his farm.

On the forward line Harry Oliver is taking part in his fourth season. Harry is originally from Selkirk and Winnipeg, and secured much of his amateur and professional experience in Calgary. He is a clean, sixty-minute player and is a tremendous asset to his team because he is not only useful as a threat on goal but knows how to take care of himself.

In the list of substitutes are some names well known to Western Canada hockey fans. The Edmonton Eskimos were once the owners of Arthur Gagne's services. For the last few years this illusive player was a regular with the Montreal Canadiens. Norman "Dutch" Gainor learned his hockey as a boy in Calgary, and later in the Crow's Nest Pass. He is setting a hard pace for Mickey MacKay, former star of the Vancouver Maroons in the Pacific Coast Hockey League.

The goal tender of the Chicago Black Hawks is "Chuck" Gardiner, who is of English birth but learned his hockey in Winnipeg. Wentworth, Taylor, Couture and Somers all received a certain amount of training in the days when Winnipeg held a franchise in the American Association. Johnny Gottselig and Duke Dutkowski learned their hockey in Regina and both are reputed to be fast travellers. "Taffy" Abel is another Westerner who distinguished himself when the New York Rangers won the world's championship. Tommy Cook hails from Saskatoon and is the youngest member of the famous Cook family. He is a substitute listed along with Victor Ripley, who learned his hockey as a junior with the Calgary Canadians. Ty Arbour was a star with the Vancouver professionals, and Harold March made amateur history in Regina.



Paul Thompson, who is hitting a fast pace with the New York Rangers

Manager Lester Patrick at the beginning of the season was worried with the announced retirement of "Ching" Johnson, his burly defence man on the New York Rangers, but master and man came to terms and the latter was teaming up with Bourgeault, former player with the Saskatoon Sheiks, on the Ranger defence until his recent injury. Without slapping ourselves on the back we Westerners have a right to be proud of this team's regular forward line consisting of Bill Cook on the right wing, Frank Boucher at centre and Fred "Bunny" Cook, brother of Tommy and Bill, on the left. This is rated as one of the best forward lines in organized hockey. Paul Thompson, a substitute forward who has a happy knack of slipping in winning goals for the Gotham team, learned his hockey with the Calgary Junior Canadians.

Many of the players on the Detroit line-up are not so well known to Western fans, but passing mention should be made of George Hay, a former star with the Regina Capitals, who is still clinging tenaciously to the major leagues; Aurie, who was a sub in the old Western Canada Hockey League, and Herb. Lewis, who learned his amateur hockey in the junior leagues of Calgary and climbed steadily until he reached the position of leading scorer of the American Association several years ago. He is now a sensation in the National Hockey League.

Johnny McKinnon, regular defence man with the Pittsburg Pirates, was an amateur in Edmonton before he joined the moneyed ranks. On the forward line is our old friend Frank Frederickson, who was for years the leading spirit of the aggressive Victoria Cougars. The big centre man is always slow to start, but before the season is well under way he is usually a force for opponents to reckon with. A newcomer to the Pittsburg line-up this year is Archie Briden, a player of such spirit and agility that many of his supporters in Edmonton and Calgary have been at a loss to understand why he has remained in the minor leagues of the East so long. Briden has had a number of tough breaks, and his admirers will wish him success in faster company.

With the Montreal Maroons is the tempestuous Mervin "Red" Dutton, formerly of the Calgary Tigers who learned his hockey as an amateur in Winnipeg. The famous Nels. Stewart, his speedy team-mate, was long ago well known to fans in the Central Association.

In the nets for the "Flying Frenchmen" of Montreal is George Hainsworth, who established his reputation for keen eyesight with the Saskatoon Sheiks, while Gordon Fraser, his opponent in the old days on the line-up of the Victoria Cougars is playing in front of him. A newcomer to the Canadiens this year is Nick Wasnie. Harry Scott, sporting writer of the Calgary Albertan, says of Nick: "Wasnie, the former Coleman flash, appears to have clinched a regular forward position with the Montreal Canadiens. He is a fast skater, while his greatest asset is his willingness to pass the puck. His combination on the Coleman forward line, along with Frank Sheppard and Joe Thorenstein, was a sight for sore eyes." Considering this player was only a few years ago playing amateur hockey in Alberta and is now teaming up with that peer of forward players the great Howie Morenz, his rise is nothing short of meteoric.

On the line-up of the New York Americans is our old friend Joe Simpson, formerly of the Edmonton Eskimos, whom the fans of Madison Square Garden nicknamed "Bullet Joe." He plays on the regular defence duet along with Leo Reise, his opponent on the line-up of the Saskatoon Sheiks. Bill Boyd, Johnny Sheppard and W. "Rabbit" McVeigh, are others who received amateur or professional training in the West.

On the roster of the Toronto Maple Leafs, who made such a surprising finish last year but seem to be fading this season, is "Big Train" Arthur Duncan, formerly of the Vancouver Maroons and the Calgary Tigers. Andy Blair, who proved a sensation last season, is a former all-round athlete of St. Johns College, while Danny Cox, on the forward line of the Leafs, just misses being a Westerner, having learned his hockey in Port Arthur. Alex Pettinger, who wears a sweater with No. 10 on the back and a maple leaf on the front, hails from Regina.

Ottawa is the only team on which the West seems to have no representation.

ALTOGETHER, those who have been responsible for the Western training of these men have every reason for deep satisfaction, especially in view of the fact that Western Canada has produced more than half the players on the line-ups of major and minor

league professional teams. In conclusion it is fitting to add a note of regret for the retirement this season of such stars of the past as "Punch" Broadbent, Cy Denneny of the Ottawa Senators and Sprague Cleg-horn, who have announced that they will hang up their sticks and confine their hockey activities to the thankless job of refereeing. Fans of Western Canada have also been sorry to hear of the injuries of Gordon "Duke" Keats, now out of the game, and a former heavy scorer in Western Canada.



Charlie Gardiner, Chicago Black Hawks Goalie

Charlie Gardner, better known in the realm of sport as "Chuck," was cradled in the modern Athens of Scotland, but sought the Western plains at a very early stage in his career. After a bit Winnipeg claimed him and provided for his physical energies the many attractions for which he was constitutionally so admirably fitted. Hockey, Canada's swiftest athletic performance, captivated his youthful attention, and to this great game he was easily lured. From the very beginning he was a player of promise and stage by stage forged to the front rank of those gladiators of the ice who have brought credit to the Western Canadian name. He combines with a wonderful alertness of mind and body great powers of endurance—doubtless the heritage of his Celtic ancestry—a remarkably keen eye and a dexterity of movement and accuracy of aim that is seldom equalled even in a country where hockey is the strenuous test in sport.

"Chuck" always keeps in perfect condition—a rare quality even among athletes who bestow the greatest of care on their physical fitness. Perhaps no other quality stands him in so good stead as this. To be dependable in any phase of activity is indeed valuable, but in hockey it is almost a priceless asset. From his boyhood days hockey has been meat and drink to Charlie and from the first his exhibition was a creditable one. He played with many juvenile teams before the hour of his distinction came. Whoever played hockey he was ready to join the game and if no contestants were in sight he would play solitaire. Recognition usually follows efficiency, and as time went on the senior teams were quietly observing the noteworthy performance of this young man. He played for the Tigers; he



Norman "Dutch" Gainor, a Calgary product, who has been starring this season with the Boston Bruins.

played for the Selkirks, and whenever or wherever he played he gained the plaudits of the spectators and the admiration of his colleagues.

His first professional engagement was with the Winnipeg Maroons in 1926. From Winnipeg he graduated to the Chicago Black Hawks. Here his opportunity was wide and he rose full measure to every occasion that presented itself to him. This is his third season with the Chicago aggregation and his star still shines brightly and much will yet be heard of him in his chosen sport. When not playing for his team, "Chuck" makes his home in Winnipeg.



Old Timers' Cabin, Exhibition Grounds, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Old Guard Marches On

THE rousing, rollicking strains of "Bonnie Dundee" pulsed through the grand ballroom. Above the music rang the stentorian tones of the Master of Ceremonies. "Address your partners and grand chain all." Brilliant lights vied with radiant faces—merry laughter mingled gaily with lilting melodies as hundreds of light-hearted dancers swept over sparkling floors. "All join hands and circle to the West; swing your partner—all promenade." It was the ever-buoyant spirit of Youth, nay, not Modern but Eternal Youth. "Right and left to the corner; balance all; birdie in the centre and three hands around, hawkie fly in and birdie fly out, hawkie fly out and give birdie a swing." Typical Western Old Timers Round Up was in progress. The lively, irresistible tunes of those old favorites, "Dixie," "Turkey in the Straw," or "The Rye" found a ready response in the hearts of those prairie pioneers as they felt the growing burden of the years lifting for a moment from toil-bent shoulders. Once again they danced with old-time vim and vigor. The Red River Jig was stirring the memory and delighting the soul. The Polka, Minuet and Square brought forth round after round of enthusiastic applause as the thoughts of the dancers were carried back to golden, youthful days of long ago.

THERE is not an event of importance in the whole calendar of the Western social season to compare in interest or in popularity with this annual gathering of prairie pioneers and old-timers. The fame of the Round Up is widespread and it is deservedly so. In scores and hundreds they come from the North, the South, East and West—the true untitled aristocracy of the nation—renewing old friendships and rekindling old memories. They meet amid scenes of grandeur strangely in contrast with surroundings of earlier days. Comrades who have not seen one another in a twelve-month greet and reminisce over the days when the good old buckboard stuck to the hubs in mud right out in front of the very spot where now appears in dignity and lofty majesty the castled form of a palatial new hotel. They will recall the time when oxcarts conveyed those self-same men whose pilgrimage to the annual Round Up is now accomplished in the comfortable luxury of heated, well-appointed sedans; when westbound trains from Winnipeg were forced to stop for herds of trespassing buffalo; and when all the white people on the plains between Portage la Prairie and the Rockies were no more numerous than those presently assembled within the confines of the magnificent banquet room. Their recollections will bear a touch of sadness too, as they sense fresh gaps in the ever-thinning ranks of the Old Guard.

"We yearn beyond the skyline where strange roads go down."

By D. Walter Thomson

It was left to the Right Honourable Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain, to voice the sentiment of an Empire when he declared to a Western audience in the course of his recent Canadian visit: "While there is yet time, may the story of those generations of Western pioneers live, that the tradition of those great spirits may be handed down to the generations to come for those things are so soon past and are so soon forgotten."

"There can never be a time again like the last half-century has been in the opening up of the West. Treasure the memory of the work and of the men and women who first made the country and let their names go down to their remotest descendants."

The distinguished visitor, a man eminently qualified in making deep and careful observations and possessing a genius for drawing shrewd conclusions, had clearly recognized and sounded a mighty truth when he found himself confronted with the amazing evidences of an unparalleled national growth. Truly a nation is not greater than its people. And of its people there can be none greater than those hardy settlers and trail-blazers who faced hardship, danger and privation in order that a wilderness might be converted and solid foundations laid for the development of a sound and vigorous nationhood. Their story is the history of the country, inspiring in its pioneering and settlement, full of the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice that has made of the prairies and plains lands of comfort and plenty.

In Western Canada today, organizations are quietly but steadily at work, earnestly devoted to the patriotic task of perpetuating to posterity the wonderful story of Canadian pioneering achievement. It is rather significant to observe that those who have undertaken this great work are in large part

old-timers themselves. They are seeking by their own efforts, (and none are better qualified), to rescue from oblivion the story of the Pioneer and to make it live so that those generations of Canadians yet to come may inherit the splendid tradition of that courageous race of nation-builders. A number of these organizations are presently active in the prairie provinces but in the selection of one for treatment perhaps light will be shed upon the origin, growth and function of all. The Northern Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers' Association [Continued on page 46]



Frank Oliver's bust erected by Old Timers. "Old Bulletin" building and Old Timers' cabin in background. Cabin (right). Crowd of Old Timers and friends at unveiling of Frank Oliver's monument.



This room has considerable dignity, but no stiffness, and is a pleasant blending of convention and comfort.

The Room We Like to Live In

We Ask Much of It—But Not Too Much

—By—

Katherine M. Caldwell

THE passing of the parlor, the drawing-room, the reception room, in favor of the living-room and sun-room, is a matter of keen interest to the student of the times. It was not a matter of arbitrary change in the fashions of furnishing and housebuilding, in the way those changes of fashion occur in, let us say, clothes. Rather, it was a change which was brought about inevitably, by the changes in people, in the things they were doing, in the character of their interests.

It does not seem long, for instance, since every lady had engraved, in the corner of her calling card, the day of the week on which she would be "at home." That date was sacred. The best tea-cups, the thin bread and butter and cake, were ready from four o'clock on, for the callers who might or might not come. The small reception, which reproduced much the atmosphere of the larger drawing-room, was much favored by the hostess who expected her guests by ones and twos; a larger social connection meant usually, however, that the tea-table would have to be placed in the larger room.

Calling, except in more or less official and political circles, is no longer considered the obligation it once was; in fact, it bids fair to become a lost art. We consider, rightly or otherwise, that we simply have not time for it—meaning that there are so many other things we prefer doing and that the modern idea seems to be to live your life as nearly as you can to the way you want to live it!

That we live *differently*, the last decade, everyone realizes. That our homes reflect those differences, is so natural that perhaps we do not altogether realize it. But look over any group of real estate advertisements that are obviously trying to meet today's preferences, and you will note that as many as can do so with any claim to fact, hold out as major attractions,

"large living-room, southern exposure, sunroom, two bathrooms, all modern conveniences." The story is all there, even though the scale be much smaller—we do like a big room in which to be comfortable and hospitable; we have learned to appreciate sunshine; bathroom equipment is important; and the modern housewife knows what *her* life can be, if she has automatic refrigeration, electric labor-savers, adequate cupboards and convenient arrangements.

Pleasant and comfortable surroundings for the everyday life of the family, have been fully recognized as being far more important than a bit of isolated grandeur or even the most pleasant room reserved for guests. Now our guests *share with us*; it really seems to bespeak a truer hospitality.

THE living-room is in good taste, as the Canadian home knows it today, may touch any point of a wide range in cost, but will not deviate far from a certain character. It will have comfort, pleasantness, attractiveness that may run to very real beauty in clever hands; it will be, above all things, that which its very significant name implies—*livable*.

The comfort must be judged by more than one viewpoint. The member of the family who uses this room most during the day, for instance, will set great store by a bright and sunny window. In summer the windows, if they are to mean what they should, will be closely screened, so that they can produce a cooling circulation of air; in winter, caulking around the frames, a good weather stripping, double windows, heavy curtains, may any or all of them control the comfort of at least that part of the room.

In winter the heating becomes important. The leisure which sends us to the living-room, to sit more or less quietly as a rule, perhaps for hours at a time—reading, sewing, enjoying the radio, playing bridge—requires that the temperature there be probably a little higher than in other parts of the house in which one is following more active pursuits. This fact (as well as an appreciation of its artistic value, the way it will bring a room to life, an appreciation of its companionable qualities), has made the fireplace in the living-room its most valued asset.

If the open fire is not available, there are so many kinds of supplementary heating apparatus on the market now that even in an isolated location, one of them will solve the problem for the living-room. There are admirable electric and gas grates and heaters—less trouble that the one that burns coal or wood, of course, a fact that makes up often for a feeling that they are less charming. As a matter of fact, they have been so much improved, in their up-to-date versions, that they will surprise the person who goes forth to investigate them. Then there are most efficient heaters that use oil as fuel, and exceedingly good looking heaters that operate on coal or wood. Whatever her fuel and facilities, the home-maker need not feel that she must miss the contribution to the solid comfort of her living-room that is provided by a bit of "direct fire."

So much for what we might call structural comforts—or their substitutes. Very often one comes to the point where basic improvements of this kind would be possible, and to the conclusion that to open a new window or change a present window into a French door leading to verandah or terrace, or to put in a fireplace, would mean much more to the room than the new decorations or

[Continued on page 56]



"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

MRS. WATKINS doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand far better than any college professor just why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear entirely—and without hard rubbing!

"Here, Professor," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naphtha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you extra help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling them, soaking them in all kinds of tubs, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped

me get clothes as white and clean and sweet as anyone would want to see—and no hard rubbing either, even on children's clothes.

"I use Fels-Naptha for cleaning work around the house, too—for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water. One thing I certainly do like about Fels-Naptha is that it never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your own work, Professor? That's too bad—it's a real treat to have a little chat with someone who, as I often say, *knows* as much as you . . . Mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs extra help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"



FREE—Whether, like Mrs. Watkins, you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. M. 3-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

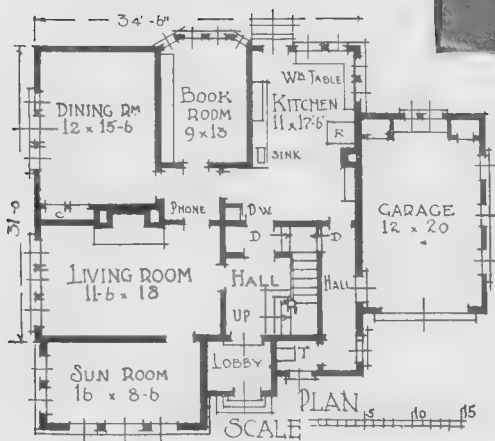
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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



A Home from New England

By V. W. Horwood

vision of home planning in which the dreaming is suddenly obscured by the difficulties of money. It

IN NOTHING are the effects of human partiality more evident, deep and far-reaching than they are in the consideration of building a home, and there is today no branch of literature which appeals to a wider circle of readers than that which concerns itself with houses and their equipment. However remote the prospect of their realization we all have ideas in the back of our minds of the sort of home that one day should be ours. We discuss whether the house should be old or new, whether we should buy or whether we should build.

The other night I sat alone by my fire-place. The wind was sweeping with that seething, creeping noise on the roof which the drifting snow makes, and as I sat in my chair, hearing the wintry bluster I thought of the hundreds of homes where contented people would be sitting listening to the wind brushing the snow over their roofs. And when I had exhausted all the ordinary topics of thought, I fell on a sudden into a line of thought that I determined the next day to set upon paper. Something, it may have been the homey looking wood fire, reminder of other times or possibly the line of ideas most common to me of home building—so I piled the wood on the heated fire dogs and pursued the thought—and this home from New England began to form itself in my mind. Where had I seen it? What matters! The outside was quite plainly visible to my inner vision, and as we all do, I began dreamily to visualize a plan to suit it. Many of us think of New England as a place of stony pastures and stone walls, but in that old country of the Pilgrim Fathers where John Alden,

—“had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from
the first of the forest”

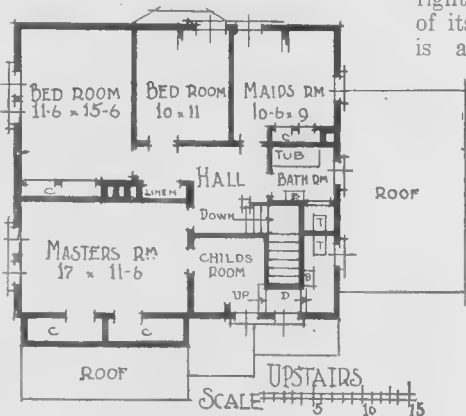
and where—“The sun was pouring his splendors”—many homes are established which have grown gracefully old with its people. So my thoughts played around this home, built like John Alden's, solid of heavy clapboards; not the thin sickly stuff which is turned out by the millions of feet, although this with proper designing can be made attractive. The trouble with all of us is that we think along one line. Take the ordinary town house built of lumber. You will find it on every street, the same board around every door and window outside, a piece of board, casings we call them. And casings they are, for as your eyes run pleasantly along the line of siding,

they are stopped—diverted by an upright board whose only use is because of its comparative inexpensiveness. It is an expedient to overcome the mitring of the corner boards, and this is because in many instances we do not allow our imaginations any play. We take it for granted that it is done and that settles the question. This does not condone freak building, for with paper and pencil and a due inquisitiveness there are many delightful possibilities and then in consultation with the architect or builder their utility can be discussed.

This house of my imagery is of rough clapboards mitred at the corners with a narrow strip to receive the jambs around the windows and doors. It is not planed lumber but left in the rough with the fuzziness of the saw marks showing, and this stained will make your house an enduring one.

MY FIRE was burning low and I threw some more wood on it. The wood was rather green and at first showed no disposition to blaze. In fact it smoked furiously. Idly I thought, “Yes, smoke goes before the blaze—and so does doubt go before decision.” I try to bring back the image of my home that belonged to the cheery blaze, but with my eyes on that dark volume of smoke how can I? It is a black curtain of doubt which drops down before the brightness of my dreaming. How often we have this

takes some strength of mind today to embark in building a home. Apartments seem so convenient. All the responsibility rests on the owner. By the turning on of a switch all your desires are fulfilled. At least you imagine all your desires are. But are they? Look at this plan. Think of the subtleness that goes into its making as a home. Where in an apartment block could you get such privacy? You enter your very own vestibule or your car glides into the garage, from it you step into a private passage leading into the heart of your home, and you can by turning on a switch command as many conveniences as in an apartment. Some will shudder! What about the furnace? Shovelling coal, ashes? But now with the development of electrical heating, or oil burning furnaces you can avoid all this supposedly drudgery—and above all things it is home. Its ceilings are low, no great [Continued on page 55]



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Rab of the Red Head

Continued from page 11

The night must be pretty far gone, he guessed from the increasing sharpness of the air. The men below felt chilly too, and said so.

"I'd like to catch the hounds that stole my door," Dwane declared. "Must have been that pestering Rab and Bill. I'd teach 'em!" "—to be nice, honest, law-abiding citizens," added Joe, and laughed at his own wit. Dwane condescended to laugh too.

If either of the rascals happened to strike another match and look up at the same time, Rab reflected, they'd find the missing door quick enough, and pulling it down they would pull him with it. Knowing he must have overheard enough of their talk to hang them, they would shoot him down in cold blood if they got the chance.

That heroic dream of capturing single-handed the two most dangerous bandits of the West—it was up to him now to make the dream come true. Yes, up to him, the "half-baked, red-headed town boy," who didn't even know when or where he was born—but did know a thing or two slightly more useful in tackling human wildcats. His spirits rose high at the opportunity . . . still with the odds two to one against him it wouldn't be any child's play. He would need all his wits. For one fleeting moment he thought how easy it would be to cut the risk and save his skin by just slipping out as soon as they fell asleep and coming back with reinforcements. No one could blame him. But that would mean—the sarcastic sergeant and his constables. A poor, unheroic way of "showing 'em." No, sir!

A FAINT forewarning of dawn came floating in; already he could make out the roof poles above him. Would the restless ruffians never go to sleep? A long pause. Then a snore. Thank heaven, they were both snoring.

Now was his chance. He would slip quietly down, cover them with his gun, rouse them with the cry "Hands up!" and only shoot if they disobeyed.

But those snores put an easier way into his head. He could simply lean over and—put an avenging bullet into each of those evil brains. If he did not, indeed, they might escape after all, to shed more innocent blood. Rab fingered his gun. What a temptation! A swift painless end like that was better than they deserved. Stealthily he wriggled to the edge, rose on his elbow, and looked down into the faces of his—his enemies? No, his helpless victims.

That one glance was enough. They might be the two worst men unhung—he could not do it. Shooting men in their sleep, no matter how likely they were to shoot him if they were awake—he could not do it! His gun was already back in his pocket.

Sliding along them to the wall, he prepared for the perilous descent. He slipped on his boots, felt for the finger and toe-holds and let himself down softly, inch by inch. It was a critical position—his back to the enemy, and both hands occupied. The Tartars, in their constant evasion of pursuit, had of course acquired something of the suspicious instinct common to all hunted animals, who always slept with their ears awake if they slept at all.

At last he reached the floor, and stood for a moment like a statue. One foot, he became aware, was actually on a corner of Dwane's blanket. If the fellow happened to turn over in his sleep, and give it a pull—!

Rab had to take a long step to pass over the two bodies at once—they were huddled together for warmth—but he managed it. He tip-toed to the door, and turned for action.

Ready?

Ah, but—suppose they did not throw up their hands the moment they heard him thunder out the word of command? Their guns, he was sure, must be lying close to their fingers. One of them, if not both, pretending to be still asleep, might take a chance and fire from under the blanket.

"If I could only get those guns!" thought Rab. No, at the first touch they would grab him—might pull him down between them—and in the *mélée* anything might happen.

Then, right at his feet, he spied their boots. Great idea! He would throw their boots into the canyon.

Sure as he was of victory, if by some evil chance one of the rascals did break away while he was roping up the other, lack of boots would hamper his movements and make his recapture less difficult. The opportunity was too tempting to be missed. He quickly knotted the laces together, slipped out, and tip-toed towards the edge of the canyon, where the cliff dropped sheer to the torrent below.

Scarcely had he taken half-a-dozen steps when the watchful cayuse caught sight of him, and, as his affectionate morning custom was, trumpeted out a loud neigh of welcome.

Rab dashed back to the house, but the Tartars had sprung up at the alarm, and as he rushed in at the door—crash! he drove into their bodies rushing out.

The collision hurled him back over the sill, and at the same moment Dwane knocked the gun out of his hand. The two men grabbed at him—but both were trying to get out together, and for the split fraction of a second they jammed in the narrow doorway. Rab had just time to swing the bunch of boots in his left hand and bring it down on their heads; but

that only roused them to frenzy, and out they rushed at him, dividing as they came. He flashed a powerful right at Dwane's jaw, but the fellow ducked, and the pair closed in upon him.

Tearing himself free, he doubled round the corner with the idea of making a dash into the woods. One glance ahead, however, and he saw that would be fatal. There was no underbrush, and not a tree thick enough to hide him. At that instant there flashed upon his racing mind the vivid picture of a better way—a fighting chance.

From a little break in the canyon's rim a narrow path went slanting down the face of the cliff. His one chance now was to gain that path. In its descent it curved around

jutting buttresses of rock; here and there it was sheltered from above by the overhang of the precipice. If the Tartars dared to follow him along that perilous narrow shelf, he was footsure enough to distance them and plunge into a chaos of monstrous boulders where the path struck the river. Hiding there till dark, he might scramble up-stream and cross to the other side of the canyon by the bridge of a fallen tree.

Between him and the cliff were his enemies in hot pursuit. He would have to race around the shack, making two sharp turns, before his final dash across the open. All the better. He could increase his lead. In their stocking-feet, they would have to slow up and pick their way through the tangle of stubby weed-stalks and jagged salmon and tomato cans at the rear.

A bullet whistled by his head as he turned the first rear corner. Dashing along the back of the house, at the far corner he cannoned into Joe, coming round the other way. He had not reckoned on that—but the collision bowled Joe over, and Rab fled across the open to the cliff.

"Damn you, let go!" he heard Dwane shout. Joe, half stunned, had caught hold of Dan as he rushed over his fallen mate in chase of Rab.

"You—" Joe whined, and cursed. "You'd leave me here to be killed, would you?"

Dwane laughed savagely. "Get up quick, you yellow dog. There's only one of them. Come on, and we'll get him!"

Joe staggered to his feet. By this time Rab was nearly across the open—but he had forgotten the exact spot where the cliff path started down. He had almost reached the edge when he discovered the little break far over to the left. Thanks to the sharp turn he made to reach it, the bullet from Dwane's gun just missed him, while Joe's flew wide. But now, seeing him turn, they swerved too, to head him off. He had not the ghost of a chance to reach that break before they did. Still racing towards it nevertheless, he dropped behind a willow bush close to the edge.

It was only then that he realized he was still carrying those boots. He flung them far out into the canyon—and as he did so the overhanging rim broke away under his weight. With one cry—the first sound

he had uttered—he slipped and fell. Instinctively he clutched the willow roots, and was saved. Only for a moment, apparently—but hanging there, between the death yawning for him below and the death chasing him above,

he clung to those roots with a desperate determination to live.

Give in? Never! Hope had fled, but with it fear also had vanished. When the killers came to shoot him he would laugh up in their faces.

Why did they not come? It seemed an age he had been hanging there, though he knew it could hardly be a minute.

At last—"Good riddance!" he heard a voice say. Joe's voice.

"Guess he's splashed over the rocks down there like a bottle of red ink," Dwane cheerfully remarked.

The men must be standing almost over him, though cautiously keeping back from the edge.

"Pity we couldn't have got anything he had on him," Joe complained.

"Hell, you're right," said Dwane. "Like as not he'd been down to the post with furs, and brought back a bunch of cash."

"And he may not be dead after all," reflected Joe. "He may have caught hold of a bush or something. I'd like to be sure. If he did get away—good night! He'd have the whole country on our tracks."

"Thunder!" cried Dwane, his spirits suddenly restored. "We can get it yet! What he had on him, and him too. He'll be dead when we've done with him, if he's alive now, you bet. We'll go and see, anyway. There's a path down the cliff, from that little dip yonder, I remember, though I never used it. Come on!" "Climb down this hell-hole of a precipice? Nothing doing!"

Dwane sneered. "All right. I'll go alone. But what I get by myself I'll keep to myself, you can bet your boots on that!"

Joe grunted angrily, but he never ventured farther than that scurrilous abuse in defiance of the master mind. "Yes," said he, "I can bet my boots—if you find 'em. You saw them spinning out into hell just before he dropped over himself, the hound!"

"Yes, I did, and I wish I could bring him back to life for the pleasure of killing him over again slowly, just for that. See here: if I fetch up your boots—supposing I find mine too, you understand—I'll sell 'em to you for an even thousand berries apiece, or down they go spinning again."

"Curse you," said Joe, most heartily.

SILENCE again. But for the roar of the rapids under his feet, the caw of a crow overhead, and the click-click of grasshoppers playing castanets close to his ear, Rab heard nothing. Dwane must have started . . . Now he would be coming down the path. As soon as he came around that first jutting outpost of the cliff he'd be right under Rab's feet. If he happened to look up—well, that would be the finish. But he would probably not dare to look up, or down,—he'd be too carefully picking his way. He was no cragsman, Dwane. Only the combination of greed and anxiety to make sure of Rab's fate would have driven him out on that perilous path, which he had never ventured down in all the years he had lived beside it.

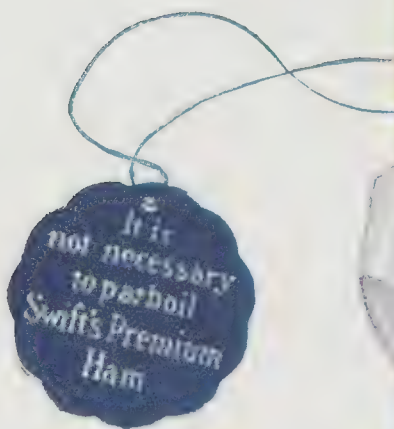
Rab's hopes had come back at a bound. He would hold on, hanging motionless, till the man below had passed, then climb up and tackle the one man left above. But how long could his wrists support the whole weight of his body? His hands already felt the cruel strain of the vise-like grip he had to keep on those smooth willow roots. That fellow Dwane was a terrible time coming; Rab felt an almost irresistible desire to call out and hurry him up!

There was the fellow at last, coming in sight around that promontory. He was the very picture of fear. That ledge at its widest would try the nerves of a mule. At its narrowest, thrust forward over the abyss on that out-curving pillar of smooth rock, even a mountain goat might be excused for treading warily.

The man could hardly trust himself to move. Slowly he sidled along, inch by inch, his back turned to the terrifying gulf, his face close to the rock, his outstretched hands sliding over the smooth surface and feeling in vain for the smallest finger-hold. A stone dislodged by his feet rattled down the face of the cliff and he stopped dead. Then he mustered up courage to crawl on again. Rab had to crane his neck to watch him as he sidled slowly underneath and disappeared around the next bend.

Now for it; drawing a long breath, the young man pulled himself up, with bent elbows, till his face was over the edge. Flashing out one hand, he gripped the bush further in and hauled his body half up. One more pull, and he was on his knees in the middle of the bush. Peering through, he spied Joe sitting on the ground, a few steps away, [Continued on page 40]





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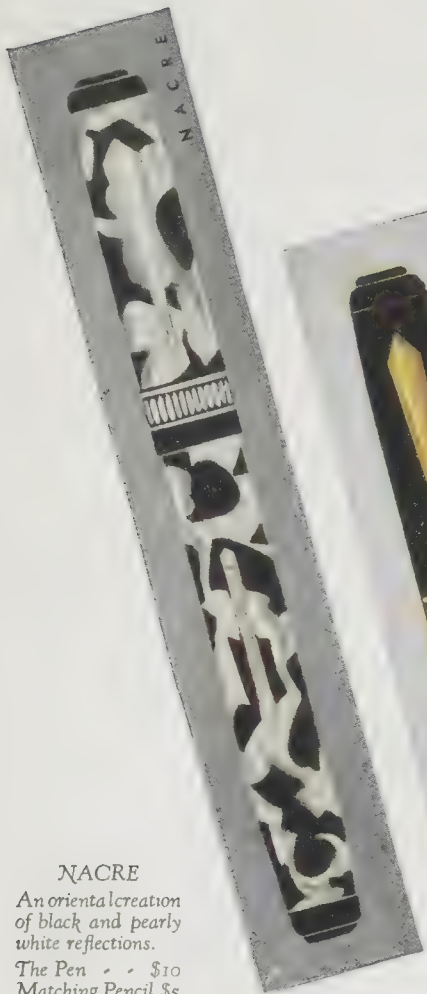
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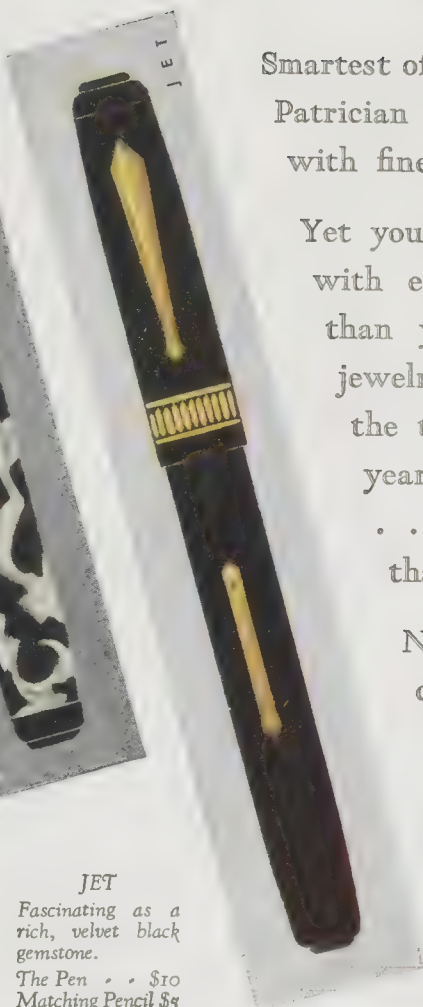
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Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in "The Taming of the Shrew"

The Taming of the Shrew

HERE has been a lot of curiosity about the screen version of "The Taming of the Shrew." One reason for the curiosity is that this picture is the first in which the famous Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have appeared as co-stars. Another reason is that one naturally wondered what Douglas, Mary, the director, and the talkies in general would do to this celebrated work of Will Shakespeare.

It seems to me that "The Shrew" was an excellent choice for a first adventure with Shakespearean drama. Of all Shakespeare's comedies it is by far the most farcical and, perhaps, one of the least poetical. It is a boisterous play, a rowdy play, crammed full of pure slapstick comedy. It also offers a most amusing pair of lovers. In short, it is an excellent co-starring vehicle for two such clever comedians as Pickford and Fairbanks.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is not a long picture, as pictures go nowadays; neither is it showy or spectacular. It seems to me that the two stars and Sam Taylor, who adapted and directed it, showed sound common sense in the handling of this production. The lines of the talkie are authentic Shakespeare, although the play has been considerably cut. No new lines have been added to the old text, so one judges that the "big boys" of Hollywood did not feel it necessary to jazz up the "big boy" of Stratford-upon-Avon. Whenever the screen version of the story demands scenes not in the continuity of the play, these scenes are done in pantomime—and good comic pantomime it is.

As the dauntless Petruchio, who sets about with vigor and despatch to tame his beloved shrew, Douglas Fairbanks has a role eminently suited to his swaggering, debonair manner; and, without doing all the acrobatic stunts which have been the features of many of his previous pictures, he plays the slapstick comedy for all it is worth.

"America's Sweetheart" seems to have altered somewhat since we last saw her; she is less "baby-girl" and more sophisticated. The change is a natural and pleasant one. She looks very beautiful indeed in the Italian renaissance fashions—a dainty, frail Katherine. In fact, she is so daintily lovely to look upon that one can hardly credit her vixenish temper. It is hard to believe that she would so savagely wield a whip and so ruthlessly wreck the furniture.

The settings and costumes are picturesque and at-

tractive; and in all "The Taming of the Shrew" is a picture that should please nearly every age and taste.

If Douglas and Mary intend to continue their excursions into Shakespearean drama, I should like to see them do "Much Ado About Nothing." I think Beatrice and Benedick, the lovers of that play, the most amusing, charming and lovable pair in all English drama.

The Forward Pass

IT SEEMS only fair that, after mentioning Douglas Fairbanks, one should also note the latest picture in which his son, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., is the star.

Strange as it may seem, "The Forward Pass," a story of contemporary college life, appears less fresh, less vital and even less modern than the Elizabethan comedy played by Douglas, Senior. Perhaps this is because we have had too many pictures of alleged college life and have watched too many stalwart college heroes fighting against fearful odds and winning the game by an epic run just two seconds before the final whistle. It would be such a welcome change if the hero muffed a pass and caused the downfall of his team. But that never, never happens in the movies.

In its football game and its young love theme, "The Forward Pass" is no different from the many other pictures of this type, but it has none of the cheap, objectionable features of some of the other college movies. Douglas, Jr., is a fresh, attractive boy, and is quite satisfactory as the quarterback who makes the forward pass. Loretta Young, as the college vampire who nearly breaks the quarterback's heart and hence very nearly ruins the football game, gives a convincing performance. The picture is sprinkled through with college songs and freshmen making merry and being comic in the traditional



Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser"

collegiate manner. As we said before, while this picture is not unusual, it is better than most of its predecessors on the same college theme.

Untamed

ANOTHER talented member (by marriage) of the Fairbanks clan is Joan Crawford, whose latest picture is called "Untamed." I like Miss Crawford's vivid personality and her low, rather husky voice is quite appealing. "Untamed," however, is a silly, tedious story, melodramatic and unconvincing. Miss Crawford plays a wild, tempestuous maiden of the South American jungles. There she grows up under the rather uncertain care of a drunken father. Her father dies and she is left heir to millions. She forthwith goes to New York, but even Park Avenue fails to subdue her wild jungle nature. Antic follows antic. Escapade follows escapade. Miss Crawford is forced to become altogether too hoydenish and absurd. It is David Belasco-Lenore Ulric stuff—and exaggerated at that. It is too bad Miss Crawford could not have some better vehicle.

Rio Rita

"RIO RITA" is the best musical comedy picture that I have so far seen. Of course, it falls into the usual pattern of such shows: fancy scenery, tall showgirls acting like walking willow trees, a clogging pony ballet, wise-cracking comedy teams and love and jazz in alternate layers. Still, "Rio Rita" has pep and sparkle and gives one the illusion of seeing a real musical comedy on a real stage.

Bebe Daniels is a surprise. Although she did clever work in her pictures some years ago, we had almost forgotten her. In "Rio Rita" she makes an astonishing come-back, and every time she is on the screen the picture has interest and glamor. She has a charming speaking voice; she sings nicely, and she acts very cleverly.

The Trespasser

"THE TRESPASSER" has a story that reminds one of the old-time problem and emotional drama, the sort of play written so well by Sardou and the younger Dumas. Today this type of play, filled with harsh partings and noble renunciations, with cruel parents and fairly docile children, seems somewhat out of the mode. The star of "The Trespassers" is, however, the most modish creature that one may see in pictures. I mean, of course, Miss Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson is very chic, very modern indeed.

She is also so charming and so clever that one forgets that many of the situations of the

scenario are far-fetched and one accepts the heroine's many trials and tribulations as authentic, even natural. It is nice to see Gloria Swanson again. She has that very rare quality among screen actresses of being able to convey to you a sense of her reality, her flesh-and-blood reality. Her face is expressive, equally mobile in the serious moods as in her captivating comic scenes. Her voice is pleasant. Her acting has taste and restraint. After seeing Miss Swanson in several portrayals of rather [Continued on page 73]



Irene Bordoni in "Paris"



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away under the bedclothes of time, as one might say. Ah, ye know, it's been there for three years, and I'd almost forgot it. It was a little angel from heaven whispered it to me when ye stepped inside this house. I dunno why I kept the stuff. Manny's the time I was tempted to drink it myself, and manny's the time something said to me, 'Not yet.' The Lord be praised, for I've had out of it more than I deserve."

He took the mugs from their hands, and for a minute stood like some ancient priest who had performed a noble ritual. As Sheila looked at him, she kept saying to herself:

"He's a spirit; he isn't a man!"

Dyck's eye met that of Sheila, and he saw with the same feeling what was working in her heart.

"Well, we must be going," he said to Christopher Dogan. "We must get home-ward, and we've had a good drink—the best I ever tasted. We're proud to pay our respects to you in your own house; and good-bye to you till we meet again."

His hand went out to the shoulder of the peasant and rested there for a second in friendly feeling. Then the girl stretched out her hand also. The old man took the two cups in one hand, and, reaching out the other, let Sheila's fingers fall upon his own. He slowly crooked his neck, and kissed her fingers with that distinction mostly to be found among those few good people who live on the highest or lowest social levels, or in native tents.

"Ah, please God we meet again! and that I be let to serve you, Miss Sheila Llyn. I have no doubt you could do with a little help some time or another, the same as the rest of us. For all that's come between us three, may it be given me, humble and poor, to help ye both that's helped me so!"

Dyck turned to go, and as he did so a thought came to him.

"If you hadn't food and drink for use, what have you for yourself, Christopher?" he asked. "Have you food to eat?"

"Ah, well—well, do ye think I'm not provided? There was no food cooked was what I was thinking; but come and let me show you."

He took the cover off a jar standing in a corner.

"Here's good flour, and there's water, and there's manny a wild shrub and plant on the hillside to make soup, and what more does a man want? With the scone cooked and inside ye, don't ye feel as well as though ye'd had a pound of beef or a rasher of bacon? Sure, ye do. I know where there's clumps of wild radishes, and with a little salt they're good—the best. God bless ye!"

A few moments later, as he stood in his doorway and looked along the road, he saw two figures, the girl's head hardly higher than the man's shoulder. They walked as if they had much to get and were ready for it.

"Well, I dunno," he said to himself. "I dunno about you, Dyck Calhoun. You're wild, and ye have too manny mad friends, but you'll come all right in the end; and that pretty girl—God save her!—she'll come with a smile into your arms bye and bye, dear lad. But ye'll have far to go and much to do before that."

His head fell, his eyes stared out into the shining distance.

"I see for ye manny and manny a wrong thing said of ye, and she not believing wan of them. But oh, my God, but oh!"—his clenched hands went to his eyes—"I wouldn't like to travel the path that's before ye—no!"

Down the long road the two young people travelled, gossiping much, both of them touched by something sad and mysterious, neither knowing why; both of them happy, too, for somehow they had come nearer together than years of ordinary life might have made possible. They thought of the old man and his hut, and then broke away into talk of their own countryside, of the war with France, of the growing rebellious spirit

No Defence

Continued from page 11

in Ireland, of riots in Dublin town, of trouble at Limerick, Cork and Sligo.

At the gate of the mansion where Sheila was visiting, Dyck put into her hands the wild flowers he had picked as they passed, and said:

"Well, it's been a great day. I've never had a greater. Let's meet again, and soon! I'm almost every day upon the hill with my gun, and it'd be worth a lot to see you soon—very soon."

"Oh, you'll be forgetting me by tomorrow," the girl said with a little wistfulness at her lips, for she had a feeling they would not meet on the morrow. Suddenly she picked from the bunch of wild flowers he had given her a little sprig of heather.

"Well, if we don't meet—wear that," she said, and, laughing over her shoulder, turned and ran into the grounds of Loyland Towers.



WHEN Dyck entered the library at Playmore, the first words he heard were these:

"Howe has licked the French at Brest. He's smashed the French flat and dealt a sharp blow to the revolution. Hurrah!"

The words were used by Miles Calhoun, Dyck's father, as a greeting to him on his return from the day's sport.

Now, if there was a man in Ireland who had a narrow view and kept his toes pointed to the front, it was Miles Calhoun. His people had lived in Connemara for hundreds of years; and he himself had only one passion in life, which was the Protestant passion of prejudice. He had ever been a follower of Burke—a passionate follower, one who believed the French Revolution was a crime against humanity, a danger to the future of civilization, a miserable orgy of unworthy millions.

He had resisted more vigorously than most men the progress of revolutionary sentiments in Ireland. He was aware that his son had far less rigid opinions than himself; that he even defended Wolfe Tone and Thomas Emmett against abuse and damnation. That was why he had delight in slapping his son in the face, whenever possible, with the hot pennant of victory for British power.

He was a man of irascible temperament and stern views, given to fits of exasperation. He was small of stature, with a round face, eyes that suddenly went red with feeling, and with none of the handsomeness of his son, who resembled his mother's side of the family. The mother herself had been a beautiful and remarkable woman. Dyck was, in a sense, a reproduction of her in body and mind, for a more cheerful and impetuous person never made a household happier or more imperfect than she made hers.

Her beauty and continual cheerfulness had always been the joy of Dyck's life, and because his mother had married his father—she was a woman of sense, with all her lightsome ways—he tried to regard his father with profound respect. Since his wife's death, however, Miles Calhoun had steadily deteriorated; he had become unreasonable.

As the elder Calhoun made his announcement about the battle of Brest and the English victory, a triumphant smile lighted his flushed face, and under

his heavy gray brows his eyes danced with malicious joy.

"Howe's a wonder!" he said. "He'll make those savage, mad, red republicans hunt their holes. Eh, isn't that your view, Ivy?" he asked of a naval captain who had evidently brought the news.

Captain Ivy nodded.

"Yes, it's a heavy blow for the French bloodsuckers. If their ideas creep through Europe and get hold of England, God only knows what the end will be! In their view, to alter everything that exists is the only way to put things right. No doubt they'll invent a new way to be born before they've finished."

"Well, that wouldn't be a bad idea," remarked Dyck. "The present way has its demerits."

"Yes, it throws responsibility upon the man, and gives a heap of trouble to the woman," said Captain Ivy with a laugh; "but they'll change it all, you'll see."

Dyck poured himself a glass of port, held it up, sniffed the aroma, and looked through the beautiful red tinge of the wine with a happy and critical eye.

"Well, there are lots of ways in which the world could be remade," he declared. "I shouldn't mind seeing a bit of a revolution in Ireland—but in England, first," he hastened to add, "They're a more outcast folk than the Irish."

His father scoffed.

"Look out, Dyck, or they'll drop you in jail if you talk like that!" he chided, his red face growing redder, his fingers nervously feeling the buttons on his picturesque silk waistcoat. "There's conspiracy in Ireland, and you never truly know if the man that serves you at your table, or brings you your horse, or puts a spade into your ground, isn't a traitor."

At that moment the door opened, and a servant entered the room. In his hand he carried a letter which, with marked excitement, he brought to Miles Calhoun.

"Sure, he's waiting, sir," he said.

"And who's he?" asked his master, turning the letter over, as though to find out by looking at the seal.

"Oh, a man of consequence, if we're to judge by the way he's clothed."

"Fit company, then?" his master asked as he began to open the heavily sealed letter.

"Well, I'm not saying that, for there's no company good enough for us," answered the higgledy-piggledy butler, with a quirk of the mouth; "but, as messengers go, I never seen one with more style and point."

"Well, bring him to me," said Miles Calhoun. "Bring him to me, and I'll form my own judgment—though I have some confidence in yours."

"You could go further and fare worse," answered the old man with respectful familiarity.

Captain Ivy and Dick grinned, but the head of the house seemed none too pleased at the freedom of the old butler.

"Bring him as he is," said Miles Calhoun, and broke the seal of the letter in his hand. "Good God!" he added after doing so, for he had just realized that the stamp of the seal was that of the Attorney-General of Ireland.

Then he opened the letter and read it. A flush swept over his face, making its red almost purple.

"Eternal damnation—eternal damnation!" he declared, holding the paper at arm's length, inspecting it. He then handed it to Dyck. "Read that, lad. Then pack your bag, for we start for Dublin by daylight or before."

Dyck read the brief document and whistled softly to himself.

"Well, well, you've got to obey orders like that, I suppose," Dyck said. They want to question us as to the state of the country here."

"I think we can tell them something, I wonder if they know how wide your travel is, how many people you see, and if they know, how did they come to know? There's spies all over the place. How do I know but the man who's just left this room isn't a spy; isn't the enemy of all of us here?"

[Continued on page 30]

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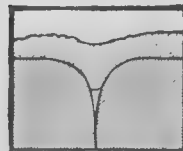
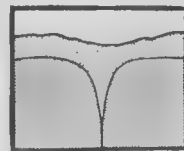


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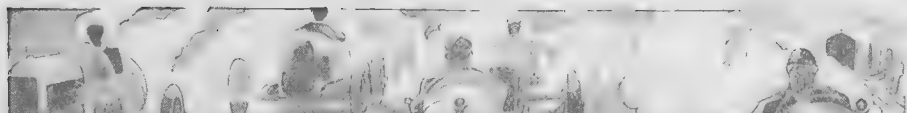
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No Defence

Continued from page 28

"I'd suspect Michael Clones," remarked Dick, "just as soon as Mulvaney."

"Michael Clones," said his father, and he turned to Captain Ivy, "Michael Clones I'd trust as I'd trust His blessed majesty, George III. He's a rare scamp, is Michael Clones! He's no thicker than a cardboard, but he draws the pain out of your hurt like a mustard plaster. A man of better sense and greater roguery I've never met. You must see him, Captain Ivy. He's only about twelve years older than my son, but, like my son, there's no holding him, there's no control of him that's any good. He does what he wants to do in his own way—talks when he wants to talk, fights when he wants to fight. He's a man of men, is Michael Clones."

At that moment the door opened and the butler entered, followed by a thin, Don Quixote sort of figure.

"His Excellency," said Mulvaney, with a look slightly malevolent, for the visitor had refused his name. Then he turned and left the room.

At Mulvaney's words, an ironical smile crossed the face of the newcomer. Then he advanced to Miles Calhoun. Before speaking, however, he glanced sharply at Captain Ivy, threw an inquisitive look at Dyck, and said:

"I seem to have hurt the feelings of your butler, sir, but that cannot be helped. I have come from the Attorney General. My name is Leonard Mallow—I'm the eldest son of Lord Mallow. I've been doing business in Limerick, and I bring a message from the Attorney-General to ask you to attend his office at the earliest moment."

Dick Calhoun, noting his glance at a bottle of port, poured out a glass of the good wine and handed it over, saying:

"It'll taste better to you because you've been travelling hard, but it's good wine anyhow. It's been in the cellar for forty years, and that's something in a land like this."

Mallow accepted the glass of port, raised it with a little gesture of respect, and said:

"Long life to the King, and cursed be his enemies!"

So saying he flung the wine down his throat—which seemed to gulp it like a well—wiped his lips with a lace handkerchief, and turned to Miles Calhoun again.

"Yes, it's good wine," he said; "as good as you'd get in the cellars of the Viceroy. I've seen strange things as I came. I've seen lights on the hills, and drunken rioters in the roads and behind hedges, and once a shot was fired at me; but here I am, safe and sound, carrying out my orders. What time will you start?" he added.

He took it for granted that the summons did not admit of rejection, and he was right. The document contained these words:

"Trouble is brewing; indeed, it is at hand. Come, please, at once to Dublin, and give the Lord-Lieutenant and the Government a report upon your district. We do not hear altogether well of it, but we are aware that no one has the knowledge you possess. In the name of His Majesty you are hereby asked to present yourself at once at these offices in Dublin, and be assured that the Lord-Lieutenant will give you warm welcome through me. Your own loyalty gives much satisfaction here, and if you can bring useful information much good may ensue. I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,
"JOHN McNOWELL."

"You have confidence in the people's loyalty here?" asked Mallow.

"As great as in my own," answered Dyck cheerily.

"Well, you ought to know what that is. At the same time, I've heard you're a friend of one or two dark spirits in the land."

"I hold no friendships that would do hurt to my country," answered Dyck sharply.

Mallow smiled satirically. "As we're starting at daylight, I suppose, I think

I'll go to bed, if it may be you can put me up."

"Oh, Lord, yes! We can put you up, Mr. Mallow," remarked the old man. "You shall have as good a bed as you can find outside the Viceregal Lodge—a four-poster, very wide and very long. It's been slept in by many a man of place and power. But, Mr. Mallow, you haven't announced that you've had no dinner, and you'll not be going to bed in this house without your food. Did you shoot anything today, Dyck?" he asked his son.

"I didn't bring home a feather. There were no birds today, but there are the ducks I shot yesterday, and the quail."

"Oh, yes," said his father, "and there's the little roast pig, too. This is a day when we celebrate the anniversary of Irish power and life."

"What's that?" asked Mallow.

"That's the battle of the Boyne," answered his host with a little air of ostentation.

"Oh, you're one of the Peep-o'-Day Boys, then," remarked Mallow.

"I'm not saying that," answered the old man. "I'm not an Ulsterman, but I celebrate the coming of William to the Boyne. Things were done that day that'll be remembered when Ireland is whisked away into the Kingdom of Heaven. So you'll not go to bed till you've had dinner, Mr. Mallow! By me soul, I think I smell the little porker now. Dinner at five, to bed at eight, up before daylight, and off to Dublin when the light breaks. That's the course!" He turned to Captain Ivy. "I'm sorry, Captain, but there's naught else to do, and you were going tomorrow at noon, anyhow, so it won't make much difference to you."

"It will make no difference whatever," replied the sailorman. "I have to go to Dublin, too, and from there to Queens-town to join my ship, and from Queens-town to the coast of France to do some fighting."

"Please God!" remarked Miles Calhoun.

"So be it!" declared Mallow.

"Amen!" said Dyck.

Once again Dyck looked the visitor straight in the eyes, and far back in the horizon of Mallow's life-sky there shone for an instant the light of an evil star.

"There's the call to dinner," remarked Miles Calhoun, as a bell began ringing in the tower outside. "Come with me, Mr. Mallow, and I'll show you your room. You've had your horse put up, I hope?"

"Yes, and my bag brought in."

"Well, come along, then. There's no time to lose. I can smell the young hog crawling out of the oven."

"You are a master of tempting thoughts," remarked Mallow enthusiastically.

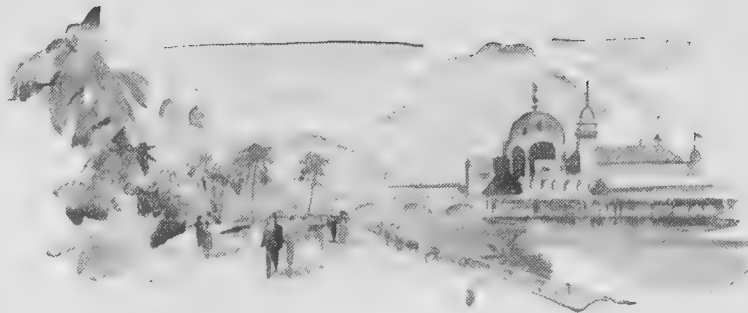
"Sheila—Sheila!" said Dyck Calhoun to himself where he stood.

THE journey to Dublin was made by the Calhouns, their two guests, and Michael Clones, without incident of note. Arrived there, Miles Calhoun gave himself to examination by Government officials.

His narrow nature, his petty craft and malevolence, were useful in a time of anxiety for the State. Yet he had not enough ability to develop his position by the chances offered him. He had not a touch of genius; he had only bursts of Celtic passion, which he had not mind enough to control.

Indeed, as days, weeks and months went on, his position became less valuable to himself, and his financial affairs suffered from his own and his agent's bad management. In his particular district he was a power; in Dublin he soon showed the weaker side of his nature. He had a bad habit of making foes where he could easily have made friends. In his personal habits he was sober, but erratic. No meal was ever served twice at the same hour in the same week. The lodgings he rented in Dublin had few conveniences, but they might have served, had his own capacity been greater.

[Continued on page 32]



"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc
NICE

"The one soap I recommend is Palmolive"

says Albert Leblanc of Nice

Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera, frequented by many of the world's smartest women.

"IT is quite wrong to suppose," says Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "that the skin can be thoroughly cleansed except by the use of soap and water. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. But the one soap I recommend is Palmolive!"

Monsieur Leblanc is an authority. He has a beauty salon at the famous Hotel Negresco, in Nice, where he cares for the complexions of women whose names make society news all over the world. He had his beauty training in Paris, and, like the great Parisian experts, he considers palm and olive oils invaluable in keeping complexions lovely.

Other soaps won't do

Substitutes for Palmolive may irritate the skin, and spoil its colorful freshness. These changes may come so gradually you scarcely notice them. Then—all of a sudden—you find the pores coarsened, the complexion irritated, the texture losing its smooth loveliness. The pure



Facade of Leblanc's Salon at the Hotel Negresco—where Monsieur Albert attends fashionable women from all over the world. The smart women who gather at Nice demand the very finest care in matters of beauty culture.

olive and palm oil lather of Palmolive Soap soothes, cleanses, removes impurities gently and safely.

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care," says Leblanc . . . and there are more than 18,000 other renowned beauty specialists who agree with him.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

Only a specialist can advise you

Being beautiful in itself gives no one the right to advise you on beauty. For such advice you must go to a skilled, experienced beauty specialist. And just think of it! 18,012 experts—all over the world—recommend Palmolive Soap! In big cities, in small towns, smart resorts; in America, France, Germany, Spain, England—everywhere that beauty culture is practiced—its foremost exponents tell you to guard against enemies of facial beauty by twice-a-day use of Palmolive.

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils gently penetrate the pores, releasing impurities and protecting the tender fabric of the skin from the abuses of modern life.

Millions use Palmolive for the bath, as well as for the face. Your very first cake of this bland, skillfully blended soap will show you why Palmolive is the choice of those whose business it is to know.



The microscope proves what your taste has always told you—

The time Del Monte saves between field and can makes a tremendous difference in your enjoyment of asparagus

Every housewife knows how quickly green vegetables change their flavor.

But did it ever occur to you how doubly important this change can be to the canner who wants to bring you only the finest foods? Did you ever think how DEL MONTE must fight against time—to put supreme quality into every food it packs?

Always this is true. Even the minutes count! Especially in handling asparagus—that aristocrat of vegetable foods!

If you could look at a section of fresh-cut asparagus, under a powerful microscope in the DEL MONTE laboratories—you would see a mass of tender, succulent, full-bodied cells, packed close together.

Only 48 hours later—and the cells have shrunk and completely changed their form! They have literally wilted. Long, slender fibrous threads have made their appearance. No amount of cooking will ever restore to these cells their original freshness.

And what you see—in the DEL MONTE laboratory—is simply a picture of what has happened at the same time to the tenderness and delicacy of flavor you like in asparagus. If cooked at once when cut, asparagus is full-flavored, tender as butter. Each hour that goes by before cooking makes it a little less delicate—a little less tempting.

This change in all vegetables after cutting—but a change so marked in asparagus—explains why DEL MONTE keeps a staff of its own scientists busy studying every food it



Unretouched photomicrographs of asparagus cells, as they appear (top) in fresh-cut asparagus; and (bottom) if held only 48 hours. Note how quickly the cell structure has changed.

paragus is not expensive. It is packed so that you may buy just the size of spear you want—and just the quantity you need.

There are two lengths of stalks—long spears and tips. Long spears are packed in the large No. 2½ square can—shorter spears in two smaller cans. Salad points—tender morsels for salads, cocktails, etc.—come in a medium size round can, called No. 1 Tall.

Except for Salad Points, DEL MONTE Asparagus is sorted and packed according to thickness or circumference of the spears—plainly marked according to size as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small. The smaller the spear, of course, the more spears per can.

And remember—the quality you find in DEL

MONTE Asparagus is just as marked in every DEL MONTE Food Product. No matter what variety you choose—canned fruits, vegetables, canned fish, dried fruits or other everyday staples—this one label makes certain the uniform, dependable quality so essential on your table.

Free Menu Helps

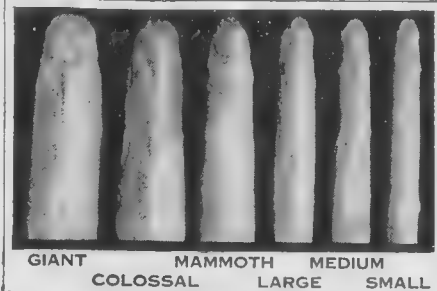
Seven handy-size books and folders—full of practical, economical, easy-to-prepare fruit and vegetable recipes—make a mighty convenient and useful file for your kitchen. May we send this DEL MONTE recipe collection to you—free of charge? Just address Dept. 37-H, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



brings to your table—why DEL MONTE insists on knowing all there is to be known about better canning methods—and then goes to such great lengths to can all vegetables for you so quickly.

The cutting of DEL MONTE Asparagus, for instance, begins at the break of day. It is cut at the moment of perfection. It is rushed to DEL MONTE canneries nearby—within a few hours sealed in the can and cooked. Only by growing it yourself could you enjoy asparagus so truly fresh.

Yet for all its goodness, DEL MONTE As-



Del Monte Asparagus, both long spears and tips, is graded according to thickness of spear as shown in reduced photograph above. Each size plainly marked on the can.



No Defence

Continued from page 30

Dyck had not his father's abstention from the luxuries of life. He drank, he gamed, he went where temptation was, and fell into it. He steadily diminished his powers of resistance to self-indulgence until one day, at a tavern, he met a man who made a great impression upon him.

This man was brilliant ebullient, full of humor, character and life, knowing apparently all the lower world of Dublin, and moving with an assured step. It was Erris Boyne, the divorced husband of Mrs. Llyn and the father of Sheila Llyn; but this fact was not known to Dyck. There was also a chance of its not becoming known, because so many years had passed since Erris Boyne was divorced. People seemed to take no notice of what he did, or said, save in the flash and enjoyment of the moment.

One day Erris Boyne said to Dyck: "There's a supper tonight at the Breakneck Club. Come along and have a skinful. You'll meet people worth knowing. They're a damned fine lot of fellows for you to meet, Calhoun."

"The Breakneck Club isn't a good name for a first-class institution," remarked Dyck, with a pause and a laugh; "but I'll come, if you'll fetch me."

Erris Boyne, who was eighteen years older than Dyck, laughed, flicked a little pinch of snuff at his nose with his finger.

"Dear lad, of course I'll come and fetch you," he said. "There's many a man has done worse than lead a gay stripling like you into pleasant ways. Bring along any loose change you may have, for it may be a night of nights."

"Oh, they play cards, do they, at the Breakneck Club?" said Dyck, alive with interest.

"Well, call it what you like, but men must do something when they get together, and we can't be talking all the time. So pocket your shillings. It's the best place to come to ever an honest man had."

"Are they all the right sort?" asked Dyck, with a little touch of malice. "I mean, are they loyal and true?"

Erris Boyne laid a hand on Dyck's arm.

"Come and find out. Do you think I'd lead you into bad company? Of course, Emmet and Wolfe Tone won't be there, nor any of that lot; but there'll be some men of the right stamp." He watched Dyck carefully out of the corner of his eye. "It's funny," he added, "that in Ireland the word loyal always means being true to the Union Jack, standing by King George and his crowd."

"Well, what would you have?" said Dyck. "For this is a day and age when being loyal to the King is more than aught else in all the Irish world. We're never two days alike, we Irish. There are the United Irishmen and the Defenders on one side, and the Peep-o-Day Boys, or Orangemen on the other—Catholic and Protestant, at each other's throats. Then there's a hand thrust in, and up goes the sword, and the rifles, pikes, and bayonets; and those that were ready to mutilate or kill each other fall into each other's arms."

Erris Boyne laughed. "Well, there'll soon be an end to that. The Irish Parliament is slipping into disrepute. It wouldn't surprise me if the astute English bribe them into a union, to the ruin of Irish Independence. Yet maybe, before that comes, the French will have a try for power here. And, upon my word, if I have to live under foreign rule, I'd as lief have a French whip over me as an English!" He came a step nearer, his voice lowered a little. "Have you heard the latest news from France? They're coming with a good-sized fleet down the south coast. Have you heard it?"

"Oh, there's plenty one hears one doesn't believe is gospel, answered Dyck, his eyes half closing. "I'm not believing all I hear, as if it was a prayer meeting. Anything may happen here; Ireland's a woman—very uncertain."

Dyck flicked some dust from his waistcoat, and dropped his eyes, because he was thinking of two women he had known; one of them an angel now in company of her sister angels—his mo-

ther; the other a girl he had met on the hills of Connemara, a wonderfully pretty girl of seventeen. How should he know that the girl was Erris Boyne's daughter?—although there were times when some gesture of Boyne, some quick look, some lifting of the eyebrows, brought back the memory of Sheila Llyn, as it did now.

Since Dyck left his old home he had seen her twice; once at Loyland Towers, and once at her home in Limerick. The time he had spent with her had been very brief, but full of life, interest, and character. She was like some piquant child, bold, beautiful, uncertain, caressing in her manner one instant, and distant at another.

She had said radiant things, had rallied him, had shown him where the twenty-nine-pound salmon had been caught in a stream, and had fired at and brought down a pheasant outside the covert at Loyland Towers. Whether at Loyland Towers, or at her mother's house in Limerick, there was no touch of forwardness in her, or in anything she said or did. She was the most natural being, the freest from affectation, he had ever known.

As Erris Boyne talked to him, the memory of Sheila flooded his mind, and on the flood his senses swam like swans. He had not her careful composure. He was just as real, but he had the wilfulness of man. She influenced him as no woman had ever yet done; but he saw no happy ending of the dream. He was too poor to marry; he had no trade or profession; his father's affairs were in a bad way. He could not bring himself to join the army or navy; and yet, as an Irishman moved by political ideals, with views at once critical and yet devoted to the crown, he was not in a state to settle down.

He did not know that Erris Boyne was set to capture him for the rebel cause. How could he know that Boyne was an agent of the most evil forces in Ireland—an agent of skill and address, prepossessing, with the face of a Celtic poet and the eye of an assassin?

Boyne's object was to bring about the downfall of Dyck Calhoun—that is, his downfall as a patriot. At the Breakneck Club this bad business began. Dyck had seen many people, representing the gaiety and revelry of life; but it was as though many doubtful people, many reckless ones, all those with purposes, fads and fancies were there. Here was an irresponsible member of a Government department; there an officer of His Majesty's troops; beyond, a profligate bachelor whose reputation for traitorous diplomacy was known and feared. Yet everywhere were men known in the sporting, gaming, or political world, in sea-life and land-life, most of whom had a character untouched by criticism.

It was at this club that Dyck again met that tall, ascetic messenger from the Attorney-General, who had brought the message to Miles Calhoun. It was with this man—Leonard Mallow, eldest son of Lord Mallow—that Dyck, with three others, played cards one afternoon.

The instinctive antipathy which had marked their first introduction was carried on to this later meeting. Dyck distrusted Mallow, and allowed his distrust exercise. It was unfortunate that Mallow won from him three-fourths of the money he had brought to the club, and won it with a smile not easy to forgive.

Dyck had at last secured a real success in a scheme of his cards when Mallow asked with a sneer:

"Did you learn that at your home in heaven?"

"Don't they teach it where you live in hell?" was Dyck's reply.

At this Mallow flicked Dyck across the face with his handkerchief.

"That's what they teach where I belong."

"Well, it's easy to learn, and we'll do the sum at any time or place you please." After a moment Dyck continued: "I wouldn't make a fuss over it. Let's finish the game. There's no good prancing till the sport's ready; so I'll sit and learn more of what they teach in hell!"

[Continued on page 34]

The CAR THAT PROCLAIMS

ESTABLISHED

SOCIAL STANDING

The flattering preference accorded Willys-Knight by Canada's oldest and finest families is paralleled only by the preference shown Knight-motored cars in the highest social circles of Europe ... including King George—the Prince of Wales—King Alfonso—and half the peerage of the continent.

Such tributes speak for themselves. Yet this year the new Willys-Knight Great Six, powered by this same type of motor, lays even further claim to approval. Dashing style, virile action and exquisite interior refinements make it even more distinctive and luxurious than ever.

The Knight double sleeve-valve engine is the only engine that does not need costly valve-grinding and carbon removing... whose smoothness and power is still undiminished after one hundred thousand miles of driving.

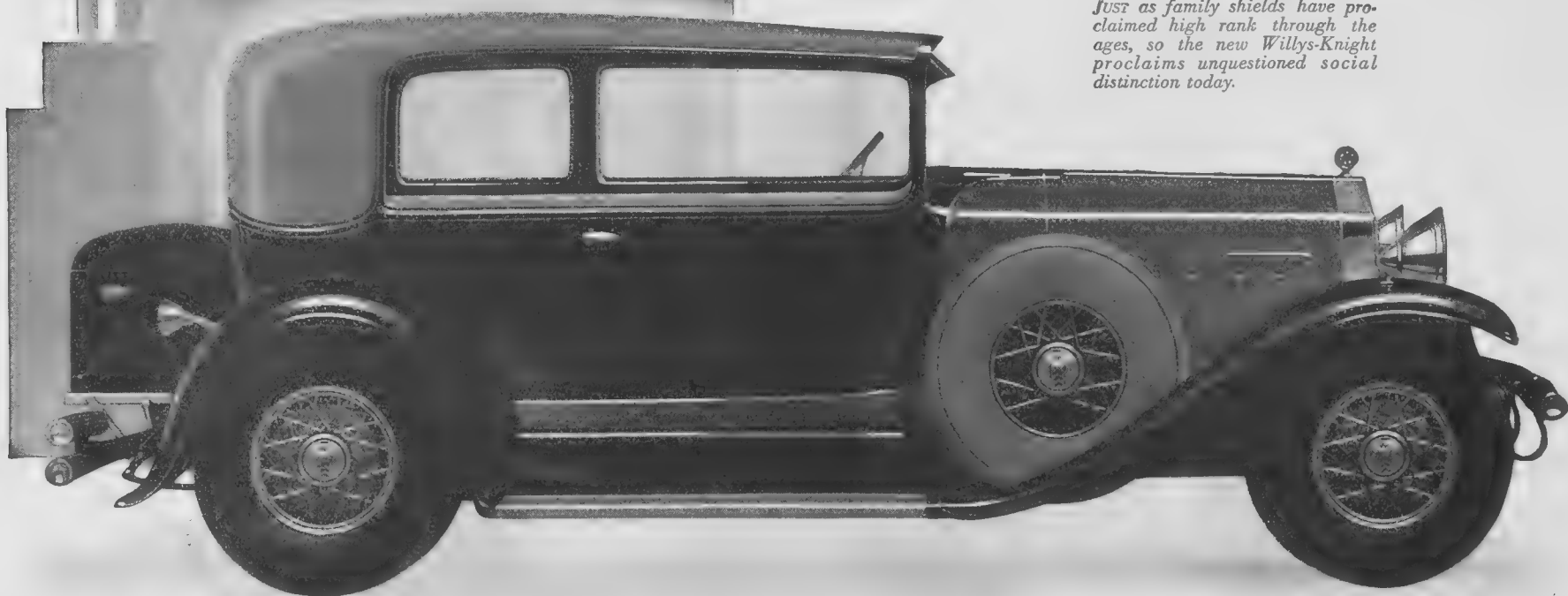
Other Willys-Knight Great Six features are: seven-bearing crankshaft ... 4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers ... one-shot lubrication ... full internal four-wheel brakes ... manual heat control ... automatic radiator shutters. Add to these the super-power of the smooth, silent motor and the luxurious fineness of body and chassis and you have qualities which reflect to an unequalled degree that subtle attribute—prestige.

Great Six Sedan, Touring, Roadster, 4-passenger Coupe (as illustrated) all \$2675, (6 wire wheels and trunk rack included). The new Willys-Knight "70B" ranges from \$1275 to \$1575. All prices f.o.b. factory, Toronto. Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

SHIELDS of the design illustrated here represented the rank and prestige of the great house of Hastings during the 15th century.



Just as family shields have proclaimed high rank through the ages, so the new Willys-Knight proclaims unquestioned social distinction today.



WILLYS-KNIGHT

Even the healthiest mouth can't afford a cheap dentifrice



IT IS a high tribute to Forhan's that people whose teeth are beyond the help of ordinary toothpastes employ this finer dentifrice.

For, as millions know, it gives a double protection. At the same time it cleans the teeth, it helps to give the gums the care they need.

Why, then, should the healthy mouth, the gleaming mouth of youth, have less than Forhan's protection? Isn't it far better to avoid trouble by the help of Forhan's than to use this dentifrice only after trouble has come?

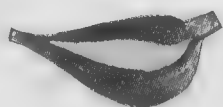
Forhan's was originated by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. He developed a preparation which dentists used in the treatment of pyorrhea. Then, as a further aid to dentists, he embodied the benefit of this preparation in the excellent dentifrice which bears his name.

When you brush your teeth, simple precaution urges that you brush them with Forhan's. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it helps to restore the glow of health to tender gums—aids gums which are firm and sound to keep their health throughout the years.

Forhan's comes in two sizes—35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

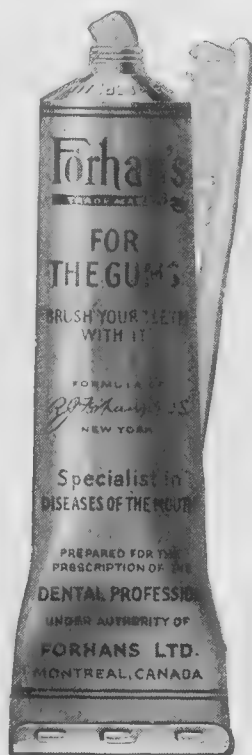
Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



No Defence

Continued from page 32

Dyck had been drinking, or he would not have spoken so; and when he was drunk daring was strong in him. He hated profoundly this man—so self-satisfied and satanic.

He kept a perfect coolness, however. Leonard Mallow should not see that he was upset. His wanton wordiness came to his rescue, and until the end of the game he played with sang-froid, daring, and skill. He loved cards; he loved the strife of skill against skill, of trick against trick, of hand against hand. He had never fought a duel in his life, but he had no fear of doing so.

At length, having won back nearly all he had lost, he rose to his feet and looked round.

"Is there anyone here from whom I can ask a favor?"

Several stepped forward. Dyck nodded. One of them he knew. It was Sir Almeric Foyle.

"Thank you, Sir Almeric," he said; "thank you. Shall it be swords or pistols?" he asked his enemy coolly.

"Swords, if you please," remarked Mallow grimly, for he had a gift with the sword.

Dyck nodded again.

"As you will. As you will!"

IT WAS a morning such as could only be conjured into existence by the Maker of mornings in Ireland. It was a day such as Dublin placed away carefully into the pantechicon of famous archives.

The City of Dublin was not always clean, but in the bright, gorgeous sun her natural filth was no menace to the eye, no repulse to the senses. Above the Liffey, even at so early an hour, the heat shimmers like a silver mist. The bells of churches were ringing, and the great cathedral bells boomed in thrilling monotony over the peaceful city. Here and there in the shabby yet renowned streets, horsemen moved along; here and there the costermonger raised his cry of fresh fruit, flowers, and "distinguished vegetables."

People moved into church doorways on their way to mass or confession—some bright and rather gorgeous specimens of humanity, some in deep mourning, shy, reserved and obscure. Here and there, also, in certain official streets—where officials lived or worked—were soldiers afoot; soldiers with carbines and long bayonets, with tall, slightly peaked hats, smart red coats with epaulets, belts crossing their breasts, knee-breeches and leggings, and all with epaulets shining. They were in marked contrast to the peasant folk with the high-peaked soft hat, knee breeches, rough tail-coat, and stockings, some with rifles, some with pikes, some with powder-horns slung under their arms or in the small of the back.

Besides this show of foot-soldiers—that is, regulars and irregulars of the Cornwallis regiment, and men of the Defenders and the Peep-o-Day Boys—there were little groups of cavalry making their way to the parade-ground, the castle, the barracks, or the courts.

Beyond these there was the jaunting-car trundling over the rough cobblestone street, or bumping in and out of dangerous holes. Whips cracked, and the loud voices of jarveys shouted blatant humor and Irish fun at horse and passenger. Here and there, also, some stately coach, bedizened with the arms of the quality, made its way lumberingly through the chief streets, or across the bridges of the Liffey.

Then came the general population, moving cheerfully in the inspiring sun; for Irishmen move so much in a moist atmosphere that on a sunshiny day all the tris-tesse of life seems to be changed, as in a flash, into high spirits and much activity. Not that the country, at its worst, is slow-footed or depressed; for wit is always at the elbow of want.

Never in all Ireland's years had she a more beautiful day than that in which Dyck Calhoun and the Hon. Leonard Mallow met to settle their account in a secluded corner of Phoenix Park. It was not the usual place for duels. The seconds had taken care to keep the locale

from the knowledge of the public; especially as many who had come to know of the event at the Breakneck Club were eager to be present.

The affair began an hour after sunrise. Neither Dyck nor Leonard Mallow slept at home the night before, but in separate taverns near Phoenix Park. Mallow came almost jauntily to the obscure spot. Both men had sensitiveness, and both entered the grounds with a certain thrill of pleasure softening the acerbity of the moment.

Dyck spoke and moved like a man charged with some fluid which had abstracted him from life's monotonous routine. He had to consider the chance of never leaving the grounds alive; yet as he entered the place, where smooth grass between the trees made good footing for the work to be done, the thrill of the greenery, the sound of the birds, the flick of a lizard across the path, and the distant gay leap of a young deer, brought to his senses a gust of joyous feeling.

"I never smelled such air!" he said to one of the seconds. "I never saw the sun so beautiful!" He sniffed the air and turned his face towards the sun. "Well, it's a day for Ireland," he added, in response to a gravely playful remark of Sir Almeric Foyle. "Ireland never was so sweet. Nature's provoking us!"

"Yes, it's a pity," said Sir Almeric. "But I'm not thinking of any bad luck for you, Calhoun."

Dyck's smile was like that of one smiling from infinite distance. He was not normal; he was submerged. He was in the great, consuming atmosphere of the bigger world, and the greater life. He even did not hate Mallow at the moment. The thing about to be done was to him a test of manhood. It was a call upon the courage of the soul, a challenge of life, strength, and will.

As Mallow entered the grounds, the thought of Sheila Llyn crossed Dyck's mind, and the mental sight of her gladdened the eyes of his soul. For one brief instant he stood lost in the mind's look; then he stepped forward, saluted, shook hands with Mallow, and doffed his coat and waistcoat.

As he did so, he was conscious of a curious coldness, even of dampness, in the hand which had shaken that of Mallow. Mallow's hand had a clammy touch—clammy, but firm and sure. There was no tremor in the long, thin fingers nor at the lips—the thin, ascetic lips, as of a secret service man—but in his eyes was a dark fire of purpose. The morning had touched him, but not as it had thrown over Dyck its mantle of peace. Mallow also had enjoyed the smell and feeling of it all, but with this difference—it had filled him with such material joy that he could not bear the thought of leaving it. It gave him strength of will, which would add security to his arm and wrist. Yet, as he looked at Dyck, he saw that his work was cut out for him; for in all his days he had never seen so young a man so well-possessed, so surely in hand.

Dyck had learned swordsmanship with as skilled a master as Ireland had known, and he had shown, in getting knowledge of the weapon, a natural instinct and a capacity worthy of the highest purpose. He had handled the sword since he was six, and his play was better than that of most men; but this was, in fact, his first real duel. In the troubled state of Ireland, with internal discord, challenge and attack, he had more than once fought, and with success; but that was in the rough-and-tumble of life's chances, as it were, with no deliberate plan to fight according to the rules. Many times, of course, in the process of his training, he had fought as men fight in duels, but with this difference—that now he was permitted to disable or kill his foe.

It was clear that one or the other would not leave the ground—this verdant, beautiful piece of mother earth—exactly as he entered it. He would leave it wounded, incapable, or dead. Indeed, both might leave it wounded, and the chances of success [Continued on page 48]

THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



Behold . . . THE MODERN FASHIONABLE . . .

perfectly groomed and poised. The exquisite gown flows in graceful feminine lines over a lovely Gossard foundation that sculptures the figure in the classic manner. This Princess combination is fashioned of rose beige lace, satin and hand loomed elastic. Model 2210.

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Here is a shave almost as COOL as the top of Mt. Everest!



(IN TUBES AND JARS)

NEVER in all your born days have you had a shave as bracing and delightful as your first shave with Ingram's Shaving Cream.

For it's *cool...cool...COOL...COOL... It's original...It's different from all others... It's unique!*

Ingram's is the first shaving cream ever primarily planned to take the nicking sting out of the morning shave and to leave a clear cheek and a cool skin when the job is finished.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

Ingram's Shaving Cream is a blessing to your battle-scarred countenance. No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special healing and cooling ingredients, it tightens, tones and heals the skin. It's a shaving soap, a lotion and a tonic all in one! And with it you'll shave without those fiery little pin-prick

stabs that most men bemoan! Ingram's does all these things and does them well:

1. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.
2. It will keep your skin in better shape.
3. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.
4. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a life time's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had!

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample. Do it now!



**COOL SHAVES
FREE**

**INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM**

*"Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face"*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name
Address
City Prov 1

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Why Study Dentistry?

ARTICLE No. 12. Dentistry is a profession related to medicine and surgery. With interest in physiology the student should combine some mechanical skill. Below is given a typical answer received from an inquiry sent to dentists of the United States by Richard L. Sandwick, the author of "What to Study."

1. Is the profession of dentistry overcrowded? No.

Is it likely to be in the near future? I think not. The demand for dentistry is increasing with education as to the evil effects of bad teeth. The supply of dentists is diminishing with higher standards as to educational requirements.

2. What qualities are preeminent in those dentists who meet with the greatest success? Good character; pleasing, attractive personality; ability to meet and deal with people; conscious effort to do one's best.

3. What is the cause of failure? Poor work largely. Negligence, lack of skill, lack of effort, poor personality.

4. What do you estimate the income of the average dentist to be? \$1,500 to \$5,000.

5. What is the largest income you know of? \$20,000 in large cities.

6. How long does it ordinarily take a dentist to establish a practice? One to three years.

7. Does a more paying practice usually follow greater experience or is a limit reached after a few years? Usually increases.

8. Is a university course before the professional school financially profitable? Yes.

9. How many years of professional training should a dentist have? At least three.

10. What location offers the best field—country, city or small town? The best field in which to begin practice is probably a place of about ten thousand inhabitants. The large city affords opportunity for the best talents to secure fees proportioned to ability. In the city, specialists doing only one branch of dentistry are found.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 22. Astronomer.

Duties: Under direction, to make astronomical or geophysical observations as assigned, and to perform the necessary computations and measurements in connection with such work; to assist in the proper care and handling of the various instruments; to assist in the carrying out of research programmes and the preparation of results; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Graduation from a university of recognized standing, with specialization in physics, mathematics and astronomy or geophysics; at least two years of post-graduate experience at an important observatory or equivalent experience in research work; exactitude, good eyesight. Special training in spectroscopy, gravity, or allied subjects may be necessary.

From MSS to Bookseller

ARTICLE No. 9. "From MSS. to the Bookseller" is the title of one of the most recent handbooks in the Common Commodities and Industries Series published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto. This manual, which is freely illustrated by cuts, diagrams and type specimens, is by John L. Young, and as it carries a 1929 publication date, it may be relied upon as dealing with the subject according to modern methods.

Some of the chapter headings are: The development of the book; the publisher and the manuscript; the publisher and the author; the typographer—planning a book; printing a book; bookbinding; placing a book on the market; and book-selling. An appendix contains a useful list of technical abbreviations and their meanings.

This pocket manual should be of interest and value to all who are interested in writing articles or books for sale to publishers.

The author points out that the history of modern bookmaking and bookselling is a history of the mechanization of manufacture and division of labor. In 1429, two years before our ancestors burned Joan of Arc at the stake, a copy of Wycliffe's Bible cost about fourteen dollars, equal to about one hundred and forty dollars in the coinage of the twentieth century. Today, a Bible may be bought for one dollar. It may be bought, moreover, from a bookseller, who bought it from a publisher who probably employed a printer outside of his own business.

Getting an Increase

ACORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL advertises that the six sentences that employers hear again and again from those who seek salary increases are:

1. I have been here a year or more and have had no increase.

2. My work is satisfactory.

3. Living expenses are so much higher now. I need more money.

4. No man likes to feel that he is standing still.

5. The business is making money; you can afford to pay more.

6. I have just got married and can't get along on my present salary.

The school proceeds to suggest that while small increases are sometimes granted for the reasons given, the really substantial increases are given to the men who do not ask for them; that they are given to those who by reason of study and training fit themselves for greater reward.

The Student's Creed

THE following student's creed is from the general information booklet of the University of North Dakota:

I will blot out of my life the failures that come from wasted hours and write into it the successes that come from time well spent. I will keep life's page clean and fill it with the record of knowledge gained. I will fix my eyes on the goal of my ambition and hold my hand to its task. I will work hard, hope high, and live up to the best that is in me; then I can write at the end, "Well Done."

Following Rules

NOT many of us, it is said, like to follow rules, but according to Lauren H. Smith, the author of an article on Mental Fatigue in Hygeia, if a constant and sincere effort is made in connection with the following six rules, the practice of the methods will soon become a habit—one that will lead to the fullness of a wholesome life:

1. When we work, let us keep our interest in it and make it pleasurable.

2. When we play, let us enter into it for all it is worth without regard for anything else.

3. When we rest and sleep, let us turn the mind and body loose and let them do what they will. Learn to rest by leaving the mind alone.

4. When we think, let us make a decision and carry it out. If we decide incorrectly, it can be reconsidered later.

5. When we are very tired, let us not permit a temporary or extreme emotional reaction to drive us into an act that will have permanent results.

6. We must keep our attention on one thing at a time. In the end, skill counts more than hurry in saving energy.

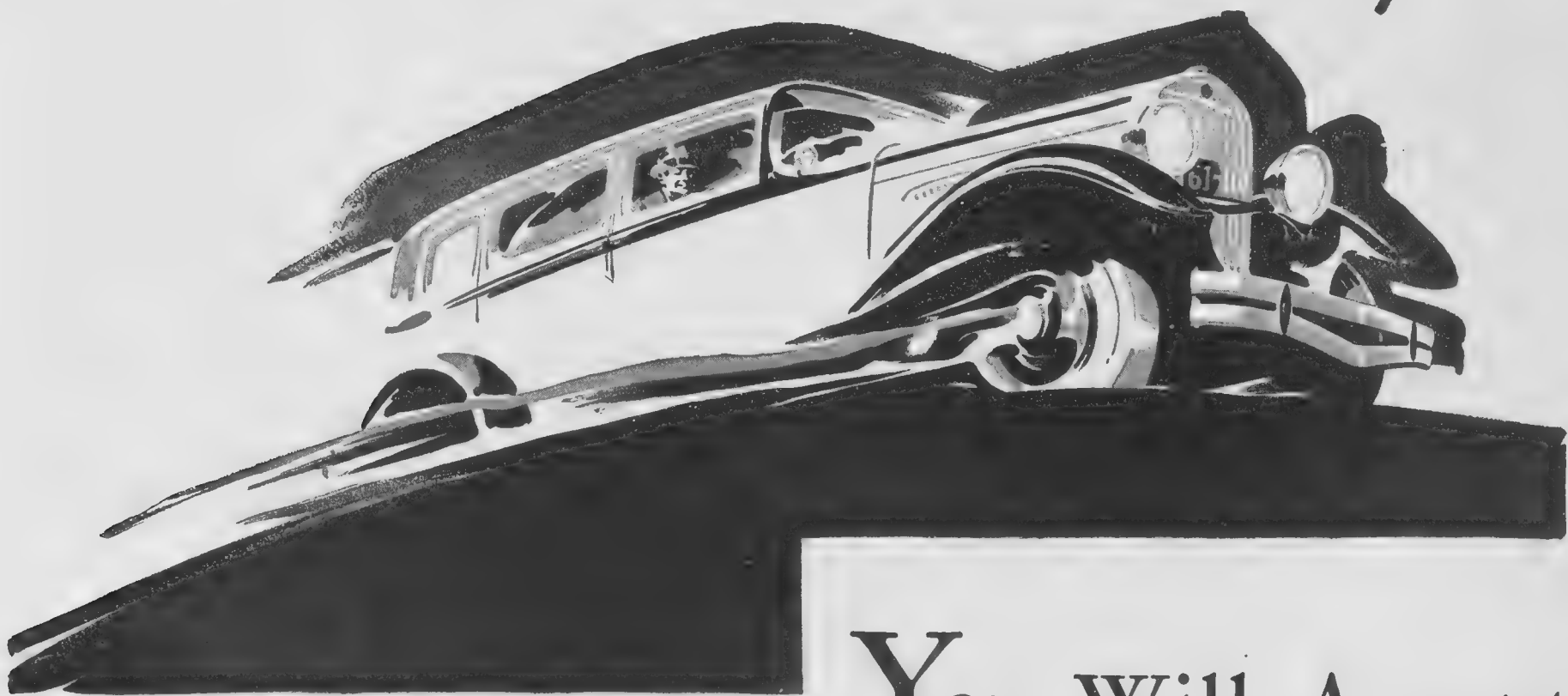
Save Your Credentials

RECENTLY I met a former student who told me how he secured his first position. Among the twenty-four applicants he was the successful one. He happened to have with him his high-school credentials, and he was the only applicant able to present credentials at the time of interview. The moral is that it is better to use credentials than to lose them.



The NEW ESSEX

Challenger



You Will Accept This Challenge

*.. It Affects Your
Pocket-book*

You will accept this challenge because all concede this the greatest Essex ever built. You hear it everywhere. You hear good judges pronounce its great value. Nowhere else is there such beauty—such performance—such completeness at anything like its price.

It is newer than the newest. In appearance it is impressively distinctive. A different car whether viewed from front, side or rear. A different car in detail inside and out.

It is spacious because it is larger. The wheel-base is longer. The head room greater. The seats wider. In detail of finish it carries the very latest note of modern art. Body contours and mouldings, the new radiator and sweeping

fenders reflect it. The interior fittings in upholstering, hardware, instrument board, steering wheel and controls are in complete harmony. Such is its challenge in attractiveness.

Equally important is its challenge in mechanical excellence. Greater power is developed by a lower speed motor. There is more speed—faster get-away and outstanding hill climbing ability. It challenges all in smoothness.

Throughout the chassis has been made stronger and better in every way. By rolling the lower frame

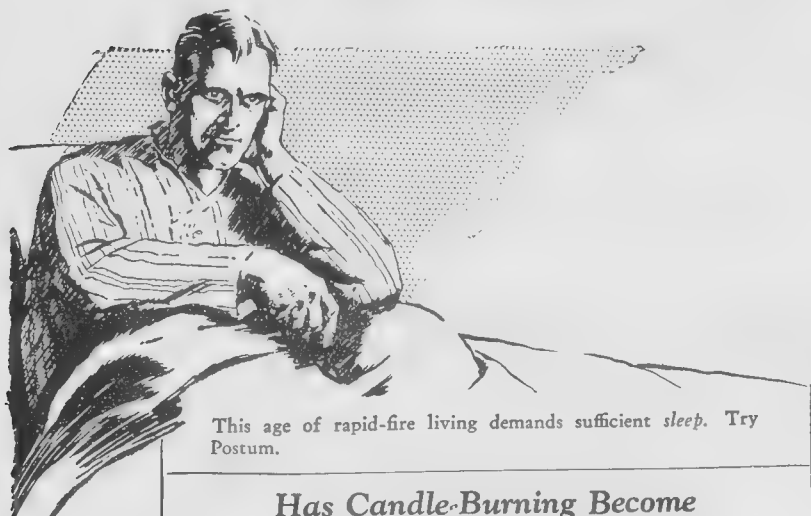
flange—an entirely new design—30% is added to rigidity and strength. New is the axle construction to overcome braking stresses and tendencies to shimmy. New also is the synchro-silenced rear axle. It is an easier riding car and an easier car to drive. It gives you a relaxed ride. The challenge is to all. It seeks comparison on every count. And it holds distinct advantage when price is considered. For it sells at a price all can afford.

FEATURES THAT CHALLENGE

*Larger Bodies; Greater power;
—Faster Speed—Added economy.
Wide Choice of Colors to Suit Your Own Taste.
New Art Body Designs. Four
Two-way Shock Absorbers.
Radiator Shutters, Electro-
lock, Starter on Dash, Electric
Gauge for Fuel and Oil.*

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Night-time need NOT be so bad!



This age of rapid-fire living demands sufficient sleep. Try Postum.

Has Candle-Burning Become Our Most Popular Sport?

Thousands suffer nervous ills . . . too little sleep . . . too much rush . . . through depending on stimulating drinks to carry them along. Try Postum.

When the "candle" grows— not brighter, but dimmer

it is often because Nature calls a halt against the use of tannin and caffeine, two drugs that stimulate the nerves. Try Postum.

Drop Tannin and Caffeine

or pay the price in sleeplessness . . . irritability . . . taut nerves.

Postum Is SLEEP POWER

A rich, full-bodied, satisfying drink.

Free From All Drugs

There isn't a taut nerve, sleepless hour or headache in it.

Good for the Family Budget

Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. 90 cups to a 50c tin. Or there's Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating 20 minutes.

A 30-Day Trial Will Convince

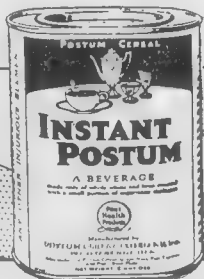
Get Postum at all grocers', restaurants, your club or on the train.

Week's Supply Free

We'll start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply free. Write, stating whether you want Instant Postum or Postum Cereal, to General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Children Love It

You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the added nourishment of milk in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.



Postum

P1-30M

The Stuff of Dreams

Continued from page 13

somewhat longingly back to the days when she had condescended to shop-girls in the most exclusive of shops. You see, she found democracy difficult, especially as your supposed democrat, seven times out of ten is an awful snob,

"One of her old friends called upon her a day or so after this, when the rankle of the shopping expedition had died down a bit, and the girl noticed her friend's beautiful clothes and the wonderful new car in which she came and departed—noticed them with a little stab of envy. In fact, she thought of her present life, for the moment, with distinct distaste, and a surge of longing for the old luxury came over her.

"Silly little fool!" commented Miss Hichens, explosively. "Wanted to be a pampered pet again instead of a human being!"

Orrin glanced up at her an instant and then went on:

"FROM that time forward all the petty detail of her life, all the small economies, the irksome little duties, the hateful scrimping and parings, the tiresome calculations necessary to make two ends meet, acted like so many tiny barbs in her flesh. They grew not only to irritate but to revolt and disgust her. Imperceptibly, this attitude had grown upon her as the logical and inevitable sequence of her life. She wasn't to blame; she couldn't help herself. She had spent most of her formative years in ease and luxury and after the shimmer was gone from hardship it irked her. Luxury gets into the blood.

"She found that even love can't atone for its absence. She loyally sought to stifle her resentment with conditions, but her unhappiness grew. And after a while she quite logically found herself blaming her husband for the situation. It was true that he told her he was poor, and that she must expect some shabbiness and almost want, but he hadn't given her an idea of what these were. He hadn't told her the dull details of dishwashing, and dusting, and shoeing pedlars away, and bickering with marketmen, and worrying along on half the dishes she needed. He hadn't specifically mentioned that she would always have to ride in street-cars instead of taxis, and so on.

"No, hardship in the abstract had seemed almost attractive. Hardship in the concrete was—something else.

"The husband, who was working very hard, couldn't understand his wife's attitude and he hadn't much patience with it. He was carrying out his part of the job; he quite honestly couldn't see why she found it unpleasant to carry out hers. And when he assured her that they were progressing, and that the future was bright, he was much amazed to find her sarcastic and unappreciative. He forgot that while he was constantly working at the thing he loved best and building it up by that work, his wife was getting only the drudgery and the leaden dullness of constant economies, which, so far as she could see—despite his optimism—were likely to continue for years.

"Nobody to blame, you see, but the fact that he'd tried to make a thoroughbred into a truck-horse, and that it wouldn't work, even with love as the harness. The result of the whole thing was disillusionment and unhappiness for them both. They didn't get a divorce, but poverty ruined their love for each other, and when the man did reach the place where he could give her the material comforts she once had, it was too late to save their love. And so they lived unhappily ever after."

HILDA smiled at the fire when Orrin had ceased.

"I think yours was a perfectly idiotic dream," she commented. "Now, I had a dream that was much different. Yet it was something like yours, too. It was about a poor man and a rich girl, only in this dream the girl was the one who insisted upon being married. The man thought he had to make a lot of

money before he could ask her to be his wife. So she had to ask him.

"Then they were married. And this girl had seen perfectly well what she was doing, what she was getting, and what she was giving up. And she married the man for two reasons: first, because she loved him; and, second, because she liked the prospect of doing a real woman's work in the world. She didn't want to be a parasite, you see. That is something most men don't understand; because a girl has never earned her living they think she doesn't want to. They think she enjoys being a parasite, when she may hate it."

Miss Hichens said this so vehemently that Orrin shot a swift glance at her, but her eyes were on the fire.

"This girl, then, didn't look upon being a poor man's wife as a glorious romance—though there was romance in it—nor as being a lark or a game. She figured it as a job she had to do and wanted to do. Being a real wife, you know, is earning a living just as much as being a teacher, or a stenographer, and she preferred it to either of those occupations, not only because she loved the man, but also because she liked its opportunities for the use of her intelligence, energy, patience and adaptability.

"To plan to make the most out of little; to give efficiency, comfort, beauty and charm to the man's home, and do it within his means, to do her share in his career by making his cottage or flat an island of peace in a world of strife, from which he could issue forth in the morning, refreshed and soothed and re-energized for his work, and return at night, tired and grateful for its shelter; to do these things she looked at as joyful tasks willingly to be met.

"She recognized that there would be irritations, adjustments, disappointments, deprivations, but she weighed them against what she would gain in development and self-respect and interest in life by having a job to do. And the balance was so far in favor of the new life that the old had no lure for her. She found a freedom and an independence and a delight in this labor of love that she had never known before, and had scarcely foreseen, and out of these she created a home for the man she loved—her husband, the father of her children—a home that was the wonder of all his friends and hers. And so they were happy ever after."

"YOU didn't dream that stuff!" said Orrin, jumping to his feet. "You — you just used it to express an opinion."

"Well," the girl answered, with seeming calm, but inward riot, "you didn't dream yours, either. And yours was a horrid thing, a nightmare, while mine—"

"Was wonderful!" Orrin finished. "But I wonder if it would work out that way? I—"

"Lloyd," said the girl softly, "if the girl had been going to college and taking domestic science and home economics, and reading all the books on efficiency in the kitchen and how to market wisely, and all that; if she found it fascinating and delightful, and she liked the idea of the job just for itself; and if, in addition to that, she loved the man and would be perfectly miserable without him and wanted him now to work and suffer and "grow" with, wouldn't you think the man was a perfect p-pill if he didn't take her in his arms and—say—"

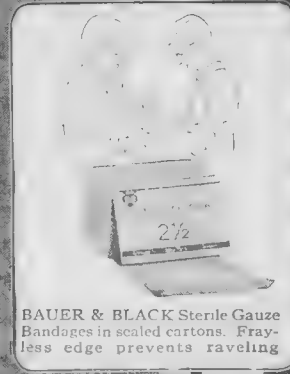
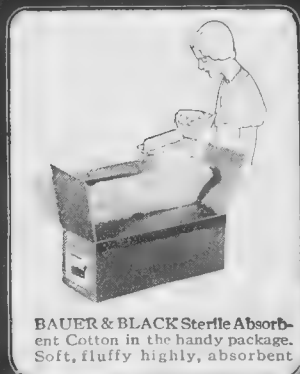
"I love you, Hilda, I love you!" declared Orrin.

"I've been looking at a perfectly darling little house in Elmville," Hilda said, a few moments later. "Just the thing for us. And only twenty-four dollars a month."

"We'll go and see it," said Orrin. tomorrow morning."

"I do hope you will like it," said the bride-to-be, "because it would cause a lot of bother if you didn't. You see, I've—I've rented it already. This afternoon. I thought it would be nice—for us."

Authorized to save a life ... but not to send a bill



A CRASH at the corner. A gathering crowd. Somebody hurt. "Take her in there"! . . . "In there" is the drug store.

The Druggist is not a physician. But because he has been carefully educated in many of the things the physician must know, he is authorized by law to administer first aid when immediate medical attention cannot be had.

He is not allowed to take pay for this. Nor does he want to. It is not his business—the public interest forbids any division of the physician's burden of responsibility. The Druggist is merely performing one more phase of the endless service that we have come to expect of him. How

constantly we use this service! How seldom we pay for it even in thanks!

Every community breathes more easily because there is a Druggist at the corner. And there is an added assurance, full of comfort, in the fact that on his shelves are the trusted products of Bauer & Black, an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings—an institution identified these thirty-five years with a high and unbending standard of quality.

Sterile gauze and cotton, adhesive plaster, mercurochrome swabs and bandages—these are only a few of the many invaluable Bauer & Black articles that your physician approves and your Druggist keeps ever ready for your call.

BAUER & BLACK Ltd.

TORONTO

Reproductions of this advertisement on heavy enamel stock will be supplied to druggists on request



Don't stay behind the Tooth Paste times!

Protect your gums while
you clean your teeth.
Guard against "Pink
Tooth Brush"... Use
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

* * *

THE old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.

Don't trifle with "Pink Tooth Brush"

As your own dentist will tell you, gum troubles are widely prevalent. "Pink Tooth Brush" is a sign that a tiny soft spot—or several—exists on the walls of your gums.

Not too dangerous in itself—it may yet lead to troubles far more important—gingivitis—Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea.

The soft foods you eat—the creamy sauces—rob the gums of exercise and stimulation. There's the cause and there's the danger.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send the fresh, healthy blood coursing through the tiny veins. Hundreds of dentists preach the benefits of massage—hundreds of them urge the use of Ipana.

For Ipana is made specifically to tone the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziranol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by the profession in treating gum troubles at the chair.

Ipana, then, has a double protection for you. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows "pink," you need it. For it's easy to use, pleasant to taste.

Let Ipana protect your gums

A good tooth paste—like a good dentist—is never a luxury. Ipana not only fulfills the expected function of a fine tooth paste—to keep the teeth thoroughly clean and white—but it insures you hard and healthy gums.

So start today with Ipana—don't wait for the sample. Buy a tube at your nearest drug store. Tonight—begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. Whiter, brighter teeth; harder, firmer gums will be your reward!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA



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1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name

Address

City Prov.

Rab of the Red Head

Continued from page 24

intent on unstopping his pipe with spears of dry grass.

Before Rab could scramble to his feet, his enemy heard the rustling of the leaves and looked up. At sight of the man he had thought swallowed up by the hungry gorge, his jaw dropped—but only for an instant. With one mad snort he dropped the pipe and dived for his gun. But now Rab was on his feet, and flew at him before he could fire.

In a wild rough-and-tumble, Rab tried desperately to secure that gun, and Joe as desperately to hang on to it. Down they went together, wrestling for life and death—up on their knees, down and up again and again—a trampling writhing tangle of arms and legs.

At last Rab got a hold on the fellow's gun hand with his left, but he could not loosen Joe's clutch on his right. The killer, snarling, bent forward suddenly to dig his teeth into the young man's wrist. Rab, having no hand free, brought down his own head like a hammer and butted the vicious jaws aside, at the same moment giving a violent wrench to the hand that held the gun.

With a yelp of pain and fear Joe let the gun fall. In the furious struggle to recover it, his foot accidentally kicked it nearly to the edge of the cliff. In frantic fear of losing his one defence, he struggled harder than ever to reach it, dragging his enemy with him. But now Rab, the horror of that treacherous cliff still burning in his brain, let go, lest the ground should give way under their double weight.

With a cry of triumph Joe seized the gun, sprang up, and whisked around to fire. Rab, risking one quick step forward, shot out a hand to knock up the gun. Then Joe, fear and hate of the enemy in front blotting out all sense of the peril behind, took one step back. His heel was on the very edge. The overhanging lip of turf broke under him. His arm flew up as he fired, the bullet whistled over Rab's head, and the Tartar with one terrific yell toppled backward into the abyss.

SHAKEN, more by the grim tragedy of the ruffian's fate than by the awful suspense of his own ordeal, Rab stood there motionless—till roused by a cry from below.

"Joe! Hello, Joe!" Dwane was calling. "Joe! Joe! You Joe!"

Rab opened his lips, but snapped them shut again. What should he do? Reveal himself? Shout down the news of Joe's fate and boldly demand Dan's surrender? Bluff him with a threat to fire from above if he came on without his hands up? Pretend he had got Joe's gun?

"Joe there! For God's sake, Joe!" The devil must have deserted him before he would fall back on God. But what did it mean? The man must surely have heard that sky-rending shriek of Joe's.

Imitating the dead man's voice as well as he could, Rab called out: "Hello there! What's the trouble?"

"Oh, you're awake at last! I'm stuck here. Found the path broken away to begin with, so I couldn't get more'n halfway down. Then, coming back, that guy you threw over hit the path right in front of me and carried away a slice of it, so I can't get up. How the devil did he get up? But never mind that now. Let down a rope, so I can climb. Guess that guy must

have had a good rope on his cayuse. Hurry up. I can't stick it out forever. Makes a man sick to think what's below him—though I'm not fool enough to look down and see. Hurry, now!"

"OK" answered Rab. Racing over to the cayuse and back to his enemy's rescue, he wondered if the real Joe would have resisted the temptation to leave his partner to a lingering death and get away with the whole of the loot.

He knotted the rope at interval of a foot or so, to give the man a better hold, then lay down and wriggled forward till his face was over the edge. "Here you are," he said.

Dwane looked up, snatched the dangling end—and caught sight of Rab's face. His mouth twitched, but he could not speak.

"Never mind, old man," Rab reassured him. "It should have been me went over by rights, according to your pal—he did his best—but he made a mistake and went over himself. I'll help you up all right—but I'll see you throw your gun into the canyon first."

Without hesitating Dwane obeyed. Rab stepped back a pace or two, dug his heels into the ground, and braced himself against the strain. But the man would not start climbing till Rab made the rope fast around a willow bush, close down over the roots.

The rope tautened. A minute passed. Then came a yell from below. "Got my foot caught in a crack," shouted the bandit, "showing off to keep from scraping these sharp rocks. Stretch over and push the rope out a bit, will you?"

Rab crept towards the edge—then paused, as a ghastly notion struck him. The rascal might have a second gun. Rab's own, maybe though he hadn't seen either of the men pick it up. Hadn't Dwane been remarkably willing to throw away the gun Rab had seen in his hand? And then—his insisting on the rope being fastened. Of course! He couldn't shoot his captor from below while his own life depended on Rab's firm hold on the rope. But now, with the rope tied, if he could only get Rab to show himself he could shoot without risk—then climb up, a free man. If he waited till he got over the top, Rab would be on to him before he could draw.

Slowly the young man pushed himself forward on the sod. Before looking over the edge he sidled a bit to the left, so his face would not show where Dwane would expect it, over the rope. Then, with a sudden movement, he thrust his face out to look.

A flash, and a crack! A shriek! But not from Rab. A dark something falling, spreading out its arms, and gone. A ragged rope's end, shot through, sprang quivering up at the release, while the canyon walls still echoed that last wild shriek!

THE sergeant looked up as a tall figure darkened the door of the post. Before he could speak, here was that red-headed town boy marching in, bold as brass, and slapping down a bag on the table.

"I said I'd show you!" said the youth. "What would you like to see? A hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars? Here you are then—less the five thousand you owe me. And"—nodding at the faces on the wall—"you'll owe me as much again when my friends there arrive. They're on the way!"

Spring Comes Along

By Verna Loveday Harden

Earth that is bursting with treasure,
Air that is hungry for song,
Tensely they wait and they wonder—
Spring—she should soon be along!

Trees that are yearning for budding,
Waters that wait to be freed;
Longing, they list for her footsteps
Coming some morn through the mead.

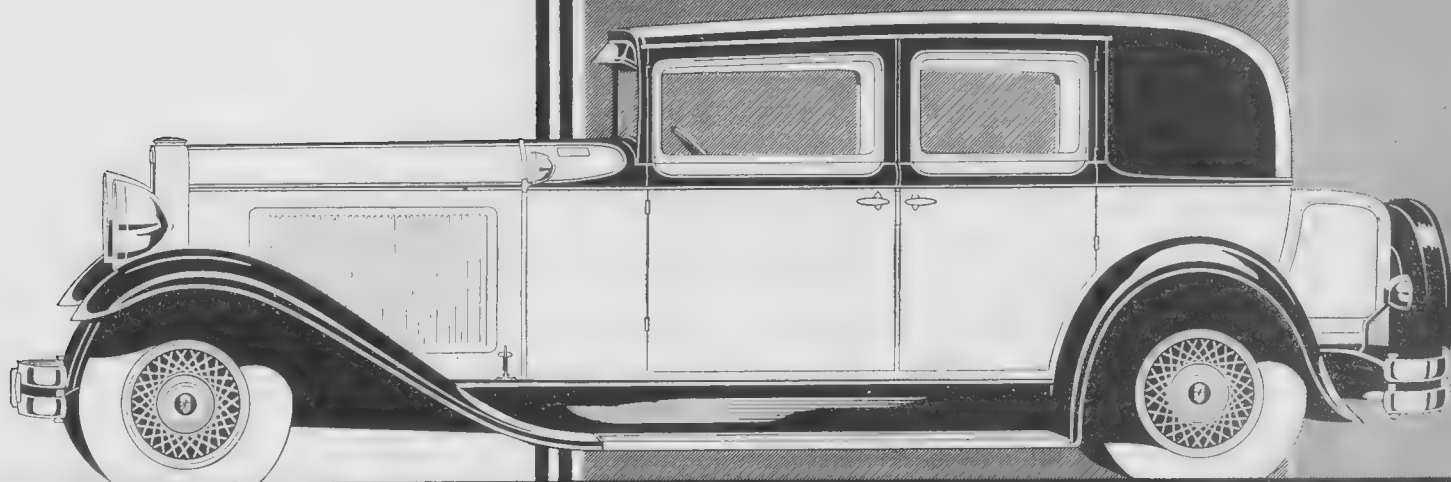
She is capricious as ever;
When they begin to despair
Blithely she'll bring them their freedom,
Blithely she'll bid them be fair.

Musical tumble of waters,
Air that is throbbing with song—
Soon they will sing in their gladness:
"Spring! Oh, the Spring's been along!"



1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT
TWIN-IGNITION SIX
SINGLE SIX



FIRST WITH THE FEATURES THAT MEAN "SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE!"

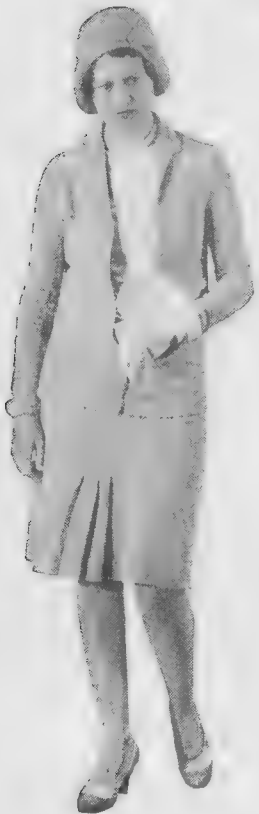
THE performance of the new 1930 Nash "400's" is so obviously superior you will know it the minute you drive one.

Notice the powerful smoothness of "400" acceleration. The new 9-bearing, Twin-Ignition Eight motor and 7-bearing, Twin-Ignition Six and Single Six motors all provide a new and very much superior type of power for the modern motor car.

Notice also the wealth of other new "400" features—centralized chassis lubrication, for conven-

ience and a long-lived chassis; built-in, automatic radiator shutters, for increased motor efficiency in all weathers; flexible steel spring covers with sealed-in, lifetime lubrication, for quiet, easy spring action; self-energizing 4-wheel brakes, for easier, more positive braking control; improved steering design; and Duplate non-shatterable plate glass in all windows, doors and windshields of all Twin-Ignition Eight models, for safety.

Don't think of selecting your new car until you ride in the driver's seat of a 1930 Nash "400".



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for a headache to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is always an antidote. Aspirin offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. Rely on these tablets to relieve almost any pain, but remember that only a doctor can cope with the cause.

You may take Aspirin as often as there is any need. Never hurts the heart. At druggists, with proven directions.

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.



The Human Touch

Continued from page 9

at Pouce Coupe where skill and restoration await him!

Or there is the woman who, in her hour of direst need, is being brought by ox-team to the Outpost Hospital, but her babe is born before they reach it. Can anyone measure the joy that is hers when they are welcomed by the nurse to the bright rooms, the comfortable bed, the blessed security of the hospital, where science and mercy guard the doors?

Or think of the hamlet of Rorketon, in Manitoba, a tiny settlement where a Red Cross nurse in one year covered a mileage of 2,695 miles to make 787 visits to homes of settlers where nursing care was needed, among the cases being 33 confinements, 30 of which she had to handle alone as the doctor—living many miles away—was not available. Some entries from her log read:

"January 13—Thirteen miles by jigger (gas car on railway) to see a baby badly burned with boiling water. Did all I could and instructed mother. Three days later found improvement.

"January 17th—One mile by team to see old lady with badly infected thumb. Had trouble as infection spreading up arm and general condition poor. But in few days had it under control and patient progressing.

"January 23rd — Hurry-up call ten miles by jigger, three by team. Man accidentally shot, bullet entering right leg above knee and coming out inner side of thigh. Dust, dirt and tobacco had been carried into wound. Got cleaned and man off to hospital.

"January 30th—Ten miles by jigger; ten-pound baby arrived. Not a rag had the mother ready for the babe, so was thankful for Red Cross supplies."

MANY similar instances might be recorded from the outposts such as that at Carragana in Saskatchewan, which is twenty miles from the nearest town and forty-five miles from a doctor; or from Lion's Head at the remotest tip of Bruce Peninsula in Georgian Bay, where isolated farmer and fisherfolk were long in need of such services; or from Kirkland Lake and New Liskeard Outposts where in-trekking adventurers to new mining districts had to be served, or St. Leonard in New Brunswick, where lumbering camps find at their little hospital a safety and assistance badly needed in the past.

The policy followed by the Red Cross in Canada in establishing an outpost is that the Society goes only where it is asked to go, and after a thorough survey has been made of the type of locality, population, needs and financial possibilities. If it is decided one is necessary and the community is unable to even finance a building or equipment, then national societies, the railways or welfare organizations are approached and support is usually forthcoming. By adopting this policy, then taking over the administration and its costs the Red Cross is able to conserve its resources for inevitable deficits; also to hold on until such time as the municipalities themselves can take over the hospitals. For by expecting the municipality to rally to the support of these institutions, it is found that the best results are obtained through community co-operation.

Not many months ago a unique outpost was opened at Bondfield in Northern Ontario, where an almost exclusively French and Catholic population, accustomed to centring all their activities about the church, were in need of its services. With the able support of priest and nuns; with a Red Cross organization formed locally to undertake the furnishings and a small building supplied by the municipality, the enterprise was successfully launched. Every room was tastefully furnished and decorated by the women of the district who muresecoed the walls, painted the woodwork, wove the rugs and hung the curtains, besides raising the money for other equipment. Today this outpost is no longer an experiment, but an institution which is the pride of the place as well as its most highly-prized utility.

Indeed, the Red Cross Outpost in Canada has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that what every community needs and should have is a small hospital; it has shown that one sure way to reduce infant and maternal mortality is to provide for mothers that pre natal, natal and post natal care which is indispensable for their safety and that of their offspring; it is rendering, wherever it exists, a national as well as a local service; it is already going far to prove that full state support for the type of work it does would be in the nature of a profitable investment; and that the human touch pays.

The Fate of the Black Raider

By S. C. Wishart

CAUGHT! Held fast! Undoubtedly so.

Up to the knees in some sticky, oozy morass, and each frantic struggle for freedom served only to drag him a little more hopelessly into the slimy depths.

Where had his plundering, blundering instincts landed him anyway? And that odor—faintly suggestive of treacle and pancakes, also a resinous pungency, painfully reminding of the pine shelves in the pantry in the home of his birthplace—ah! that home now so far away!

If it were only daylight! Not often did he venture out in the dark on his pilfering raids and deeds of destruction, but when he set out there had been one bright light burning invitingly across the wide spaces, and toward this he had made his way, only to be halted by plunging into the sticky ooze, now slowly but surely engulfing him.

In the face of death—we are told—the memory travels very swiftly over the events and deeds of previous years. And even so did memory now mercilessly depict upon her vivid screen, the brief, but fearful record of the past.

Ah, what loathsome deeds were his? To what depths had he not stooped? Could human being ever parallel such a career? Ah, surely no!

Barely out of infancy, his first crime had been willing and wilful destruction of human life. Fascinated by his own acts he had gone on. Now to spread

disease, or death, now to rob some one of the last crumbs of food they possessed, or destroy some priceless, treasured relic of the past. Anything it seemed that might render the lot of humanity a little harder to bear.

But what is this? Ah! another victim, a little nearer the end than himself, so far gone in fact that he has fallen face foremost into the filthy mire. Now to climb upon this silent, ghastly companion and there may yet be a chance of edging to safety. Steady now. One foot extracted but the other sank the deeper to balance the effort. How that filth sticks! Could glue hold any firmer? And how fast the other wretch is sinking!

Pausing to gain breath a bright idea occurred to him. Call for help. Of course, why not? Some one must be near, else why the light?

Throwing his head far back he drew in a full breath to send forth one signal of distress. But the inert body beneath him, at that moment gave its last convulsive shudder, and the Black Raider was precipitated choking, gasping and dying to his doom.

* * *

Early next morning the maid deftly detached the sticky fly coil from the ceiling and consigned it to the newly-lighted fire in the kitchen range, quite unmindful of the tragedy of the night.



From thousands of "FAVORITE" Chocolate Desserts these THREE were chosen!



THERE are hosts and hosts of wonderful chocolate desserts. Yet the very first time you taste this pie—this pudding—this frozen parfait—you'll know why each was chosen from thousands! For what a world of deliciousness is stored within them! Precious recipes like

these are handed down from mother to daughter and jealously guarded as family heirlooms. And how superbly they answer the need for new and original holiday desserts!

CHIFFON CHOCOLATE PIE

For those who have a surpassing fondness for chocolate pie—here is the prince of chocolate pies—the *piece de resistance* of any meal-time function. Not over-heavy, not over-filling. Just rich, silky-

until thickened. Cook 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Pour a small amount over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar, and beat until mixture thickens again. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 20 minutes, or until slightly browned.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT PUDDING

A sparkling mound of chocolate lusciousness enriched with fruit and adorned with rosettes of whipped cream. Rich in flavor—wondrously smooth in texture.



smooth, lustrous chocolate, snow-capped with a fluff of glistening meringue. Wherever served, it's bound to bring the same response: "Where did you find this marvelous recipe?"

3 squares (3 ounces) Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces . . . 2½ cups cold milk
1⅓ cups sugar . . . ½ cup cornstarch . . . ½ teaspoon salt . . . 2 tablespoons butter . . . 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . 1 baked 9-inch pie shell . . . 3 egg whites . . . 6 tablespoons sugar.

Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater 1 minute, or until blended. Sift sugar, cornstarch, and salt together, and add a small amount of chocolate mixture, stirring until smooth. Return to double boiler, add butter, and stir constantly

until thickened. Cook 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Pour a small amount over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar, and beat until mixture thickens again. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 20 minutes, or until slightly browned.

Add chocolate to milk, and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater 1 minute, or until blended. Soak gelatin in cold water, add sugar and salt, and mix well. Add to chocolate mixture and stir until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Strain. Chill until slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. Add fruit, nuts, and vanilla. Beat well and turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 8.

PARFAIT MAZARIN

Delicate chocolate clouds of marvelous velvetiness and flavor—topped with a white fluff of whipped cream. Reminiscent, too, of Cardinal Mazarin, that eminent French statesman, who is said to have introduced *chocolat* to the fastidious palates of Europe. How

exquisitely this delectable dessert will grace your choicest holiday function—how completely crown your most festive meal!

1 cup sugar . . . 1 cup water . . . 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten . . . 2 squares (2 ounces) Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled . . . 2 cups cream, whipped . . . 1 tablespoon vanilla.

Cook sugar and water until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (238°F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture is cool. Fold in chocolate, cream, and vanilla. Pour into mold, filling it to overflowing, cover with greased paper, press cover tightly down over paper, and pack in equal parts of ice and salt. Let stand 3 to 4 hours. Or, place in freezing trays of refrigerator and let stand 3 to 4 hours. Serve in parfait glasses and top with whipped cream. Makes 1¼ quarts parfait.

All measurements are level.

For perfect results there's no substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Such perfect desserts are deserving of the finest ingredients . . . those that stand for the highest degree of purity and perfection



of flavor. Walter Baker's Chocolate, rich, creamy-smooth, and with a true chocolate flavor that has never been equalled, certainly meets this standard more than satisfactorily.

Always use Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate . . . made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 149 years have brought. For this chocolate has a flavor that has set a standard of unapproachable excellence for generations. Your chocolate desserts are bound to suffer if they lack the full-bodied chocolate flavor that only the finest unsweetened chocolate can give.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

You need these better raisins to make this Raisin Apple Cobbler



The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.



TENDER, flaky crusts made of the best ingredients, just naturally require a delicious filling of these tasty, juicy raisins.

Good cooks everywhere use Sun-Maids for this Cobbler!

The finest California grapes are dried to make Sun-Maid raisins. Sun-Maids are prepared by exclusive methods which make them different and better than ordinary raisins.

NECTARS and PUFFED—are the two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins.

Sun-Maid **NECTARS** are tender, juicy, seedless raisins, famous for their fresh grape-like flavor. Note their plumpness and attractive, glossy appearance. Cooks everywhere know Sun-Maid **NECTARS** as the finest of all seedless raisins.

Sun-Maid **PUFFED** are the only seeded raisins which are not sticky, ready to use as soon as you open the handy carton! For the exclusive Sun-Maid process keeps the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grapes.

Only the finest grapes are selected for Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded rigidly for quality, prepared, processed and packed in the finest and largest raisin plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.



SUN-MAID RAISINS

Pigs and Periwigs

Continued from page 15

"Not yours! Then why do they lie in the hall, Mademoiselle? I was in haste to pack them away with all the rest—"

Henri had crossed the little room in a stride or two and now he bent, enlightened, over her flushed and smiling face.

"I have, you see, Monsieur, a most excellent assistant."

"Mademoiselle la Negociante! of a verity, I believe you are the little trader of whom even I, so far away, have heard. Is it so? La!" he laughed heartily. "What happy fortune brought me straight to the door of Mademoiselle."

TOGETHER they returned to the lounge with its jonquil cushions. His voice teased her, as he recounted the tales that had come to him, but she recognized his gentleness and accepted his raillery in amusement. From her resentful neighbors it would have driven her into hot fury.

"But why do you go?" he asked at length. "Have you made so great a fortune that you retire to opulence in Paris?"

"I go, Monsieur, because the women either hate me or fear me. It is not a pleasant business. They do not, they will not, understand me. They are bitter and charge me with scandalous things." She hung her head sadly. "They are not true, Monsieur, but I have no friends."

She sighed.

"And when I return to France I will be as lonely. I cannot return to my aunt. She would be outraged by one who has been so audacious."

"Diable!" Henri set his jaw in a hard line. "They have persecuted you. And the fat man?" He suddenly chuckled. "He offered to marry you."

Her eyes answered the twinkle in his. "Yes," she nodded. "I could marry him and stay. Even the jealousy of the women would be appeased if I was his wife. New France considers a husband a warrant of propriety," she said demurely; "even an old, fat husband."

Suzanne was struggling in the hallway, re-tying the knots of the pack. Marie Fleur paid no attention to her, but spread her muslin skirts lightly about her.

"And you, Monsieur—you have not told me who you are," she reminded him.

"A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle Marie Fleur. I am Henri Chauvin—"

"Of Riviere des Pins," she broke in. "The adored of the boys of Montreal and the envied of the indolent traders. But there, Monsieur, I know as much of you, as you of me! Your excellent brothers Dufort, how often have they given the pick of their packs to my Louis! Why, Monsieur, we are old friends!"

Marie Fleur felt her heart skip a beat as she tried to avoid the intensity of his eyes fixed upon her face. They seemed to have waited so long, these two, and now they rushed swiftly into an intimacy so long prepared. To Marie Fleur he was the beau ideal of all the men who peopled her dreams, the hardy adventurers, the tireless travellers who, out beyond the fringes of the settlements pitted their wits against the savages and the wilderness, to keep flowing the tide of skins upon which the colony depended for its wealth. To her these men had been demi-gods, heroic figures, somewhere between the Governor and the

King in importance to New France. To trade with their emissaries in the market had given a glamor to the business of buying and selling. Somewhere among the branches of her family tree, Marie Fleur assured herself, there must have been one or another such as these who had bequeathed her this love of trading and of traders. Never, in the scented air of Paris, had she been so happy, so engrossed, as in her outrageous experiment at Montreal. And here, Henri Chauvin, the prince of traders, was in her drawing-room.

"Old and steadfast, may I hope, Mademoiselle?" she heard him say. "But there, how could I believe the tales I heard. Have I not roundly denounced the brothers Dufort for their lies? What! a charming 'demoiselle trading for furs in Montreal? A mad tale told over their cups, I said, and did not believe. Else how had I stayed so long?"

She bent her head and twisted the muslin of her frock in her fingers.

"And now you return to France, Monsieur," she asked hastily.

And to his amazement Henri heard himself telling her that he was about to settle in Montreal, to become a merchant and, parbleu! to marry.

She raised a startled head at that and there was a cloud of disappointment in her eyes. Somehow she had thought him as free as his rivers.

"I wish Monsieur every happiness," she said.

"If Mademoiselle is about to leave Montreal, perhaps her home, her furnishings . . ."

"No, Monsieur," said Marie Fleur, in a stiff little voice, "there are some things I cannot trade in."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle"; Suzanne's anxious face was at the door again. "Does Monsieur not desire to sell his fox skins?"

"There are some things," said Henri, solemnly, "I cannot trade in."

But Marie Fleur did not so much as hear. Never before had the heart of Henri Chauvin been so tender. Her slight figure drooped ever so little. Her gay audacity, her legendary temerity, were gone. Here was a woman made for gentlest care. She had come unscathed through one campaign but she faced another, not among the frank obstacles of the new world, but among the subtleties and injustices of the old. He longed to take her in his arms, to draw the brave young head upon his shoulder, to comfort, and protect. But he must go softly. An hour had passed since Marie Fleur had sniffed tearfully at his elbow in the market-place in her reluctant farewell.

Suddenly an old, long-unused trick came back to him. How long it was since he had dropped so upon his knee at a woman's feet; how long since he had seized two hands in his and pressed his lips upon them. He turned the palms gently upward and kissed them softly. He felt her stirring. He scarcely breathed for he knew that she was bending. He felt her face against his hair, heard her quick breath.

She snatched her hands away as though his kisses had scorched them.

"Monsieur marries—when?" she asked carelessly.

"When I have won a bride, Marie Fleur," he said; and somehow her hands were once again clasped as fast as ever.

Slumber

By H. Reginald Hardy

Frost tints the woodlands with a silver brush;
The Winter day is drear and keenly chill;
The wind is quiet, and a gentle hush
Surrounds the tall, thin poplars on the hill.

The earth is sinking to her long, deep sleep . . .
The woods and fields are empty horns that hold
The shadow of her beauty and her youth,
The tarnished glory of her Autumn gold.

But with the Spring her limbs shall stir again!
And rousing to the call of wind and sun,
Shall find fresh youth and vigor, and shall know
A bright new round of beauty is begun.

So, like the earth, man falls to soft repose!
And life is stilled within the mortal breast . . .
So, like the earth, will man awake! Who knows
What glad, immortal Spring shall crown his quest?



WEAR-EVER



Made in Canada

WEAR-EVER



Made in Canada

Emmanuel Bonnici, veteran chef on "The Confederation," in his "Wear-Ever" equipped kitchen.

The Dining Cars of the Canadian National "LARGEST RAILWAY SYSTEM IN AMERICA" **are equipped with "WEAR-EVER"**

IT'S almost bedtime as "The Confederation" slips out of the station on its thousand-mile run, and, long before you wake up in the morning, the chefs will be busy in the dining car. For everything on the menu must be ready when "First call for breakfast" is announced. The food served at every meal must be wholesome, appetizing, delicious. The travelling public *must* be pleased.

The Canadian National uses "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils extensively on all its dining cars—

another famous name added to the long list of Canadian institutions where "Wear-Ever" is standard equipment.

These large users have found that "Wear-Ever" gives lasting service and complete satisfaction in their kitchens. It will give *you* exactly the same service in your home kitchen.

All the utensils you will ever need may be purchased in genuine "Wear-Ever" Aluminum from any good hardware or department store . . . including the new extra-thick ones for Waterless Cooking.

ALUMINIUM (VI) LIMITED, TORONTO and MONTREAL

"WEAR-EVER"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION "WEAR-EVER" UTENSILS NOW IN USE

Alaska

Land of Romance— Charm and Mystery

... Mellow summer days, long hours of bright sunshine, rosy twilight, where the sun sets in a blaze of glory to rise slowly again, blending evening into morning with no thought of night. Range after range of giant snow-capped mountains. Gleaming glaciers. All these—and the comfort and luxury of steamers of the augmented Canadian National Railways Alaska Fleet.

See the scenic marvels of Jasper National Park, Mount Robson and the Canadian Rockies. Sail through the sheltered "Inside Passage", stopping at Ketchikan, Juneau, Wrangell and Skagway and passing wondrous Taku Glacier.

A tri-weekly service from Vancouver or Prince Rupert affords excellent connections at Skagway for Lake Atlin and Dawson by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, following the famous Klondike Trail of '98—a succession of thrills and a constant panorama of magnificent scenery.

Through service from all leading cities. Convenient connections from others.

For descriptive literature,
communicate with any Canadian
National Agent



CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

The Old Guard Marches On

Continued from page 19

presents a splendid example. "An organization formed," so its charter relates, "for the purpose of promoting the closer association of the early settlers of the Prairie Provinces of Canada and for recording and preserving for succeeding generations the available data in connection with their pioneering experiences." Here, then, is the ideal of a statesman gathering form and substance.

THE origin of the Association is clothed in mystery. To trace the responsibility for its birth is practically impossible. Perhaps in this respect it closely resembles the history of its sister organizations. Certainly no single individual can be found as claimant to the honor of fathering the child. Records of its early existence are unavailable. Those few official documents compiled met with loss or destruction. In spite of this problem of parentage, however, the robust existence of the infant society was undeniable in the year 1894 when one James Gibbons was elected first president of the Edmonton Old Timers Association—an honor bestowed after nearly thirty years of pioneer citizenship. This nucleus of prairie veterans was composed of all those rugged characters who could lay claim to the now enviable distinction of having preceded the arrival of the railroad in Edmonton—an event which occurred in 1881. Tenderfeet, or those who came to the settlement on foot, alone were eligible for membership in this exclusive circle of trail-breakers. Gibbons was succeeded in 1895 by Donald Ross, who had come to Edmonton when it was still but a trading post—bartering with the Blackfeet for buffalo robes, with the Crees for pemmican and with the Stonies for fine furs. Like his predecessor he lived to see Edmonton grow into a busy modern city, lacking nothing that the civilization of the world affords.

In 1896, in the third year of its existence, that "Grand Old Man of Edmonton," John A. McDougall presided over the society. He was followed in 1897 by the Honourable Frank Oliver, then plain Frank, who, as Alberta's first publisher, some twenty-two years previously, had brought out his printing plant from Winnipeg on an oxcart. These, then, were the men at the helm when the association embarked upon its career. From 1897 until 1905 the chair was successively occupied by old-timers whose names and deeds have since become intimately associated with noteworthy stages in the growth of the community: Alex Taylor, D. R. Fraser, Sutter, Ibbotson, Roy and McDonald. In 1905 the Association boasted a membership of one hundred and twenty.

Growing pains appear to have then seized this rapidly-developing organization and once again the story of its activity becomes obscured by the convulsions of the times. The excitement of the boom period combined with the anxieties of the war years served to turn the interests of its members in other directions and it was not until January, 1925, that any spirited reorganization took place. But that year did witness the spectacle of a most astonishing change. With the election of a new president, Campbell Young, and new officers together with an executive of twenty-five, an era of renewed activity was ushered in. The name of the society was altered to its present form and the membership widened to include all those early settlers whose residence had been established in the province of Manitoba on or before December 31, 1890, or in British Columbia and that part of the North West Territories now forming Alberta and Saskatchewan on or before the last day in the year 1895. This step signalized a most rapid expansion. Within the space of three years the total membership of the new Association mounted to over seven hundred, the executive body increased to fifty—half of these representing the various districts in Northern Alberta. Enthusiasm rose in proportion. Success followed success until

today the Northern Alberta Old Timers and Pioneers' Association holds a unique position in the social structure of the new province. The functions of this society have been so increasingly successful that difficulty has recently been experienced in securing adequate accommodation for all those who desired to attend. Where highly advertised affairs of the younger set aroused but casual public interest, the Old Timers' dances have become the synonym for genuine social enjoyment and brilliant success.

AS A medium for social intercourse the Association meets with highly deserved popularity. But it accomplishes much more in a quiet, unobtrusive way. Every community in the land faces a pressing problem in the matter of relief for the indigent. In the City of Edmonton and surrounding district, the old-timers, through their Association, have undertaken to aid in the solution of this difficulty insofar as it affects those who gave the best of their lives in pioneering struggles but who, through unfortunate circumstances, have been deprived of any real measure of independence in the ebb-tide of life. Whether these people are members or not, the Association, by means of its Relief Committee, makes provision for their welfare and comfort. On occasions this aid is tendered by the Committee co-operating with other local charitable bodies. Often it is forthcoming without such outside assistance.

In the same way not an old-timer falls ill in hospital or home but what his sick-room is brightened and perfumed by flowers fragrantly bearing a kindly, thoughtful message of remembrance and good-will from his fellow pioneers. The loneliness of these patients is constantly relieved through the efforts of a Visiting Committee of the Association.

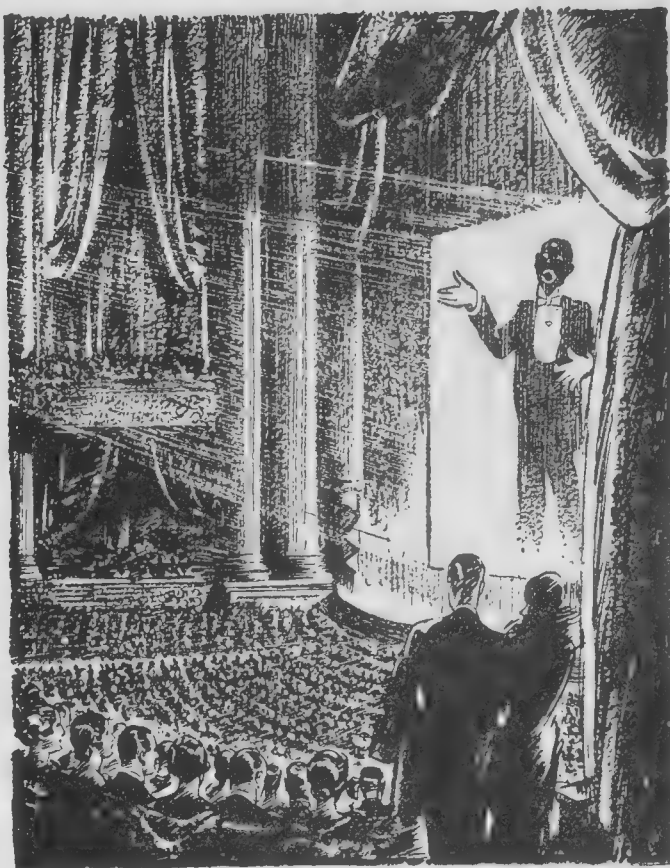
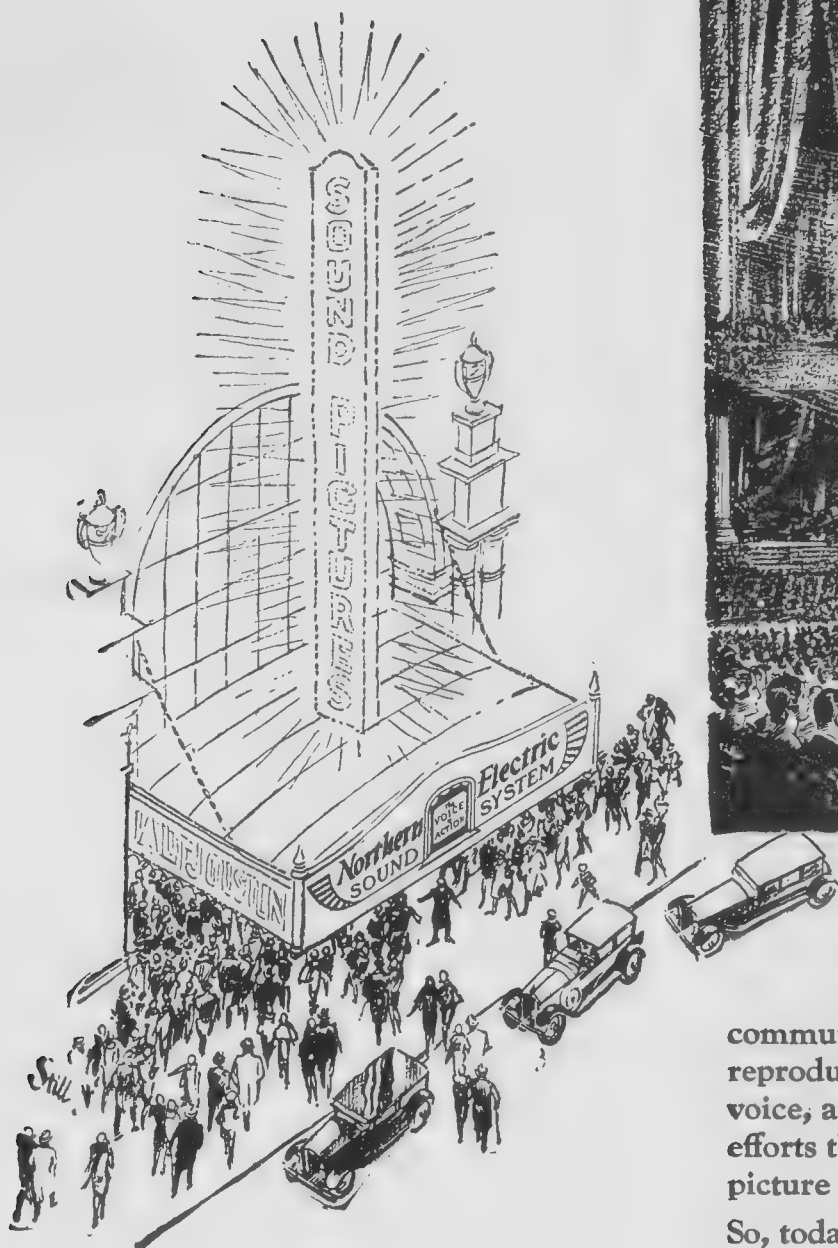
There is another rather pathetic side to the work of such an association. Time, in its passage, is year by year taking a heavier toll of old-timers. A Union Jack floating over the city's finest and tallest building—erected by the pioneer whose name it bears—dips to half-mast at each comrade's passing. There are times when the sad salutation seems almost a daily gesture. The Association pays its last respects to the departed by appropriate tokens of wreaths and flowers and among the ranks of mourners may be found many greyed heads, bowed in eloquent sympathy and fellowship with the pioneer who has hastened to answer that last clear call—"where strange roads go down." For those old timers who have reached the end of the trail in poverty, the Association provides the last rites and in a beautiful plot set aside for that purpose in the Edmonton cemetery, lays the world-weary adventurer to well-earned rest.

THE work of commemoration is being carried on by the Association in many directions. On July 12, 1926, the annual Edmonton Exhibition was declared opened. That day was dedicated "Old Timers Day" and it marked the official opening of a permanent gathering-place for Northern Alberta pioneers at the Exhibition grounds. "The Roost," as this rendezvous is affectionately called, is a substantial log-built structure—the permanent expression of energy and foresight on the part of a special committee of the Association. Old-fashioned log-peeling and log-raising bees were organized by this committee among the old-timers themselves and it remains today a striking monument to their splendid enthusiasm and vision. Nor is "The Roost" a club house merely. It is rapidly assuming the appearance of a museum. Interesting relics of early Western life, donated by pioneers far and near, decorate the rustic cabin walls and crowd its nooks and corners.

During the past few years the Association has been responsible for a number of significant and beautiful ceremonial occasions—events held in commemoration [Continued on page 54]



RECREATION



THE talking motion picture is really the child of the telephone! The efforts to perfect telephone communication naturally led to the study of reproduction and amplification of the human voice, and it is a result of the success of these efforts that the synchronization of sound and picture has become a reality.

So, today, in addition to its activities in connection with radio broadcasting and public address systems, the Northern Electric Company is enabled to contribute still further to the recreation and enjoyment of the Canadian public. This Company installs and services the talking picture apparatus... known as the Northern Electric Sound System... which so rapidly is being adopted by theatres across Canada; nearly 200 already having been installed in theatres from Halifax to Vancouver.



INFORMATION

The Northern Electric Company manufactures the telephone and its accessories, wires and cables for the transmission of power, and electrical equipment for industrial purposes; and also distributes many electrical appliances indispensable to modern housekeeping.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED
A National Electrical Service

No Defence

Continued from page 34

were with the older man, Mallow, whose experience would give him an advantage.

Physically, there was not a vast deal to choose between the two men. Mallow was lank and tall, nervously self-contained, finely concentrated, and vigorous. Dyck was broad of shoulder, well set up, muscular, and with a steadier eye than that of his foe. Also, as the combat developed, it was clear that he had a hand as steady as his eye. What was more, his wrist had superb strength and flexibility; it was as enduring and vital as the forefoot and ankle of a tiger. As a pair they were certainly notable, and would give a good account of themselves.

No one of temperament who observed the scene could ever forget it. The light was perfect—evenly distributed, clear enough to permit accuracy of distance in a stroke. The air was still, gently bracing, and, like most Irish air, adorably sweet.

The spot chosen for the fight was a sort of avenue between great trees, whose broad leaves warded off the direct sun, and whose shade had as yet no black shadows. The turf was as elastic to the foot as a firm mattress. In the trees, birds were singing with liveliness; in the distance, horned cattle browsed, and a pair of horses stood gazing at the combatants, startled, no doubt, by this invasion of their pasturage. From the distance came the faint, mellow booming of church-bells.

The two fighting men had almost the air of gladiators. Their coats were off, and the white linen of their shirts looked gracious; while the upraised left hand of the fighters balancing the sword-thrust and the weight of the body had an almost singular beauty. Of the two, Dyck was the more graceful, the steadier, the quicker in his motions.

Vigilant Dyck was, but not reckless. He had made the first attack, on the ground that the aggressor gains by boldness, if that boldness, is joined to skill; and Dyck's skill was of the best. His heart was warm. His momentary vision of Sheila Llyn remained with him—not as a vision, rather as a warmth in his inmost being, something which made him intensely alert, cheerful, defiant, exactly skilful.

He had need of all his skill, for Mallow was set to win the fight. He felt instinctively what was working in Dyck's mind. He had fought a number of duels, and with a certain trick or art he had given the end to the lives of several. He became conscious, however, that Dyck had a particular stroke in mind, which he himself was preventing by masterful methods. It might be one thing or another, but in view of Dyck's training it would perhaps be the Enniscorthy touch.

Again and again Dyck pressed his antagonist backward, seeking to muddle his defence and to clear an opening for his own deadly stroke; but the other man also was a master, and parried successfully.

Presently, with a quick move, Mallow took the offensive, and tried to unsettle Dyck's poise and disorganize his battle-plan. For an instant the tempestuous action, the brilliant, swift play of the sword, the quivering flippancy of the steel, gave Dyck that which almost disconcerted him. Yet he had a grip of himself, and was fortunate to preserve his defence intact; though once his enemy's steel caught his left shoulder, making it bleed. The seconds, however, decided that the thrust was not serious, and made no attempt to interrupt the combat.

Dyck kept singularly cool. As Mallow's face grew flushed, his own grew paler, but it was the paleness of intensity and not of fear. Each man's remarkable skill in defence was a good guarantee against disaster due to carelessness. Seldom have men fought so long and accomplished so little in the way of blood-letting.

At length, however, Dyck's tactics changed. Once again he became aggress-

sive, and he drove his foe to a point where the skill of both men was tried to the uttermost. It was clear the time had come for something definite. Suddenly Dyck threw himself back with an agile step, lunged slightly to one side, and then in a gallant foray got the steel point into the sword-arm of his enemy. That was the Enniscorthy stroke, which had been taught him by William Tandy, the expert swordsman, and had been made famous by Lord Welling, of Enniscorthy. It succeeded, and it gave Dyck the victory, for Mallow's sword dropped from his hand.

A fatigued smile came to Mallow's lips. He clasped the wounded arm with his left hand as the surgeon came forward.

"Well, you got it home," he said to Dyck; "and it's deftly done."

"I did my best," answered Dyck. "Give me your hand, if you will."

With a wry look Mallow, now seated on the old stump of a tree, held out his left hand. It was covered with blood.

"I think we'll have to forego that courtesy, Calhoun," he said. "Look at the state of my hand! It's good blood," he added grimly. "It's damned good blood, but—but it won't do, you see."

"I'm glad it was no worse," said Dyck, not touching the bloody hand. "It's a clean thrust, and you'll be better from it soon. These great men!" he smiled toward the surgeons—"will soon put you right. I got my chance with the stroke, and took it, because I knew if I didn't you'd have me presently."

"You'll have a great reputation in Dublin town now, and you'll deserve it," Mallow added adroitly, the great paleness of his features, however, made ghastly by the hatred in his eyes.

Dyck did not see this look, but he felt a note of malice—a distant note—in Mallow's voice. He saw that what Mallow had said was fresh evidence of the man's arrogant character. It did not offend him, however, for he was victor, and could enter the Breakneck Club or Dublin society with a tranquil eye.

Again Mallow's voice was heard.

"I'd have seen you damned to hell, Calhoun, before I'd have apologized at the Breakneck Club; but after a fight with one of the best swordsmen in Ireland I've learned a lot, and I'll apologize now—completely."

The surgeon had bound up the slight wound in Dyck's shoulder, had stopped the bleeding, and was now helping him on with his coat. The operation had not been without pain, but this demonstration from his foe was too much for him. It drove the look of pain from his face: it brought a smile to his lips. He came a step nearer.

"I'm as obliged to you as if you'd paid for my board and lodging, Mallow," he said; "and that's saying a good deal in these days. I'll never have a bigger fight. You're a greater swordsman than your reputation. I must have provoked you beyond reason," he went on gallantly. "I think we'd better forget the whole thing."

"I'm a Loyalist," Mallow replied. "I'm a Loyalist, and if you're one too, what reason should there be for our not being friends?"

A black cloud flooded Calhoun's face.

"If—I'm a Loyalist, you say! Have you any doubt of it? If you have—"

"You wish your sword had gone into my heart instead of my arm, eh?" interrupted Mallow. "How easily I am misunderstood! I meant nothing by that 'if.'" He smiled, and the smile had a touch of wickedness. "I meant nothing by it—nothing at all. As we are both Loyalists, we must be friends. Good-bye, Calhoun."

Dyck's face cleared very slowly. Mallow was maddening, but the look of the face was not that of a foe.

"Well, let us be friends," Dyck answered with a cordial smile. "Good-bye," he added. "I'm damned sorry we had to fight at all. Good-bye!" [Con. on page 49]



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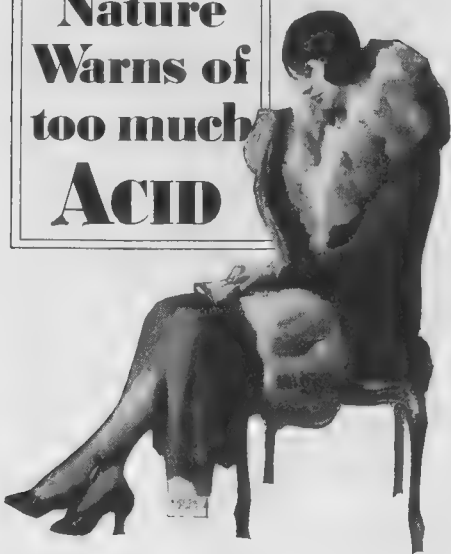
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No Defence

Continued from page 48

"THERE'S many a government has made a mess of things in Ireland," said Erris Boyne; "but since the day of Cromwell the Accursed this is the worst. Is there a man in Ireland that believes in it, or trusts it? There are men that support it, that are served by it, that fill their pockets out of it; but by Joseph and by Mary, there's none thinks there couldn't be a better! Have a little more marsala, Calhoun?"

With these words, Boyne filled up the long glass out of which Dyck Calhoun had been drinking—drinking too much. Shortly before Dyck had lost all his cash at the card-table. He had turned from it penniless and discomfited to see Boyne, smiling, and gay with wine, in front of him.

Boyne took him by the arm.

"Come with me," said he. "There's no luck for you at the tables today. Let's go where we can forget the world, where we can lift the banner of freedom and beat the drums of purpose. Come along, lad!"

Boyne had ceased to have his earlier allurements for Dyck Calhoun, but his smile was friendly, his manner was hospitable, and he was on the spot. The time was critical for Dyck—critical and dangerous. He had lost money heavily; he had even exhausted his mother's legacy.

Of late he had seen little of his father, and the little he had seen was not fortunate. They had quarreled over Dyck's wayward doings. Miles Calhoun had said some hard things to him, and Dyck had replied that he would cut out his own course, trim his own path, walk his own way. He had angered his father terribly, and Miles, in a burst of temper, had disclosed the fact that his own property was in peril. They had been estranged ever since; but the time had come when Dyck must at least secure the credit of his father's name at his bank to find the means of living.

It was with this staring him in the face that Erris Boyne's company seemed to offer at least a recovery of his good spirits. Dissipated as Boyne's look was, he had a natural handsomeness which, with good care of himself personally, well-appointed clothes, a cheerful manner, and witty talk, made him palatable to careless-living Dublin.

This Dublin knew little of Boyne's present domestic life. It did not know that he had injured his second wife as badly as he had wronged his first—with this difference, however, that his first wife was a lady, while his second wife, Noreen, was a beautiful, quick-tempered, lovable, eighteen-year-old girl, a graduate of the kitchen and dairy, when he took her to himself. He had married her in a mad moment after his first wife—Mrs. Llyn, as she was now called—had divorced him; and after the first thrill of married life was over, nothing remained with Boyne except regret that he had sold his freedom for what he might, perhaps, have had without marriage.

Then began a process of domestic torture which alienated Noreen from him, and roused in her the worst passions of human nature. She came to know of his infidelities, and they maddened her. They had no children, and in the end he had threatened her with desertion. When she had retorted in strong words, he slapped her face, and left her with an ugly smile.

The house where they lived was outside Dublin, in a secluded spot, yet not far from stores and shops. There was this to be said for Noreen—that she kept her home spotlessly clean, even with two indifferent servants. She had a gift for housewifery which, at its best, was as good as anything in the world, and far better than could be found in most parts of Ireland.

Of visitors they had few, if any, and the young wife was left alone to brood upon her wrongs. Erris Boyne had slapped her face on the morning of the day when he met Dyck Calhoun in the hour of his bad luck. He did not see the look in her face as he left the house.

[Continued on page 50]

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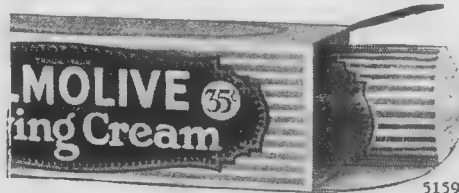
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No Defence

Continued from page 49

Ruthless as he was, he realized the time had come when by a bold effort he might get young Calhoun wholly into his power. He began by getting Dyck into the street. Then he took him by an indirect route to what was, reputedly, a tavern of consequence. There choice spirits met on occasion, and dark souls, like Boyne, planned adventures. Outwardly it was called a tavern of the old class, superficially sedate, and called the Harp and Crown. None save a very few conspirators knew how great a part it played in the plan to break the government of Ireland and to ruin England's position in the land.

The entrance was by two doors—one the ordinary public entrance, the other at the side of the house, which was on a corner. This could be opened by a skeleton key owned by Erris Boyne.

He and Dyck entered, however, by the general entrance, because Boyne had forgotten his key. They passed through the bar-parlor, nodding to one or two habitués, and presently were bestowed in a room, not large, but well furnished. It was quiet and alluring on this day when the world seemed disconcerting. So pleasantly did the place affect Dyck's spirits that, as he sat down in the room which had often housed worse men than himself, he gave a sigh of relief.

They played cards, and Dyck won. He won five times what he had lost at the club. This made him companionable.

"It's a poor business—cards," he said at last. "It puts one up in the clouds and down in the ditch all at the same time. I tell you this, Boyne—I'm going to stop. No man ought to play cards who hasn't a fortune; and my fortune, I'm sorry to say, is only my face!" He laughed bitterly.

"And your sword — you've forgotten that, Calhoun. You've a lot of luck in your sword."

"Well, I've made no money out of it so far," Dyck retorted cynically.

"Yet you've put men with reputations out of the running; men like Mallow."

"Oh, that was a bit of luck and a few tricks I've learned. I can't start a banking-account on that."

"But you can put yourself in the way of winning what can't be bought."

"No—no English army for me, thank you—if that's what you mean."

"It isn't what I mean. In the English army a man's a slave. He can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep without being under command. He has to do a lot of dirty work without having any voice in the policy. He's a child of discipline and order."

"And a damned good thing it would be for most of us!" retorted Dyck. "But I'm not one of the most."

"I know that. Try a little more of this Marsala, Calhoun. It's the best in the place, and it's got a lot of good stuff. I've been coming to the Harp and Crown for many years, and I've never had a bad drink all that time. The old landlord is a genius. He doesn't put on airs. He's a good man, is old Swinton, and there's nothing good in the drink of France that you can't get here."

"Well, if that's true, how does it happen?" asked Dyck, with a little flash of interest. "Why should this little two-penny, one-horse place—I mean in size and furnishings—have such luck as to get the best there is in France? It means a lot of trouble, eh?"

"It means some trouble. But let me tell you"—he leaned over the table and laid a hand on Dyck's which was a little nervous—"let me speak as an old friend to you, if I may. Here are the facts: For many a year, you know as well as I do, ships have been coming from France to Ireland with the very best wines and liquors, and taking back the very best wool—smuggled of course. Well, our little landlord here is the damndest rogue of all. The customs never touch him. From the coast the stuff comes up to Dublin without a check, and, as he's a special favorite, he gets the best to be had in la belle France."

"Why is he such a favorite?" asked Dyck.

Erris Boyne laughed, not loudly, but suggestively.

"When a lady kisses a man on the lips, of her own free will, and puts her arm around his neck, is it done, do you think, because it's her duty to do it or die? No, it's because she likes the man; because the man is a good friend to her; because its money in her pocket. That's the case with old Swinton. France kisses him, as it were, because"—he paused, as though debating what to say—"because France knows he'd rather be under her own revolutionary government than under the monarchy of England."

His voice had resonance, and, as he said these words, it had insistence.

"Do you know, Calhoun, I think old Swinton is right. We suffer here because monarchy, with its cruel hand of iron, mistreats us, brutalizes us."

He did not see enlightenment come into the half-drunken eyes of Dyck. He only realized that Dyck was very still, and strangely, deeply interested.

"I tell you, Calhoun, we need in Ireland something of the spirit that's alive in France today. They've cleaned out the kings—Louis and Marie's heads have dropped into the basket. They're sweeping the dirt out of France; they're cleaning the dark places; they're whitewashing Versailles and sawdusting the Tuilleries; they're purging the aristocratic guts of France; they're starting for the world a reformation which will make it clean. Not America alone, but England, and all Europe, will become republics."

"England?" asked Dyck in a low, penetrating voice.

"Aye, England, through Ireland. Ireland will come first, then Wales, Scotland and England. Dear lad, the great day is come—the greatest the world has ever known. France, the spirit of it, is alive. It will purge and cleanse the universe!"

The suspicious, alert look passed from Dyck's eyes, but his face had become flushed. He reached out and poured himself another glass of wine.

"What you say may be true, Boyne. It may be true, but I wouldn't put faith in it—not for one icy minute. I don't want to see here in Ireland the horrors and savagery of France. I don't want to see the guillotine up on St. Stephen's Green."

Boyne felt that he must march carefully. He was sure of his game; but there were difficulties, and he must not throw his chances away. Dyck was in a position where, with his inflammable nature, he could be captured.

"Well, I'll tell you, Calhoun. I don't know which is worse—Ireland bloody with shootings and hangings, Ulster up in the north and Cork in the south, from the Giant's Causeway to Tralee; no two sets of feet dancing alike, with the bloody hand of England stretching out over the Irish Parliament like death itself; or France ruling us. How does the English Government live here? Only by bribery and purchases. It buys its way. Isn't that true?"

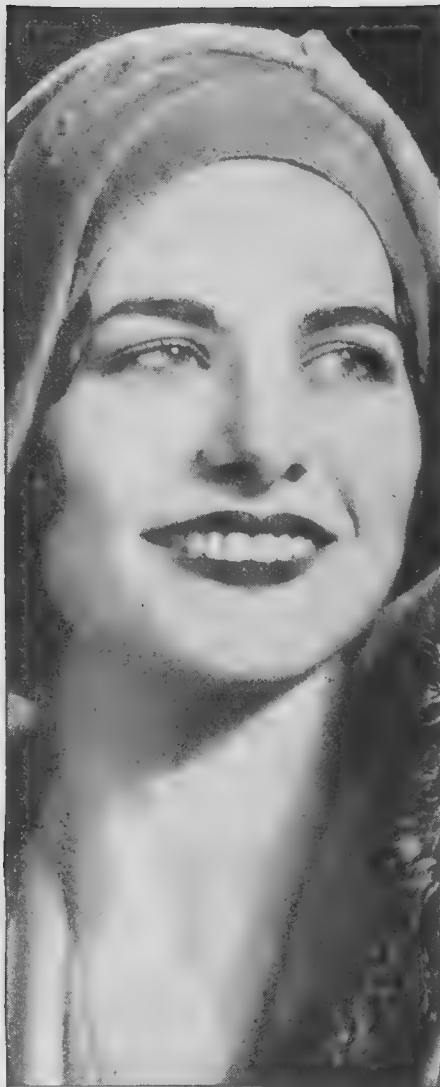
Dyck nodded. "Yes, it's true in a way," he replied. "It's so, because we're what we are. We've never been properly put in our places. The heel on our necks—that's the way to do it."

Boyne looked at the flushed, angry face. In spite of Dyck's words, he felt that his medicine was working well.

"Listen to me, Calhoun," he said softly. "You've got to do something. You're living an idle life. You're in debt. You've ruined your independent fortune at the tables. There are but two courses open to you. One is to join the British forces—to be a lieutenant, a captain, a major, a colonel, or a general, in time; to shoot and cut and hang and quarter, and rule with a heavy rod. That's one way."

"So you think I'm fit for nothing but the sword, eh?" asked Dyck with irony. "You think I've got no brains for anything except the army."

Boyne laughed. [Continued on page 51]



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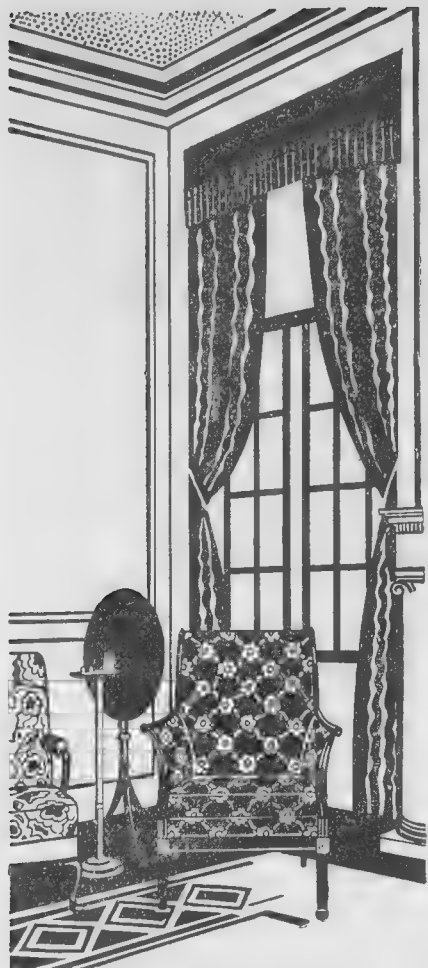


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No Defence

Continued from page 50

"Have another drink, Calhoun." He poured out more wine. "Oh, no, not the army alone, there's the navy—and there's the French navy! It's the best navy in the world, the freest and the greatest, and with Bonaparte going at us, England will have enough to do—too much, I'm thinking. So there's a career in the French navy open. And listen—before you and I are two months older, the French navy will be in the harbors of Ireland, and the French army will land here." He reached out and grasped Dyck's arm. "There's no liberty or freedom under the Union Jack. What do you think of the Tricolor? It's a great flag, and under it the world is going to be ruled—England, Spain, Italy, Holland, Prussia, Austria, and Russia—all of them. The time is ripe. You've got your chance. Take it on, dear lad, take it on!"

Dyck did not raise his head. He was leaning forward with both arms on the table, supporting himself firmly; his head was bowed as though with deep interest in what Boyne said. And, indeed, his interest was great—so great that all his manhood, vigor, all his citizenship, were vitally alive. Yet he did not lift his head.

"What's that you say about French ships in the harbors of Ireland?" he said in a tone that showed interest. "Of course, I know there's been a lot of talk of a French raid on Ireland, but I didn't know it was to be soon."

"Oh, it's near enough! It's all been arranged," replied Boyne. "There'll be ships—warships, commanded by Hoche. They'll have orders to land on the coast, to join the Irish patriots, to take control of the operations, and then to march on—"

He was going to say "march on Dublin," but he stopped. He was playing a daring game. If he had not been sure of his man, he would not have been so frank and fearless.

He did not, however, mislead Dyck greatly. Dyck had been drinking a good deal, but this knowledge of a French invasion, and a sense of what Boyne was trying to do, steadied his shaken emotions; held him firmly in the grip of practical common sense. He laughed, hiccuped a little, as though he was very drunk, and said:

"Of course the French would like to come to Ireland; they'd like to seize it and hold it! Why, of course they would! Don't we know all that's been and gone? Aren't Irishmen in France grown rich in industry there after having lost every penny of their property here? Aren't there Irishmen there, always conniving to put England at defiance here by breaking her laws, cheating her officers, seducing her patriots? Of course; but what astounds me is that a man of your standing should believe the French are coming here now to Ireland. No, no, Boyne; I'm not taking your word for any of these things. You're a gossip; you're a damned, pertinacious, preposterous gossip; and I'll say it as often as you like."

"So it's proof you want, is it? Well, then, here it is."

Boyne drew from his pocket a small, leather-bound case and from it took a letter, which he laid on the table in front of Dyck.

Dyck looked at the document, then said:

"Ah, that's what you are, eh?—a captain in the French artillery! Well, that'd be a surprise in Ireland if it were told."

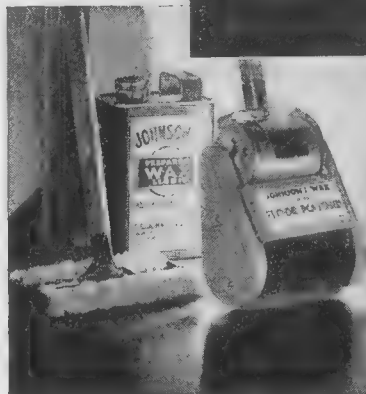
"It isn't going to be told unless you tell it, Calhoun, and you're too much of a sportsman for that. Besides, why shouldn't you have one of these—if you want it?"

"What'd be the good of my wanting it? I could get a commission here in the army of George III, if I wanted it, but I don't want it; and any man that offers it to me, I'll hand it back with thanks and be damned to you!"

"Listen to me, then, Calhoun," remarked Boyne, reaching out a hand to lay it on Dyck's arm. [Continued on page 52]

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• (1) Where floor is soiled, apply Johnson's Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. (2) Wipe up all liquid solution with clean rags. All embedded dirt, now dissolved, comes with it. (3) Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear, radiant lustre.

• Because instantly you would realize the need of this treatment for floors • To scrub them every day is impossible. No one could do it and keep house. Moreover it would ruin the floor • Oil treatment leaves a sticky floor. Dirt and dust sink in. Become embedded Eventually the whole floor is coated with a dark, lusterless film • But if your floor is waxed, it is clean! No dust can stick to it Radiantly clean and sanitary. Clean and dry as a china plate. Whisk—and dust is gone • Linoleum sparkles. Wood floors glisten, glow, gleam with a thousand reflections. Everlastingly safe from scars, stains, rings—ground-in dirt! • Easy to have—with the Johnson polisher. See simple directions below and let us send you a 25c bottle of Johnson's Wax free to start.



S. C. JOHNSON & SON LTD., Dept. WH3 Brantford, Canada. Gentlemen: Please send free 25c bottle (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ☐ liquid ☐ paste (check one) and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

Please print Name and Address _____



50% of Canada's leading hospitals now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 50% of Canada's great hospitals! In these institutions, where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient, many thousands of pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding (Kotex filler) were used last year—the equivalent of millions of sanitary pads!

One hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Cellucotton (Kotex filler) is *not* cotton. It is an invention of war-time surgery which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton but with five times the absorbency.

Kotex, the new and improved sanitary napkin, is made of many thin layers of this soft, super-absorbent tissue. These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer*, but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs. Kotex takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not concentrated all in one place.

Kotex deodorizes completely and thoroughly, eliminating all possibility of an offense which fastidious women consider inexcusable. It is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped

to change the hygienic habits of women the world over!

Surely, if the medical profession finds Kotex absorbent best—even in the most critical operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use. No embarrassment when buying. Just say Kotex at any drug, dry goods or department store. Regular size, 60c for box of dozen. Super-size, 75c. Directions in every package.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1. Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2. Safe, secure . . . keeps your mind at ease.
3. Rounded and tapered corners—for inconspicuous protection.
4. Deodorizes . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. Disposable, completely, instantly.

At any drug, dry goods or department store.

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KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Mail coupon now for
THREE samples of Kotex and
valuable book on women's
hygiene . . . FREE

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FREE - 3 KOTEX Samples

Kotex Company of Canada, Limited,
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

You may send 3 samples of Kotex and book
"Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov..... 892

No Defence

Continued from page 51

Dyck saw the motion, however, and carefully drew back in his chair. "I'm not an adventurer," he said; "but if I were, what would there be in it for me?"

Boyne misunderstood the look on Dyck's face. He did not grasp the meaning behind the words, and he said to him:

"Oh, a good salary—as good as that of a general, with a commission and the spoils of war. That's the thing in the French army that counts for so much—spoils of war. When they're out on a country like this, they let their officers loose—their officers and men. Did you ever hear tell of a French army being pinched for fodder, or going thirsty for drink, or losing its head for poverty or indigence?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, then, take the advice of an officer of the French army resident now in Dublin," continued Boyne, laughing, "who has the honor of being received as the friend of Mr. Dyck Calhoun of Playmore! Take your hand in the game that's going on! For a man as young as you, with brains and ambition, there's no height he mightn't reach in this country. Think of it—Ireland free from English control; Ireland, with all her dreams, living her own life, fearless, independent, as it was in the days of yore. Why, what's to prevent you, Dyck Calhoun, from being president of the Irish Republic? You have brains, looks, skill, and a wonderful tongue. None but a young man could take on the job, for it will require boldness, skill, and the recklessness of perfect courage. Isn't it good enough for you?"

"What's the way to do it?" asked Dyck, still holding on to his old self grimly. "How is it to be done?" He spoke a little thickly, for, in spite of himself, the wine was clogging his senses. It had been artistically drugged by Boyne.

"Listen to me, Calhoun," continued Boyne. I've known you now for some time. We've come in and gone out together. This day was inevitable. You were bound to come to it one way or another. Man, you have a heart of iron; you have the courage of Caesar, or Alexander, you have the chance of doing what no Englishman could ever do—Cromwell, or any other. Well then, don't you see the fateful moment has come in Irish life and history? Strife everywhere! Alone, what can we do? Alone, if we try to shake off the yoke that binds us we shall be shattered, and our last end be worse than our first. But with French ships, French officers and soldiers, French guns and ammunition, with the trained men of the French army to take control here, what amelioration of our weakness, what confidence and skill on our side! Can you doubt what the end will be? Answer me, man, don't you see it all? Isn't it clear to you? Doesn't such a cause enlist you?"

With a sudden burst of primitive anger, Dyck got to his feet, staggering a little, but grasping the fatal meaning of the whole thing. He looked Erris Boyne in the eyes. His own were bloodshot and dissipated, but there was a look in them of which Boyne might well take heed.

Boyne had not counted on Dyck's refusal; or, if it had occurred to him, the remedy, an ancient one, was ready to his fingers. The wine was drugged. He had watched the decline of Dyck's fortunes seen the clouds of poverty and anxiety closing in. He had known of old Miles Calhoun's financial difficulties. He had observed Dyck's wayside loitering with revolutionists, and he had taken it with too much seriousness. He knew the condition of Dyck's purse.

He was not prepared for Dyck's indignant outburst.

"I'll tell you this, Erris Boyne, there's none has ever tried me as you have done! What do you think I am—a thing of the dirty street-corner, something to be swept up and cast into the furnace of treason? Look you, after today you and I will never break bread or drink wine together. No—by Heaven, no! I don't know whether you have told me the truth or not [Continued on page 53]



Keeps radiators and all metal furniture spotless and new looking

You wouldn't shine a greasy pan— Why polish over dirt?

YET, that's what you do when you use ordinary wax and furniture polish that merely polish on top of the dirt. But when you use the New Liquid Veneer, you *clean* as you polish. This modern cleaner-polish for *all* finishes removes the ingrained dirt and soil that hide beauty, restores the original lustre, polishes the original clean surface.

Use it on your dust cloth, too. It gathers the dust instead of spreading it, making frequent polishing unnecessary. No greasy film. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 60c size and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE—Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, Dept. 192, Bridgeburg, Ont.

The NEW LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better Because it Cleans



A Different Woman

"I have great pleasure in informing you that Kruschen Salts have worked wonders for me. I have been a great sufferer of liver and kidney trouble, and after trying one bottle I am a different woman. I had to give up my work, but thanks to Kruschen Salts I am back at work again, and I give my son a little every morning, and I don't hear of the little complaints now which a child generally gets. He is happier and brighter. I have enclosed a snap-shot of son and self. I am 43 years, boy 6 years. I shall always highly recommend Kruschen, and I would not be without them myself in a hurry."

—(Mrs.) M. P.

Original letter on file for inspection. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 75c a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 4 or 5 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.



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"Velvet" Soles will give a firmness in your step . . . a new foot-comfort for outdoor workers. There's double the wear in new shoes soled with "Velvet" Rubber Soles. New life added to comfortable old shoes. Buy "Velvet" Soles from your store or shoe repair shop, or send 50c and tracing of your shoe for sample pair. Easy to apply—you can do it at home.

FEDERAL RUBBER PRODUCTS
Stratford, Ont. Dept. 4
THEY STICK ON



Two Sizes
Regular size 60c a dozen and
Supersize 75c a dozen

No Defence

Continued from page 52

but I think you have. There's this to say — I shall go from this place to Dublin Castle, and shall tell them there — without mentioning your name — what you've told about the French raid. Now, look you, by God, you're a traitor! You oughtn't to live, and if you'll send your seconds to me I'll try and do with you as I did with Leonard Mallow. Only mark me, Erris Boyne, I'll put my sword into your heart. You understand—into your filthy heart!"

At that moment the door of the room opened, and a face looked in for an instant, the face of old Swinton, the landlord of the Harp and Crown. Suddenly Boyne's look changed. He burst into a laugh, and brought his fists down on the table between them with a bang.

"By Joseph and by Mary, but you're a patriot, Calhoun! I was trying to test you. I was searching to find the innermost soul of you. The French fleet, my commission in the French army, and my story about the landlord was all bosh. If I meant what I told you, do you think I'd have been so mad as to tell you so much, damn it? Have you no sense, man? I wanted to find out exactly how you stood—faithful or unfaithful to the crown—and I've found out. Sit down, sit down, Calhoun, dear lad. Take your hand off your sword. Remember, these are terrible days. Everything I said about Ireland is true. What I said about France is false. Sit down, man, and if you're going to join the King's army—as I hope and trust you will—then here's something to help you face the time between." He threw on the table a packet of notes. "They're good and healthy, and will buy you what you need. There's not much. There's only a hundred pounds, but I give it to you with all my heart, and you can pay it back when the King's money comes to you, or when you marry a rich woman."

He said it all with a smile on his face. It was done so cleverly, with so much simulated sincerity, that Dyck, in his state of semi-drunkenness, could not, at the instant, place him in his true light. Besides, there was something handsome and virile in Boyne's face—and untrue; but the untruth Dyck did not at the moment see.

Never in his life had Boyne performed such prodigies of dissimulation. He was suddenly like a schoolboy disclosing the deeds of some adventurous knight. He realized to the full the dangers he had run in disclosing the truth; for it was the truth that he had told.

So serious was the situation, to his mind, that one thing seemed inevitable. Dyck must be kidnapped at once and carried out of Ireland. It would be simple. A little more drugged wine, and he would be asleep and powerless—it had already tugged at him. With the help of his confreres in the tavern, Dyck could be carried out, put on a lugger, and sent away to France.

There was nothing else to do. Boyne had

said truly that the French fleet meant to come soon. Dyck must not be able to give the thing away before it happened. The chief thing now was to prime him with the drugged wine till he lost consciousness, and then carry him away to the land of the guillotine. Dyck's tempestuous nature, the poetry and imagination of him, would quickly respond to French culture, to the new orders of the day in France. Meanwhile, he must be soaked in drugged drink.

Already the wine had played havoc with him; already stupefaction was coming over his senses. With a good-natured, ribald laugh, Boyne poured out another glass of marsala and pushed it gently over to Dyck's fingers.

"My gin to your marsala," he said, and he raised his own glass of gin, looking playfully over the top to Dyck.

With a sudden loosening of all the fibres of his nature, Dyck raised the glass of Marsala to his lips and drained it off almost at a gulp.

"You're a prodigious liar, Boyne," he said. "I didn't think anyone could lie so completely."

"I'll teach you how, Calhoun. It's not hard. I'll teach you how."

He passed a long cigar over the table to Dyck, who, however, did not light it, but held it in his fingers. Boyne struck a light and held it out across the small table. Dyck leaned forward, but, as he did so, the wine took possession of his senses. His head fell forward in sleep, and the cigar dropped from his fingers.

"Ah, well—ah, well, we must do some business now!" remarked Boyne. He leaned over Dyck for a moment. "Yes, sound asleep," he said, and laughed scornfully to himself. "Well, when it's dark we must get him away. He'll sleep for four or five hours, and by that time he'll be out on the way to France, and the rest is easy."

He was about to go to the door that led into the business part of the house, when the door leading into the street opened softly, and a woman stepped inside. She had used the key which Boyne had forgotten at his house.

At first he did not hear her. Then, when he did turn around, it was too late. The knife she carried under her skirt flashed out and into Boyne's heart. He collapsed on the floor without a sound, save only a deep sigh.

Stooping over, Noreen drew the knife out with a little gurgling cry—a smothered exclamation. Then she opened the door again—the side-door leading into the street—closed it softly, and was gone.

Three hours afterward the landlord opened the door. Erris Boyne lay in his silence, stark and still. At the table, with his head sunk in his arms, sat Dyck Calhoun, snoring stertorously, his drawn sword by his side.

With a cry the old man knelt on the floor beside the body of Erris Boyne.

To be continued next month.

White and Red

By Verna Loveday Harden

White and red's the cloak that Winter
Loves to wear;
White the landscape gleams and glistens,
Palely fair.
Cheeks are red as Summer roses,
Bright, ablaze;
Red the sun so quickly closing
Winter days.

Snowy white the cloth of linen
Neatly spread;
White the dishes, decked with roses,
White the bread.
Red the flames upleaping gladly
As they roar—
Red the loving lips awaiting
At the door.

My Mary

By George W. Tuttle

He who gets her draws a prize—
She's the girl with laughing eyes!
What are freckles, what's a mole
When a girl has a radiant soul?
Glow of health on cheeks so fair—
Nature's own cosmetics there!
Spirits light as springtime air;
Black as jet her bonny hair!
Now she treads with lightsome feet
"Where the brook and river meet,"—
Singing brook and river broad
Joining hands in sweet accord.
Pure she seems, to eyes of mine,
As the stars above that shine;

Sweeter far than store of bee
Hid in ancient forest tree.
Life to her is fresh and sweet;
All its mysteries she'll greet
With a bright and smiling face,
With her charming, wondrous grace.
And the youth who casts his eyes
On my Mary—draws my prize;
Must be sweet, and pure, and true
As the morning's falling dew.
Only with a youth like this
Could my Mary live in bliss;
As when crystal streams unite
In their flow so pure and bright.

FREE . . . a 10-day tube of Pepsodent



Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth gum disorders.

How lovely teeth are best protected against destructive, germ-laden film

Within a few days you will see a change in teeth's appearance.

DECAY and pyorrhea threaten nine mouths out of ten. Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar cause pyorrhea. The best way to remove these germs from teeth is to remove the film that holds them. The scientific way to do that effectively is by Pepsodent.

80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; other kinds in trench mouth. Authorities believe 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with the teeth.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all the ordinary methods fail in combating film effectively.

Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film, dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude

Pepsodent

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Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY

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You will enjoy these inimitable blackfaceartists—the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.



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9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3400 A. Can.

Asking 5218 Happy People "How do you get that way?"

and finding
out they all had
the same secret!

JUST suppose you could get 5000 joyously happy people together in one big hall and could ask them what made them all so full of pep. Suppose, strangely enough, that all of them had discovered the same way to be happy. You would feel that here, if anywhere in the world, was the secret of how to get real joy out of life.

This is just what has happened during the last few weeks. We knew there were millions of people who had found the secret of happiness in the same way, and we asked them in one or two small announcements in the magazines and newspapers to tell us their story. Letters came to us from practically all over the globe.

The secret of happiness these people had discovered was all the same. Most of them had been brought to make their discovery by the advice of a trusted physician; many had been advised by some wise and experienced trained nurse; hundreds had received the advice of some good friend.

All of them said, "The secret of happiness is health."

How to get this health? The way that all of these people had discovered was not some magic medicine, not some powerful drug, not some difficult course of training—but only a simple, harmless natural method. It was to keep the body internally clean, sweeping its natural poisons away



each day, regularly as clock work—by the use of Nujol.

These people had made a great discovery. They had found out that Nujol contains no drugs; that it is as tasteless and colorless as pure water; pleasant to take and forms no habit; that it cannot hurt you, no matter how much you take; that it is non-fattening; not absorbed by the body; that it is only the internal lubrication your body needs, just like any other machine.

It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it, to be well and happy so easily? Well, all you need to do to find out if these people have made a real discovery is to get a bottle of Nujol today at any drug store and take it for two weeks. See if you don't join the happy millions who have discovered that the sure way to happiness is through health. Begin Nujol tonight!

If you want to know how to keep well, send for free 24-page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Nujol Laboratories, Dept. 13-G, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

The Old Guard Marches On

Continued from page 42

of noteworthy pioneer deeds. On Arbor Day, 1927, members gathered on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings at Edmonton, and there, upon the site of the old Hudson's Bay Fort, planted a golden willow tree, dedicated in remembrance to those brave and hardy souls who had, in their day, planted so firmly and well the roots of a new and vigorous civilization.

In the same year, the old-timers saw fit to erect a bust of the Honourable Frank Oliver in his lifetime as part of Canada's Diamond Jubilee celebration and as a token of their brotherly respect for an outstanding pioneer, statesman, publisher and friend of Western Canada. The bust was unveiled at Edmonton on July 1, 1927, and it stands today a lasting tribute to the sterling qualities of a man whose faith in the Western country and its potentialities has served to make possible a great contribution to the growth of the nation.

The work of the old-timers Associations continues to grow and bear fine fruit. It will continue to grow in the future for the Pioneer never ceases to "yearn beyond the sky-line." The vacant prairie has now given place to fertile fields which, in harvest time, glow with the hue of gold. Busy binders ply up and down great stretches of land, harvesting immense crops. The shacks which once sheltered early settlers have been replaced by more modern houses, trading posts have given way to bustling cities. The large red barns and well-built granaries attest the industry and enterprise of man. Progress has been phenomenal in the West and the progress that is in store for the future, will, in all probability, surpass anything that can now be imagined. "And ever, as the advance guard of civilization, march the Pioneers, whose eyes look beyond the horizon, whose footsteps are forever turned towards the great unknown. Whether it be as leaders of thought or developers of strange lands, they have been the far-flung battle-line of progress—hearing the call of the unknown, they have answered it. Discouraged by no privations, held back by no fears, they opened a greater heritage which all may share."

Canadians in days to come will reap the rich harvest of their planting. May they, too, march on, building ever to the pattern of their great vision, treasuring their memory in reverence and deep regard.

Imagination

By Thomas Saunders

Fair Gem of Thought, how shall I sing thy praise,
And how do justice to so fine a theme?
For all unfit, unworthy do I seem
Who tune my lyre but to thy borrowed rays.
The meanest task, thro' thee, reveals a trace
Of something higher, nobler, as a dream;
The harshest lot thou fillest with a gleam
Of hope, of joy beyond the commonplace.

Yet well I know Man's also is the pow'r
To lower human standards and degrade
Thro' thee. For thou, thou art both weed
and flow'r,
And Man decideth which thou shalt be made.
God grant that I, ev'n in my weakest hour,
Rise to the test, and make of thee a flow'r!

Winter - Spring

By Roberta Edwina Clare

Winter still lingers, with icy fingers,
In the lap of Spring;
Well the deuce, if he's such a goose,
Why doesn't he get the ring?

His heart may be bold, but his feet are cold,
And that's the answer to that,
If it weren't that Spring just wanted a fling,
She'd tell him to take his hat.

She's a pretty maid, but a fickle jade,
Yet Winter still wears a grin,
Were it Leap Year I'd begin to fear
She surely had roped him in.

If they'd marry soon and forget to spoon,
Then Summer would have a show,
If they're not in love, as the stars are above
Why doesn't he pack and go?



THOSE PAINS that get worse ON COLD WET DAYS

Stiff joints! Sore muscles! Dull throbbing pain! Know the blessed relief Sloan's Liniment brings. *Sloan's healthy heat warms the body like sunshine.* Drives away pain. 35c at any drug store, or write for free two weeks' trial bottle and booklet of sixteen tested treatments for aches and pains. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Dept. 3X, 113 West 18th Street, New York City.

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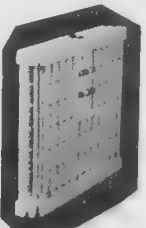
WRIGLEY'S is good company on any trip.

It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment. The sugar supplies pep and energy when the day seems long.

In short it's good and good for you.



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Let Baby Play Safely in a
"Little Tots"
PLAY YARD



Closed and out of the way

Is Baby safe? He will be in this Little Tots Play Yard—he can't fall out—no sharp corner or rough edges to scratch him and the colored enamel beads set in at each side keep him busy and contented. And when Baby sleeps the Play Yard folds up, neat, compact and out of the way. This strongly constructed Play Yard is attractively finished in smooth enamel, in Ivory, Pink, Blue or Green, and priced to please the restricted income.

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Ask to see the New L. T. Cribs. They're deeper. Baby just can't fall out.



See it at Better Class Furniture Stores, or write for catalogue No. 30, and name of nearest dealer.

Used in thousands of homes daily. Softens water. Makes dish washing easy. Cuts grease. Cleans pots and pans. Whitens clothes. Try it in your bath. 10c and 15c a pkge.

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Snowflake
Use it in the kitchen, bathroom, laundry.

Keep Little Ones Well
FROM BABYHOOD THRU SCHOOLDAYS.

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup quickly corrects summer complaint, diarrhea, colic, constipation, and teething disturbances. The vegetable oils help baby's system function correctly.

A helpful and interesting booklet containing diet instructions, table of weights, how to prepare baby's food, together with nursery rhymes and jingles artistically prepared in three colors will be sent free upon request.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
Canadian Distributors
FRED. J. WHITLOW & CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

A Home from New England

Continued from page 22

boxes of rooms to irritate you or be debased by syncopated decorations to jazz you up, but rooms of satisfaction where you can dream in the soft candle light or by the blaze of the fire. The living-room has its fire-place, and not a fire-place where a fire frets and protests because it has the furnace and the stove all entering into its chimney flue for economy forsooth, the economy that prevents you even firing it without the whole family palpitating when it roars, "Is it afire?" and the children sent outside to see if the sparks are flying out of the chimney—such a fire-place as my neighbor has. But this fireplace you can pile the wood on until the hearth glows without disturbing thoughts of chimney fires. It has its own flue and the flames can roar up it without any fear of chimney burning.

BUT TO return—this fireplace is faced with stone in large slabs. The depth of it is cavernous where dreams can be dreamed and as the sketch shows a grandfather's clock stands in the corner beside it, while on the dark oaken floor a rug is spread and two comfortable chairs are drawn near it. The plastered walls are of a golden tone and the plastering of this house is all done on metallic lathing insuring its permanence and fireproof qualities. The windows of this room are casement and simply curtained. What the colors



of the furnishings are an easy matter with the golden brown of the oaken floors as a foundation, livened with the colors of the rug in greens and browns, with the covering of the chairs in a green tapestry, the runner in a green and the stool a dark rose with the curtains a dull rose color. The old clock is built in a black oak case. The casement windows should be carefully designed so that they will be weather-proof. The garage is plastered inside on metallic lath with a hard cement plaster, and to prevent the deadly monoxide fumes from gathering provision should be made to have flexible metal piping running to the outside and having attachments for the exhaust, or proper ventilation apparatus should be installed so that there will be no danger of these fumes gathering and you can step from the house into the garage in safety. An ordinary light automobile running with a choked engine will produce lethal pollution in an ordinary sized garage in from 6 to 10 minutes. The real danger from carbon monoxide is due to the fact that it gives no warning. Monoxide is not thrown off but remains in the blood and after repeated slight doses a person is extremely susceptible and when unconsciousness comes it comes suddenly.

Around this passage giving a service entry and entrance from the garage a lot of thought was given. The stairs in a home should be carefully thought out. It would have been easy to put in a lot of winders and got up in a much less space, but it is a thoughtless architect who has to descend to such expedients, so the staircase was designed of ample width, three feet wide, and with broad landings. The hallway from the kitchen to the service and garage entry runs beside it and here seemed the difficulty: how to plan this portion so that upstairs there would not be waste space. The head room downstairs above this first landing was restricted in height, and this is a point not to be overlooked if using this plan. You will note from the child's room which is placed beside the master's bedroom, two steps leading on to a platform and then two steps down to the small toilet and clothes closet. This gives the required height for downstairs and to me this planning around the master's

bedroom is rather good with its private toilet and basin. A door could, if wished, be made into the child's room, and a fireplace made above the one downstairs in the master's room. The closet space comes over the sunroom, and two small high up windows give extra light into the bedroom.

READING is a great and happy dis-entangle of life's knotted snarls and a book room has been planned where your eye can dwell on volumes of Shakespeare when your soul is weak and its digestion of life's humor is bad. There is the Bible when your spirit runs into religious musings, and Rupert Brooke and Shelley and Robert Watson or Duncan Campbell Scott amongst the poets, and then again there are Milton and Isaiah to lift up one's soul until it touches cloud land. This room is off the beaten track of the house, a room aside with its bow window where you can go and lose yourself in a mental dream land and be beguiled by the harmony of soul music and soul culture. In this room I would put down on the floor a deep soft carpet and have two easy chairs with a couple of small tables and some standard lamps with the lighting where it will give the best service on the book shelves. Books are intended to be read and there is nothing so irritating as not to be able to see the titles of the

of the books on the shelves. I would have two pictures in this room, no more for it is limited in space. The pictures must be good ones, either prints or oil paintings. Water colors are rather delicate against the bright bindings of the books but a good strong picture in oils always appeals to me in a library. A couple of busts of poets or philosopher look well on the shelves. Do not litter the shelf top up with a lot of photographs. One or two is quite enough. The whole atmosphere of the room should be quiet. In the dining-room I prefer the refectory table type. It has the sanction of age and also of utility. Personally I do not like the square table, and your dining room space limits the number of the guests outside of your family, so that the long table can always be artistically set. The style of the furniture would be one of the Colonial types, but mahogany in good taste will always fit into the dining-room. The buffet or sideboard must be plain and connections should be allowed for electric candle sticks. Wax candles naturally are the most desirable for they bring out the deepened tone of the mahogany, the satiny glint of the silver, the colorful glistening glassware, where a magic sparkling beauty is kept alive in a mysterious prism of glass. If wax candles are to be used there should be a cornice running around the room just below the ceiling line. This cornice is hollow and lined with a reflecting material. The electric lights are socketed out of sight in this hollow all around the room and their light is reflected on to the ceiling and cast down on to the table in a mellow yellow tone.

THE planning of the plumbing fixtures might appear to some rather extensive. There is a toilet from the entry and garage, and if you look carefully at the plan you will see that there is an entrance over the cellar stair landing to go from this small hall to the large stair hall. Upstairs the maids room is shown with what I call dresser closets, that is, closets which have drawers at the bottom and have doors opening all the way across somewhat like a cupboard. One is shown in another bedroom. The bathroom is rather conveniently placed and should have a

[Continued on page 64]



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ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

Made in Canada

The Room We Like to Live In

Continued from page 20

furniture under contemplation. But what great possibilities lie in those words, too: "New decorations" and "New furniture." One never ceases to feel that there is a sort of magic in the changes that can be wrought by such practical means!

IN THE first of these, the decorating, we find so much of the charm we all want in our rooms. It is difficult to appreciate what is in the foreground, if the background is soiled or unsuitable. Fresh walls are not a great undertaking—nothing in proportion to the transformation they will bring about. A plain plaster wall will become a thing of real beauty under the paint brush; for a living-room one would of course select one of the flat paints, with a soft sheen instead of a gloss (high gloss is better reserved for the kitchen and bathroom walls); the manufacturers of the better class paints have produced special wall paints that aim to satisfy the most exacting decorators, paints with a velvety glow to them and quite the loveliest colors. The wood trim can be painted to match exactly, if it is desired to give the appearance of all the size possible; or a tone or two darker gives an excellent effect.

Fresh paper, too, will bring to your room all the new freshness that can mean so much, and an up-to-the-minute atmosphere hard to achieve by any other such simple means, for the new papers are especially delightful and will bring a touch of modern feeling to a room that may be very acceptable. And if your old paper is still quite unbroken, merely soiled or perhaps old-fashioned-looking or too dark, you can use a water paint right on it—a coat of size applied first, makes the paper take a new color perfectly, to the complete obliteration of its own coloring and design. Such a paint, applied on paint or plaster, can have all the beauty of an oil paint, so far as color and softness are concerned—but if there will be hard wear to withstand or soiling that will need to be rectified, the more durable oil paint is a wiser choice.

THE floor next. A new rug? The old rug cleaned or dyed? A good dyeing firm that has the proper equipment can make a very good job of it indeed. Stained hardwood to be scraped down to a clean new surface and re-filled and waxed? (A hand scraper offers a very tedious way of doing the job, one must admit; a power scraper that can be rented or sent with an operator by a floor specialist, is much more feasible.) A soft-wood floor given three coats (two days apart, for a fair chance) of paint or lacquer in a color that will make it a real contribution to the room's decorative scheme? And perhaps a couple of small rugs cut down and re-fringed, from the best parts of the large old rug, to do until a new one can be managed? There is a treatment for whatever floor ills one may be suffering, or a way to improve any floor that needs improvement; the thing is to consider the need and the ways of meeting it and choose the most helpful and practical one.

The furniture. What sweeping possibilities it holds! "Comfort, pleasantness, attractiveness," the three chief requisites we named for the living-room, may all be served to such a great extent by the furniture and accessories! The true living-room frequently seems to grow with our needs, to develop with our interests.

And what could be more completely right than that it should do so? There is no other way for it to more truly live up to its ambitious title. It is the need of a desk, for instance, that starts us to plan for one and to consider just the type that will most closely fit the requirements and the setting. As our books accumulate, new shelves become necessary to house them—and there are ways upon ways of filling that need. A recess that might be shelved; a pair of hanging shelves for the wall on either side of the fireplace, window or tall secretary:

[Continued on page 57]



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A FOOD AND
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Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont.



29-6

The Room We Like to Live In

Continued from page 56

from bookcases of polished wood to carpentered shelves with a coat of stain as a finish, and built-in the full width or length of a room or to fit any odd crevice, there is no limit to the ways of meeting this problem.

The piano, the phonograph, the radio, are all, like our books, an expression of our tastes and interests. The advent of an important piece such as one of these, may mean a re-arranging of much of the furniture—and this in itself is a tonic and will often do more than something new, to freshen the effect of a too-familiar room. And whether it be new or old, there may be a more effective way to play up any one of these pieces or another position in which it would give more pleasure or make a part of a more effective group. Perhaps adding a lamp just there, would be a real improvement—and there is a hint in the thought that we might more often take seriously; two or three new lights will sometimes make all parts of a room as useful as the point or two at which everyone clusters, scarcely realizing that they are seeking principally an adequate light for whatever they might be doing.

MANY home-makers who furnished say ten years ago, are disposing of the one or two over-large chairs which at that time were (not too truthfully) regarded as the only interpretation of the word "comfort," and replacing them with more and smaller but thoroughly comfortable chairs. We have realized that only in a large room which is able not only to balance them but to accommodate enough of them to let everyone be comfortable at the same time, should these extremely big pieces be considered. Small and medium-sized armchairs in many types, interesting wooden-framed chairs with upholstered seat and back cushioned wicker or reed chairs with good lines, have all come into a fair share of appreciation. With less liking for the matched upholstered suite, an attractive variety in coverings has been introduced; two or three will be used in a comparatively small room and there is no particular limit to the number of materials that can be attractively combined in the carefully considered furnishing scheme.

And here is another magic as potent as that of the paint-brush! New coverings for furniture, so long as the frame and springs are still sound, mean just the same thing, so far as effect goes, as new furniture; and indeed great quantities of chairs and chesterfields and sofas are bought in a plain cotton or repp covering, so that the final covering can be a matter of careful and fully satisfying choice.

Chintz is the great effect-maker for the home decorator. It does seem as though the cretonnes and printed linens grow lovelier season by season. There is no limit to be placed upon their usefulness; with coloring and designs to suit rooms large or small, brilliant or dull, quiet or striking, all one need do is to decide on the effect that is wanted and then go after it. You will be able to get any color scheme you desire, if you have the patience to hold out until you find just what you want; and in designs, there is every note from the stiffly conventional to the most casually informal; one, and almost the only one, thing to be careful about is the size of the

motif—it should be proportionate to the room in which it will be used, also to the pieces it will cover or the windows it may dress.

Consider, for instance, the effect of the cretonne that is used on the chesterfield in our illustration. This is a room of quite imposing size and considerable dignity but no stiffness. So far as we can judge, it is given no small share of its cheerfulness by the cretonne slip covers used on the chesterfield and another chair which was not within the camera's view. The pattern in this case is large—and fittingly so. One catches, even in a black-and-white reproduction, a feeling of the clear light background, the rich hues of the graceful floral design.

OTHER points in this same room are worth noting. The carpet carried right to the wall, is once more very much the thing. The advent of the vacuum cleaner made its welcome possible—modern housekeepers would never have greeted the fastened-down carpet with any enthusiasm, had it not been for our modern facilities for keeping it comparatively dust-free. Of course there are many people who still refuse to consider that its advantages outweigh those of the liftable rug of less than room-size. The all-over carpet makes the room look larger; it undoubtedly has, too, an air of dignity and quiet elegance and is of course delightful as a background for interesting furnishings. Just as often, however, it is desirable for the rug to contribute design, unless one's home is very permanent it may have to fit other rooms, and in many households, the floor is wanted for dancing or the more thorough cleaning of the liftable rug is made necessary by much traffic.

The screen in the far corner of the pictured room does several things and does them well. No doubt it functions admirably as a screen from too much draft or light or to impede the view at times through the open doorway; but its decorative usefulness is pronounced; it makes an interesting background for the piano, keeps that corner of the room from being too flat in effect, and introduces design there where all the other surfaces are plain.

There is a clever carrying-up of the eye in the opposite corner too, by the tall bronze figure between the very interesting doors and the gracious length of plain, full-hanging curtain. One feels, too, from the disposal of the different pieces of furniture, that full advantage is taken of the room's pleasant features. There is a chair beside a window that surely suggests a stream of sunlight; an easy chair on the opposite side that we feel sure is wheeled to the window's light or toward the fire (which, as you will of course have supposed, lies at the end of the room, before the chesterfield), as the case may be. There is a table in every grouping, and whilst we observe that they are used to support a number of beautiful objects of formal character, they hold, too, the flowers and plants, the little belongings, and still provide plenty of space for the momentary interests of a varied family group. There is, altogether, a most pleasant blending of convention and comfort, of permanent and fleeting beauty, of the fine art of living and the art of fine living!

Divorce

By Ellen Rose Bunse

Had I never kissed you,
Had you never smiled,
Had I not held against my heart
The sweetness of your child—

It would not have mattered
Where you went nor how;—
And I have made my heart as steel
So it will not matter now.

It will never matter
When you go nor why;
Part of me will talk and laugh,—
The best of me will die.

You have found a fairer face
And fresher lips to kiss;
I have made my mind a blank
Remembering only this:

Life is but a little while;
Ages are not long;
I will bear the burden,
You have done the wrong.

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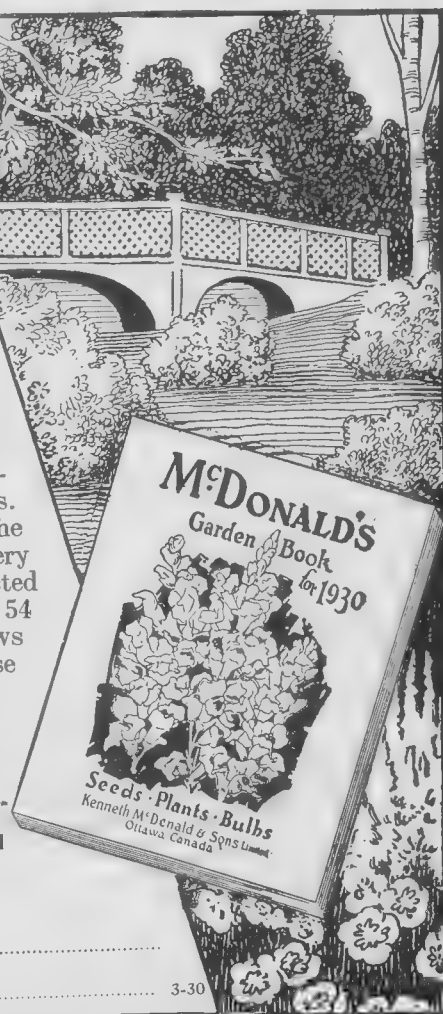
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132

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WINNIPEG

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The Story in Figures as at December 31, 1929

Capital Subscribed	-	-	-	-	\$3,318,000.00
Capital Paid Up	-	-	-	-	1,272,967.63
Assets	-	-	-	-	1,555,518.83
Reserves and Surplus	-	-	-	-	200,682.59

Profits for 1929

Profits for 1929, after providing for taxes and all expenses, with surplus carried forward from previous year, total.....	\$111,264.19
Appropriated as follows:	
Dividends and Income Tax	\$54,581.60
Transferred to Reserve	30,000.00
Surplus carried forward.....	26,682.59
	<u>\$111,264.19</u>

Interest collected on Mortgage Accounts during 1929 equalled 92% of the interest earned. The invested funds of over \$1,500,000.00 are protected by carefully selected Mortgage Securities conservatively appraised at over \$3,000,000.00.

WILLIS ARGUE, Managing Director

ARGUE BROS., LTD. General Agents WINNIPEG



THE past month has witnessed events of a startling nature in brokerage circles, particularly those brokers dealing in Mining and Oil shares. For some time past certain newspapers have been demanding that an investigation be held as to the methods in which transactions of this kind have been carried on, intimating that the circumstances were otherwise than what they appeared.

Apparently urged on by the persistence of their demands, the Attorney-Generals of the various Provinces went into conference and the outcome of their meeting was the action of the Attorney-General of Alberta in bringing about the arrest of two directors of one of the largest brokerage houses, and this was followed in turn on the part of Ontario by the arrest of some ten or twelve of the most prominent mining brokers. The various Provincial Mining Exchanges then suspended for a time the members and operatives of these houses, and prevented them from operating on the Exchange. The various provinces announced that they were all working in unison and acting together. They tied up all the funds of these houses and prevented any further trade from being carried on.

The aftermath came when it was found that these brokers were also carrying large quantities of wheat on margin and that with the falling price of grain it was necessary, to avoid a calamity, that these funds be released. Confronted with this danger, especially as it affected the different Western Wheat Pools, the provincial authorities decided not only to release the seized funds but, at least in the case of Manitoba, guaranteed to the banks that it would protect them as far as the Pool was concerned whenever the price of wheat dropped to such an extent that the margin of 15 per cent required by the banks was not maintained. The Alberta and Saskatchewan governments have approved of this and have intimated that they will give similar guarantees.

The situation is complex. It is beyond our province to pass any comment upon the guilt or innocence of any individual broker, especially as these cases are now subjudice. However, no one can be blind to the fact that the actions of the various governments were attended with serious though temporary results. Fortunately the general public remained cool and obeyed the advice of the Attorney-Generals not to be precipitate in their actions. A reaction has set in and the markets at present date of writing are fairly steady. We would impress upon our readers the necessity of maintaining the same attitude of mind, but if any uncertainty is felt as to the possibility of delivery of stocks, a communication should be at once addressed to the Attorney-General of the particular province in which the interested party lives.

WESTERN HOMES LTD. MORTGAGE INVESTMENT COMPANY with its Head Office in Winnipeg, is to be complimented on its 1929 annual report to the shareholders during the month of February. There has been a most satisfactory development in the subscribed and paid up capital, the latter being now well over \$1,250,000.00. The Company's assets now stand at \$1,555,518.00 being an increase of over \$167,000.00. The profits, including undivided profits were \$111,264.00, and after allowing for dividends and income tax there was transferred to surplus and reserve fund \$30,000.00 making this fund now over \$200,000.00.

This is the 29th consecutive semi-annual dividend paid to the shareholders of this company. These dividends have averaged 6½ per cent during the fifteen years in which the

company has been in business. At first its investments were confined to Winnipeg and the Province of Manitoba, but lately agencies have been established throughout the West and the company maintains offices in the principal cities of the prairie provinces. It is further intimated that in the near future the dividend rate will be increased.

THE report of the Monarch Life Assurance Company, lately presented at the Annual General Meeting has been termed a "Certificate of Prosperity" and figures submitted indicate that this is an accurate summing up of the affairs of the Company.

The assets have been increased by over \$1,000,000 and the business in force amounts to over \$61,000,000. An analysis of the progress of the Company is interesting. In 1915 the Company had in force insurance charges under \$8,000,000. Today it has over \$61,000,000. In 1915 the assets of the Company were under \$750,000; today they are over \$9,000,000. In 1915 the premium and interest income was a shade over \$200,000; today it is over \$2,250,000. Cumulative payments to policy holders in 1915 were under \$100,000. In 1929 they were almost \$3,500,000. The history of the Company has shown steady progress and is the result of a conservative policy coupled with intelligent foresight in insurance matters.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Alberta.

Q. Could you give an account of the Edmonton Lands Company Limited, promoted by Webber Bros?—"R.A.J."

A. We have been able to get very little satisfactory information as to the Edmonton Lands Company. Our information is that the shares have no value at the present time, and very few have been issued.

You do not state what your circumstances are but if you are looking for an investment where security is your main object, we cannot advise an investment in these shares.

Saskatchewan.

Q. Kindly give us your opinion of Graphic Publishing Company, which same has been underwritten by the Cameron-Solmes Investment Bankers.

Would you consider a few units of this stock a reasonable investment for a small investor for a three to five year hold?—"M.L.C."

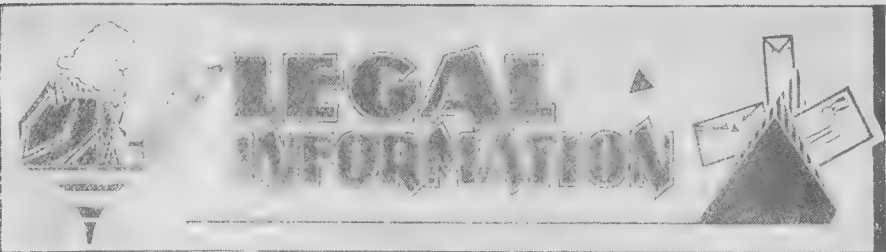
A. Under the circumstances outlined in your letter we cannot recommend the purchase of the securities of Graphic Publishers Limited.

You state that you are a small investor, and we presume that security is your main object. If such is the case you should not invest in anything but the stocks of companies which have a proven record of earning power. Graphic Publishers Limited is a new company, and while it may do very well and while its objects are certainly laudable, it is entering a highly competitive field, and until the management proves their ability to operate the company successfully, we consider the securities too speculative for recommendation to a small investor.

Alberta.

Q. Could you give me some information regarding the Pioneer Bond Syndicate Limited, Vancouver. Is it reliable?—"F.C.S."

A. The Pioneer Bond Syndicate Ltd. is a small company incorporated in 1927 and operating on the building society plan. The Company obtains funds by the sale of its bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. The bonds are sold on the savings plan and in that respect they have some attraction for the small investor. The company's funds are invested in
(Continued on page 85)



SOME issues ago we had occasion to comment upon a decision given in Ontario in connection with the liability of a railway company for injuries sustained by a young girl who had accompanied her father to pick up bottles and dairy equipment from a station of the said company. While the driver was picking up the bottles the truck in which daughter had remained was struck by a freight train which was travelling at a high rate of speed. The railway company admitted liability for the damage done to the truck but refused to compensate the infant daughter who was seriously injured.

The trial Judge held that the daughter was not a trespasser but was a licensee, that is to say she was permitted to be on the premises by the employees of the company, and by so allowing her to be there, they owed her a duty of care not to injure her.

The railway company appealed and the Court of Appeal have now held that the daughter was not there by any express or implied request of the railroad company, the father admitting that the daughter was there without any license or permission being given by the railway company. She could therefore be classed only as a trespasser and in such a case there was no liability upon the company and the Judgment given in favor of the daughter was reversed.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.
Q. I have eight lots, 71 to 78 inclusive, Block 8, Plan 357, P.L. 67, situated in the City of Portage La Prairie. Can you tell me if they are of any value at present or are likely to be in the future?

"Seven Oaks."
A. We understand that at present these lots have practically no value, and they are hardly worth paying taxes on.

They are a considerable distance from the centre of the town, and as the sale of real property in Portage La Prairie is limited, it would be very hard to create any demand for them.

Shackleton, Sask.
Q. 1. Do you believe that it is within the meaning of the Dominion, Provincial and Municipal Elections Act that all ballots must bear the initials of the D.R.O. before being placed in the ballot box?

2. Does a ballot become illegal if the D.R.O. fails to initial same and the ballot was properly marked by the voter?

3. Do you believe that it is within the Saskatchewan Municipal Election Act that a Returning Officer has the power to allow uninitialed ballots from one poll and to declare the ballots of another poll illegal when all the ballots were properly marked by voters of both polls, and the returns made by both D.R.Os. were in order? "D.R.O."

A. 1. Yes.
2. Under the Dominion Election Act and the Saskatchewan Act governing the election of Members to the Legislative Assembly, the Deputy Returning Officer is required to initial every ballot before he hands same to the voter. Omission of the Deputy, to do this does not however necessarily invalidate the ballot. That is a point upon which the Deputy Returning Officer is required to rule at the summing up of the votes. If the ballot box contains the same number of ballots as the polling book shows were issued we do not believe that the Deputy Returning Officer could reject any ballot found in the box unless he were satisfied that it was not a ballot which he issued.
On the other hand the Rural Municipalities Act of Saskatchewan provides that every ballot which has not the

initials of the Deputy Returning Officer on the back of the ballot must be rejected without counting the vote. In that case the ballot cannot be counted.

3. In addition to this last mentioned rule the Rural Municipalities Act provides that when the Deputy Returning Officer delivers the ballot box to the Returning Officer, the latter must again sum up the votes and reject all ballots which have not on the reverse side the initials of the Deputy Returning Officer. Thus he is required to reject uninitialed ballots and has no power or right to allow uninitialed ballots to be counted. If you are dissatisfied you should immediately apply for a recount. This will come before a Judge for decision.

Q. I have one son now twenty-eight years old. When he was just seventeen years old, in a spirit of daring on the part of both, he married a school girl sixteen years of age. They never lived together and never intended to live together. The parents of the girl at once took the matter in hand, and to avoid publicity went to the States and secured an annulment.

My son has recently become engaged to a young woman and now wishes to know what his position is. Is an annulment procured in the States legal in Canada?

What would a Canadian annulment cost, and where could it be procured?

"W."
A. We believe that your son is still married. According to Canadian Law, the annulment procured by the girl's parents is void unless the annulment was obtained in the jurisdiction in which your son was then resident.

It would be very dangerous for him to enter into a second marriage, such a proceeding being bigamous.

The only grounds on which the marriage can be dissolved is by either party starting divorce proceedings, in which case it would be necessary for the petitioner to prove adultery on the part of the Respondent.

Alberta.
Q. A man from our municipality was sent to jail after residing here four or five years. He left a wife and a pair of twin babies destitute. A few days after he was taken away his brother, living in another municipality, came and took the family to his home. He is now asking the municipality from which they were taken to pay for their support.

Which municipality is liable for their support?

How long does a person have to reside in a municipality before he can claim support as an indigent, not as a sick indigent? "Councillor."

A. It is our opinion that the municipality which is liable to support the woman and her children is the municipality in which she resided for five years.

A person who is resident in a municipality for three successive months during the six months previous to an application for assistance, is entitled to relief from the municipality. If the municipality in which the wife now resides gives her any relief it is entitled to demand re-payment of such sums from the municipality where she formerly lived. The other municipality however is not under a direct liability to make any direct payment.

Saskatchewan.
Q. What steps have to be taken in order to have a person legally committed to an insane asylum? Can one be rushed there without having a medical examination? Has the party to be present at the examination?

Some time ago I had a friend who was committed there by a doctor. This doctor had not seen the person for
[Continued on page 65]

A Ten-fold Increase

Total main line electrification of railways in France has increased ten-fold since the war.

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ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

SUMMARY OF TWENTY FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

As at Dec. 31st	Assurance in Force	Assets	Premium and Interest Income
1915	\$ 7,747,835.00	\$ 718,800.89	\$ 205,128.04
1922	32,431,349.00	3,000,373.85	1,011,357.04
1929	61,568,608.00	9,001,264.76	2,227,661.68

A Million Dollars Increase in Assets. The Largest Earnings in History of Company. 1929 Interest Earning Power 7.62%. Substantial Additions to Surplus Funds. 98.45% of Invested Assets Consists of Bonds, Mortgages and Policy Loans.

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VIROL

THE FOOD OF LIFE

Sold in 16 oz., 8 oz. & 4 oz. tins.

Sossidges

Continued from page 12

"This dog was in arms," said Mrs. Hobbs with dignity.

"Well, he's out of arms now. Got him yet, Bill? Don't be so stand-offish—take a meat-hook."

"I'd rather coax him a bit. What's his dashed named anyway?"

"Sniffkins," said Mrs. Hobbs, "and call 'im kindly, young man."

"I'll call him—" began Bill violently, and then stopped as he remembered the number of lady customers present. "Oh yes, I'll call him kindly," he added with sarcasm. And there followed sotto voce a rich flood of pure Billingsgate, which was interspersed with several sharp yelps. "Come out o' that, you blank-blank mongrelly thief an' leggo that there liver or I'll beat you into sausage-meat, you hear me?" Bill wound up more gently.

Sniffkins retired, snarling, behind a chopping-block and Bill took the residue of the booty over to the counter and weighed it. The meat-hook had done the trick.

"I'm very sorry, madam," said the manager, "but I must charge you up for what the dog has eaten of this liver."

What Mrs. Hobbs said to the manager in reply is better guessed at than recorded. When she had concluded her remarks and observations her audience had increased considerably and there wasn't anyone within earshot who was left in doubt about her opinion of butchers in general and of one in particular. She cast aspersions on his beef and his pork and his lard and reminded him that stew-meat could be got three doors away at a rate of two cents cheaper. She made slighting allusions to the age of his fowls, and assured him that she wouldn't deal in such a place if she never got meat to eat.

"I'd rather be a vegetable-arian all my days," she finished up warmly.

SO ENGROSSED was her audience that nobody noticed the furtive exit of Sniffkins, towing after him a yard-and-a-half of sausage. He had watched his opportunity when the door swung open to let in another customer and had darted out with his new find.

Only when they were about halfway home did the Hobbs break silence.

"Now where's the bloomin' dog got to?" inquired Mr. Hobbs gently. He stopped and peered back over his shoulder.

Mrs. Hobbs, who had been breathing heavily and meditating in the same key, fairly snorted.

"I wonder you can arsk," she said bitterly.

"You would 'ave 'im with us," her husband reminded her with unaccustomed spirit.

"Wotever did you drop 'im for?"

"I'd like to see anybody 'old 'im. I'd sooner carry a parcellful o' eels, I would," Mr. Hobbs spoke with intense conviction.

"Well," averred the owner, "I don't care if 'e never comes 'ome, so there!"

There was another brief silence. The hard-packed snow crunched under their feet, in their ears was the cheerful jingle of sleigh-bells. The air was cold and clear and invigorating and a gay spirit pervaded the evening. But in the heart of Mrs. Hobbs dwelt naught but gloom. Not only were they done out of anything in the way of meat for the morrow's dinner but even the supplementary soup-bone was now an impossibility. When one has had to pay forty-four cents for wear-and-tear on a chunk of liver it rather takes the heart out of a dollar bill.

"You know," said Mr. Hobbs, reflectively, as he plodded along under the weight of his parcels, "cheese ain't such a bad food. It puts the strength into you and—"

"Cheese? 'Oo's talking about cheese?" Mrs. Hobbs demanded pettishly.

"I am."

"Well, I wasn't. It was meat that I was thinking of." [Continued on page 61]



Ideal for Cute Kiddie Togs PRISCILLA

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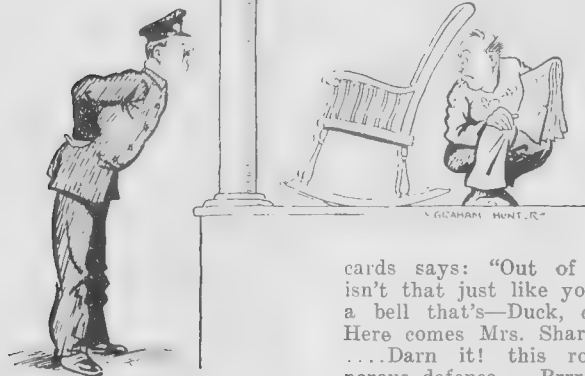
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Sunday Morning Rest

By J. Graham Hunter



THERE it lies, in the crisp morning air, on the far side of your porch...the Sunday paper, all fat and inviting. Ah, visions of downy comfort reading it in bed!...Of course, you're only wearing pajamas, but it's just a step....You can dash out, swoop it up, and return before a soul is the wiser....Come on, old H.D., where's your sporting spirit!...Ready now, let's go—one, two THREE....Gosh, what a chilly sprint!...Success!...She's yours, funnies and all....Now, right about face and—BANG goes the door....CLICK!...I thought you adjusted that night latch!...No?

Well of all the this and that's YOU are: you the president of McQuiddy, McCrosky, McCrosky & McQuiddy!....You're supposed to be equipped with a FEW brains....Ring the bell, you idiot, ring it....WHAT??...The little

cards says: "Out of Order!"...Now isn't that just like your wife, to have a bell that's—Duck, old boy, DUCK! Here comes Mrs. Sharp....She would!...Darn it! this rocker is mighty porous defence....Brrr, it's cold!

Now, H.D., bang on your door.... You've GOT to get in, even if your wife IS in the tub (a-a-achoo!) and maybe won't hear you....Bang, I say, BANG!...It's too all-fired cold out here for any more of this æsthetic dancing....Bang, rattle, bang!

Good grief, here comes a policeman!...Quick, the rocker....Hmmm, I never saw this bird before; a new cop in our district....O! my word, he thinks it's a game of peek-a-boo....Come now, listen here sir, I live here; get it? I LIVE here....Have a heart, will you; there go the whole Hudgins family to church....And here come the Otwell's....Listen to reason, officer....For Pete's sake! there's the parson himself!...I'll never live this down....Grace, Grace dear, G-R-A-C-E!

"Oh, do shut up, Dexter! You've been raving about the cold and things for five minutes. Put on more covers and turn over; it's only two o'clock."

Sossidges

Continued from page 60

"Ho, you was, eh? Now ain't that odd? So was I just a minnit ago. Funny 'ow a thing tykes 'old 'o one, ain't it?"

"I can't see anything funny about it. The potatoes we got tonight—they'll 'ave to do us. Them and the cheese.... Forty-four cents," she mourned. "Forty-four cents for liver we got no good of at all!"

"It's gone and wot's more you can't bring it back, so leave off," her better-half advised.

"Oh, if I could just lay my 'ands on 'im!"

Mr. Hobbs thought she meant the meat-shop man, but it was Sniffkins that was indicated. Just then they turned a corner and there was Sniffkins himself only a few feet ahead—Sniffkins and the sausages. All were travelling fast.

Mrs. Hobbs gave a sharp cry, dropped her packages, and started in pursuit. For nearly two blocks she gave chase and then she arrived on the heels, so to speak, of the end sausage and none too soon either. For two large mongrel dogs had made an onslaught on her pet and his find.

"I say! Wot's the matter?" called Mr. Hobbs.

"Sh-h!" hissed Mrs. Hobbs.

She was coming towards him bearing

something in a kind of triumph, rather to be sure a furtive triumph.

"Wot is it?" he asked. He was near-sighted.

Mrs. H. held the links closer to him. "Sossidges," she whispered.

"Sossidges?" he repeated wonderingly. "How—"

"The little darlink has made it up to us. 'E was fetching 'ome a surprise for us." Tears stood in Mrs. Hobbs' eyes.

"I'll say it's a surprise," muttered Mr. Hobbs.

"Sh-h!" cautioned Mrs. Hobbs with a swift glance about them. "All they need is a bit of a wash."

"But you said—"

"We'll 'ave meat tomorrow after all!"

"I thought you said sossidges wasn't 'ealthy," Mr. Hobbs put in, in feeble protest. "You said they were made of 'orsemeat."

Mrs. Hobbs passed this objection off lightly.

"'Oo are we," she said virtuously, "that we should look a gift 'orse in the mouth?"

And while Mr. Hobbs whistled cheerily all the way home, the lines of an old ditty came to him, not perhaps quite accurately, and he quoted them softly.

"Some hae meat an' canna eat.

And some there are that lack it;

But we hae meat an' we can eat

And so the Lord be thankit!"

Smiles

By Fred Scott Shepard

Smile when you're doleful,
Smile when you're sad;
Smile when you're fretful,
Smile when you're mad.

Smile when you're fearful,
Smile when in doubt;
Smile when you're tearful,
Smile, never pout.

Smiles ousts the demons
Of worry and fret;

Smiles banish shadows
Of pain and regret.

Smiles give the courage
To tackle the wrong;
Smile, then, nor falter,
Though odds may seem strong

Face then with smiling,
Tasks which you meet,
Troubles beguiling
By just keeping sweet.

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LONGER skirts are here; and even the most economical women must keep in style. So out come the hems of short skirts. Down they go a few inches to reach the fashionable length.

When there's a difference in color between the part that's been turned under and the part that was worn outside, do this. Remove the old color, or lighten it, by simmering from ten to twenty minutes in water to which has been added household ammonia, in the proportion of two table-spoonfuls to the gallon. Then to re-dye the dress a bright, fashionable color, just follow the simple directions found in every package of Diamond Dyes.

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The Sow's Ear

Continued from page 16

little thing; seems a shame not to make something of her" said Mrs. Peters.

"Maybe that's your idea of beauty," scoffed the hostess. "Mop of fuzzy hair. I keep our Emmie's down nice and smooth. I was all for cuttin' Lizzie's hair when she first came, but she kicked and bit so I couldn't do a thing with her. Dear knows! I've tried to teach her manners like our Emmie, but as I says to Herbert, the Good Book says you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and I ain't goin' to waste my time tryin'."

"Oh, I wouldn't just say that Lizzie was a sow's ear," remonstrated Mrs. Peters.

Blossom's little mother listened in great perplexity. A sow's ear—what was a sow, and how could she be like its ear. Very strange that—it would bear investigation. She did not ponder further on this weighty matter for the next words held her attention.

"I hear Mrs. McLeod is havin' her usual party for the children on Friday. I s'pose my Nellie and your Emmie will be invited."

"Oh my, yes!" Mrs. Saunders hastened to reply; "I have our Emmie's dress made already—pink silk."

"Pink!" commented Nellie's mother. "I shouldn't think Emmie would become pink, her bein' so sallow."

"Our Emmie sallow! Why, Nellie is black beside her," contended Mrs. Saunders in great indignation.

Elizabeth did not follow the battle of words that ensued, her busy little brain was thinking up a scheme by which she might take Emmie's place at the party. Intuitively, she realized that in the first place Emmie must never receive the invitation. This could be easily arranged for Elizabeth always walked to the mailbox at the end of the lane each morning, and could easily keep any letter that came for Emmie.

The greatest problem was how to get away and the dress that she could wear. The coarse, brown, everyday dress would never do and the blue one, known as the "good one" was so very ugly.

For two days, Elizabeth pondered over this matter, but her tiny mind could find no solution. Neither had she solved the mystery of the sow's ear. She had taken the small red dictionary and with much difficulty had located the word "sow," and read "a female pig." She knew what a pig was, but the word female was a puzzler and too long to look up. How could she be like a pig's ear? She made a trip to the evil-smelling sty behind the barn and gazed long and disdainfully at the occupant.

"I am not like a dirty old pig's ear and how could anyone make a silk purse out of it?" cried Elizabeth with trembling lip.

As she made the beds the next morning, a sudden inspiration came to her—Emmie's new pink silk—the very thing; Emmy would not be going to the party, and therefore would not need it.

Elizabeth had the pink envelope that held Emmie's invitation, safely hidden in the earth under the old apple tree. While Mrs. Saunders and Emmie were doing much wondering and angrily commenting on the non-appearance of the invitation, Elizabeth was sitting like a miniature Sphinx, delighting in her heart that for once she was getting even with Emmie and her mother for all their abuse.

FRIDAY morning dawned bright and clear and Elizabeth went about her daily chores with a happy smile.

The breakfast dishes were quickly dispensed with by "just p'tending," that they were ice-cream dishes left from an imaginary party the night before. The little arms ached from carrying in wood and peeling vegetables for dinner, but prospects of the afternoon caused all aches to sink into oblivion.

After she had finished the last dinner dish and had hung the dishpan, bearing a wide, greasy ring below the rim, on the customary nail, she fled hastily upstairs, tucked a small paper parcel under the arm of her dress and slipped out the

[Continued on page 63]

Gray Hair

Cheated Her Out of the Job



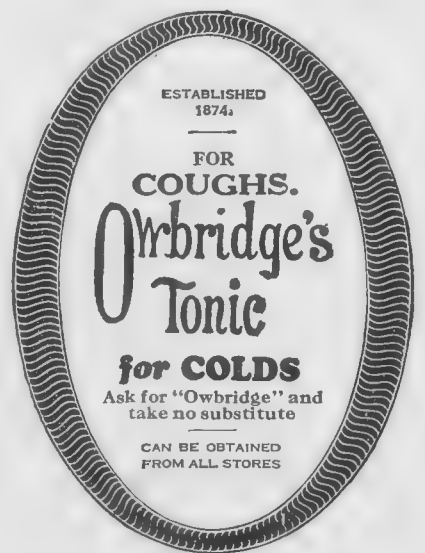
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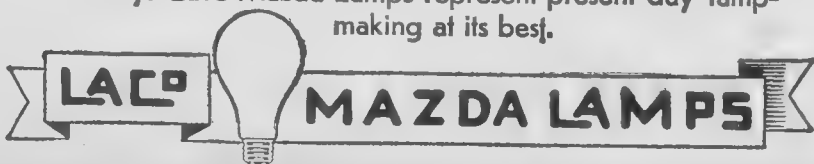
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The Sow's Ear

Continued from page 62

back door. Back of the barn, through the orchard and out to the dusty road that led to town, she hastened with all possible speed. It was a good mile to town, and after she had covered half the distance, she left the road and climbed across the ditch into the bushes beyond. Here, she unrolled her parcel and took out a battered brush and the wonderful pink silk dress.

Seizing the brush by its broken handle, she attacked the mass of chestnut curls. She brushed with all the strength of her small arms and although she could not see the beautiful hair shining like bronze in the sunshine, yet she knew by the silky feel of it that she had brushed it sufficiently. She slid from her old brown dress and stood, chubby and pink in her scanty underwear.

Reverently she raised the pink dress in her hands and held it before her.

"Oh-h-h! isn't it lovely—real, real silk." She caressed it softly with her cheek, then slipped it down over her shoulders.

"It is a little teeny bit long and sort of goes where my petticoat stops. I wish it wasn't so thin so the safety pins on my old waist wouldn't show, but nobody will notice them 'cause it's silk—pink silk."

That it was ill-fitting and poorly made, the child never realized—it was pink silk, and that was sufficient.

Later, in answer to a knock, Mrs. McLeod opened the front door and gazed in surprise at the small person before her. Of the pink silk dress she saw nothing; her gaze was centred on the mass of shining ringlets. Such glorious hair—hair fit for a dream-child! Then she was aware that the riot of curls framed a flushed face and the dimpled personage wistfully said: "Please, I've come to the party."

"Why, dear, you've made a mistake, the party is next Friday. Didn't your mother know?"

Elizabeth's beautiful castle of dreams fell with a crash.

"No party today," she faltered. "I—I—thought Miz Peters said today"; and backing away, she started down the steps.

Mrs. McLeod hurried forward. "Oh, you must stay and visit me, now that you have come—what is your name, please?"

"Elizabeth."

"Oh, such a pretty name! Whose little girl are you—I just cannot place you."

"I—I'm—I belong to Miz Saunders; we live out on the back road."

"Were you at the party last year?"

"No-o," replied Elizabeth in confusion.

"Helen, I wouldn't ask the child any more questions—you embarrass her," interrupted a gentle-faced, grey-haired woman.

"You are right, Mother-mine; I'll not bother the little mite any more—come, Elizabeth, we will go out and see the dogs and kittens."

Elizabeth's heart nearly burst with delight as she placed her hot, moist little hand inside the cool one and walked through the beautiful grounds outside.

"Oh!" she gasped, "it's just like the picture where Adam and Eve lived in Miz Saunders' big Bible. Are you 'lowed to pick the flowers?"

"Indeed, yes, I'll get a basket and scissors and you may cut all that your heart desires."

As the child snipped off a red rose she sighed: "I'd like to be a flower and be dressed like that. Sometimes I pick flowers but Miz Saunders says they mess things up so."

"Elizabeth, how long have you been with Mrs. Saunders?"

The child started, and, realizing that she had committed herself, took a deep breath and faced the ordeal.

"I'm not Saunders' little girl; they got me from the Orphanage. I-I wanted

to come to the party awful bad so I took this dress of Emmie's and ran away. Miz Saunders says I'm bad—I'm a pig's ear and you can't make me into a pocket-book." The confession over, Elizabeth broke into tears.

"A pig's ear!" cried Mrs. McLeod, stooping to gather the child into her arms; "whatever do you mean?" Her desire to laugh became almost uncontrollable, but in deference to the genuine grief of the child she refrained.

"Oh, little Elizabeth, why, oh, why did I never see this curly mop of yours at the Orphanage! I suppose there is no way to get you from the Saunders family."

"I can run away and come to live with you. Miz Saunders don't like me and Emmy don't either. Herbie does a little—Herbie needs fixing; he's all wrong and all the fences and barn and house needs fixing too. I would just as soon run away," finished the child complaisantly.

"No, dear, that would never do—I suppose by this time you are legally adopted, but come, we must not spoil the afternoon. We'll see the pups, the kittens, the goldfish and there is a little Shetland pony that I keep for my little visitors to ride on. After that, we'll have ice-cream and cake on the terrace."

"Oh-h-h!" was the only reply, but it expressed volumes

AFTER the car that had brought Elizabeth home, had driven from sight, she turned and ran to the old house. A council of war awaited her and as she stepped over the threshold, an accusing figure arose.

"There!" screamed the infuriated woman. "Look at her, Herbert Saunders and tell me again you don't believe me. Look at that beautiful dress of Emmie's. What do you mean, you little sneak-thief, stealin' our Emmie's dress and runnin' off to town? You don't need to snivel now; wait till I'm through trouncin' you, you lyin', stealin' thief. Do you ever imagine I'm goin' to keep the likes of you? No, my lady, I've phoned the Orphanage and told them I refuse to keep such an article as you. Thank heavens we hadn't took any papers out on you. In the mornin' put on your duds and march back to the Orphanage as fast as your feet will take you. To think I was so took in. Herbert Saunders! didn't I tell you, you couldn't make no silk purse out of a sow's ear?"

The harangue was concluded by applying the strap in no gentle manner to Elizabeth's sturdy legs. Never a whimper did the child make, for down in her heart a song was ringing: "Now I can go to Miz McLeod."

"You git that dress off and git out of my sight!"

Elizabeth slipped out of the dress and while Mrs. Saunders was examining it, the child edged towards the door and slid out into the gathering dusk.

It was a long trudge back into town, for the short little legs that were already weary, but she hurried on, singing softly to herself.

An elf she might have been, tripping along in the dusk, her scanty underclothes being but a wisp of an attire, her beautiful curls blown softly about by the gentle evening breeze. The shadows grew deeper and the wooded road was no longer a sunshine-and-shadow playground for the squirrels and birds but a dark unknown, where lions and tigers might lurk.

"I'm not going to cry! I'm not going to cry! I'm not scared of the woods!" whispered Elizabeth softly to herself, hardly daring to cry aloud.

FOR the second time that day, Mrs. McLeod opened the door to this small visitant. The soft silky curls were tousled and damp, the large eyes heavy with weariness, the dimpled face tear-stained and the pink dress—the beautiful pink dress was gone—just a tiny bit of underwear took its place.

"Oh, Elizabeth, child!" cried Mrs. McLeod.

[Continued on page 64]

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A Home from New England

Continued from page 55

hardwood floor covered with linoleum and hard wall plaster walls. The floors all through the house are hardwood oak in the main downstairs rooms, birch or maple in the remainder. That is one thing to insist on in a good home—hardwood floors. They are easily kept clean, will endure almost forever and are artistic when covered with rugs. As to their finish, use only the best of wax or floor varnish.

The kitchen is planned narrow in width and the fixtures arranged around it. The woodwork should be varnished. Upstairs I like to see white enamel. It keeps its gloss and is easily cleaned.

As for the heating there are many systems, hot water, steam, hot air. The choice should be the best and the same should be said of the hardware. How many splendid houses are spoilt by cheap hardware. By good hardware I mean solid substantial ware. In this house I would incline to a dull copper finish for both hardware and electric fixtures. Copper seems to have an affinity to oak, and green covered furniture and especially mahogany furniture, while it is always alluring in white enamel company.

The outside—brown, green shingles, white frames, concrete basement, stone walls, with concrete paths to the door and garage with the lawn terraced above the sidewalks, and—but what is that? My fire is low, but I heard a noise, an owl hooting, or did some one speak? Hark!

And the echo comes back "Hark!" and at the dead of night before my darkened fireplace I wake startled by the wind, and my trembling lips say involuntarily "Hark!" but I know I am at Home.

The Sow's Ear

Continued from page 63

"Miz Saunders don't want me no more—she said to go back to the Orphanage so I came here and she gave me a good beating."

"Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth! I can never forgive myself!" The tired little girl was gathered up into soft, silky arms.

"I never cried when she beat me, but be careful of my legs please, 'cause there's sore places on them."

"Oh, you poor little mite! Mother! Elizabeth has come back. The plan worked as you thought it might—but oh, her poor little legs—how could any woman, especially a mother, be so cruel?"

"I have seen many like that in my Settlement work, Helen," replied the older woman. "Some women can be absolutely cruel to any child, even their own. But let me have the poor dear; I'll give her a good warm bath."

Later, as two doting women stood over a bed where a small child nestled down amongst cool sheets, the older woman said: "Well, Helen, we are two happy women tonight. You, because you have your heart's desire; I, because I see you so happy."

"Oh, Mother! what a wonderful time I am going to have brushing those beautiful curls and making lovely little clothes."

"A pink silk dress?" came the query from the bed.

"Yes, dear, any color that you wish."

"Good-night, Mother and Grandma," said the sleepy child with a shy smile. "I'm not a—not a—"

"—Sow's ear?" supplemented Grandma. "No, dear, you are a very precious silk purse."

But the little mind puzzled not over this—the Sandman had closed the tired eyes.

Nature is a revelation of God; art is a revelation of man.—H. W. Longfellow.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.—Benjamin Franklin.



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Legal Information

Continued from page 59

eighteen months. There was another doctor who came to see him about a year before being taken away. We have a letter from this doctor saying at that time he was perfectly sane.

He was not there more than one week when he was taken before another doctor who spent a good full hour talking. He finally told him he was in a lunatic asylum, and he could not understand what on earth he was sent there for.

Has he got to stand this indignity and be looked upon as an escaped lunatic? "Homesteader."

A. Under the Saskatchewan Lunacy Act, the Court may declare a person a lunatic if satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt. If, on the application, it is not so satisfied, the Court shall direct the matter to be tried and the lunatic to be produced. Within one year with the leave of the Court, an application can be made to have the declaration of lunacy set aside; after the expiration of one year a similar application may be made without leave of the Court. Any person who wrongfully causes a person to be declared a lunatic is liable to an action for damages and heavy damages may be given against him. Saskatchewan.

Q. My husband works for a large company. He handles their business, cares for public buildings, fires, offices, etc. We live in rooms above these offices for which we pay a small rental. Can we be forced to pay taxes on this property seeing the company refuses to do so? If we refuse what can they do?

He is hired by the month and paid every two weeks. If he is sick is he entitled to two weeks pay during this sickness?

My husband was absent in Banff hospital for three months, the rest of the family were away too. Can the company collect rent for the three months on our return? Our furniture was still there but there were no other applicants for the rooms. "Saskatchewan."

A. It is somewhat difficult to answer your first question because you have not stated the Post Office where you reside, nor the nature of the taxes you are expected to pay, whether as tenant or as owner. If your municipality levies taxes upon persons of your class you will be liable to pay such taxes. The municipality is usually powered to dis-train for taxes if they are for rent, and also power to sue for the taxes as a debt.

In the absence of any specific agreement the rule of law is that an employer is liable to pay for the time during which an employee is laid up because of sickness provided that such period is not of too long a duration nor of too frequent an occurrence. Applying this rule we do not believe that your husband can collect wages if he was absent for a period of three months.

You are liable for the rent until your lease is determined. A lease is determined by proper notice from either the landlord or the tenant. In your case, you did not give any notice to the landlord that you intended to determine the lease, and you are therefore liable even though you were not actually in possession. Alberta.

Q. A woman (widow) over seventy years, who had lived in the Province of Ontario since childhood, was forced through the death of her husband, to move to Vancouver last summer to make a home with her married daughter. She is entirely dependent on her children, who are all married.

Could this person claim the Old Age Pension from the Province of Ontario now? "Anxious Enquirer."

A. We regret to advise you that it is very doubtful if the widow can claim a pension during the next four years unless she returns to Ontario immediately. The Act stipulates that the claimant must have resided in the Province for the preceding five years after the Pension is allowed; then the Pensioner may move to British Columbia without losing her pension.

We suggest that you write the Commissioner of Pensions at the Parliament Buildings both in Toronto, Ont. and Victoria, B.C. Ontario.

Q. What would a divorce cost? My husband left 10½ years ago. We have not heard from him since. Also tell me if there is such a law that after seven years and no support, he would be considered dead by Canadian law. We are both Canadian born. There is one child 13½ years old. There is no property involved. I have supported myself for 12½ years. "Mrs. R."

A. In those provinces where divorce is granted by the Courts the usual fee for a divorce is about \$300.00. In Ontario, application has to be made to the Canadian Senate and the charges are much higher. You should figure on a minimum fee of \$500.00.

There is a presumption of law that when a person is not heard of for seven years by the persons who should have heard from him he may be presumed dead in the absence of any evidence to the contrary. The value of such a presumption is that if you were to marry again you could not be prosecuted on a charge of bigamy, but nevertheless your second marriage would be bigamous and any offspring would be illegitimate. Delia, Alberta.

Q. If a man has property in two different municipal districts can he vote in both districts or must he vote in the district he resides for the municipal election?

If a man has two farms in the same district and both rented out to two different parties paying one-third crop rent, have both these tenants a vote in the municipal election? G.H.M.

A. A property owner has a vote in every municipal district in which he owns property and is not restricted to vote only in the municipality in which he resides.

Only owners and purchasers of land and their immediate families are entitled to vote at municipal elections. Those who pay business taxes also have a vote. It would appear to us that tenants upon farms have no vote unless they are liable to business tax or unless they are close relatives of the owners of the farms. Neepawa, Man.

Q. My father died in Ontario one year ago leaving his estate to six children, all over forty years of age. Money legacies to four, balance to be divided between the other two. Now, as one of the latter's sons is an Executor on the Will she does not want to sell the houses and divide or settle up, in fact pays no attention to the others out West.

What can we do to move matters along? Just how long can she lawfully hold matters up? Also can we collect interest on our shares after the year is up, and what rate of interest? L.M.

A. Every person interested in the Estate of a deceased person has the right to apply to the Court for the Court's assistance in compelling the Executors to wind up the Estate as soon as is reasonably possible. If you consider the Executors dilatory you should make an application to the Court to compel the Executors to act. The Executors are only excused from speedily administering the Estate when, under the special circumstances of the estate, it would be inadvisable in the best interest of the beneficiaries for the property to be sold without some delay.

If you are a beneficiary entitled to a money legacy then you are entitled to ask the executors to pay your legacy together with interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum from the date which is one year after the death of the testator.

The above answers are made subject to any special authority there may be in the Will giving Executors more than ordinary discretion in handling the Estate.

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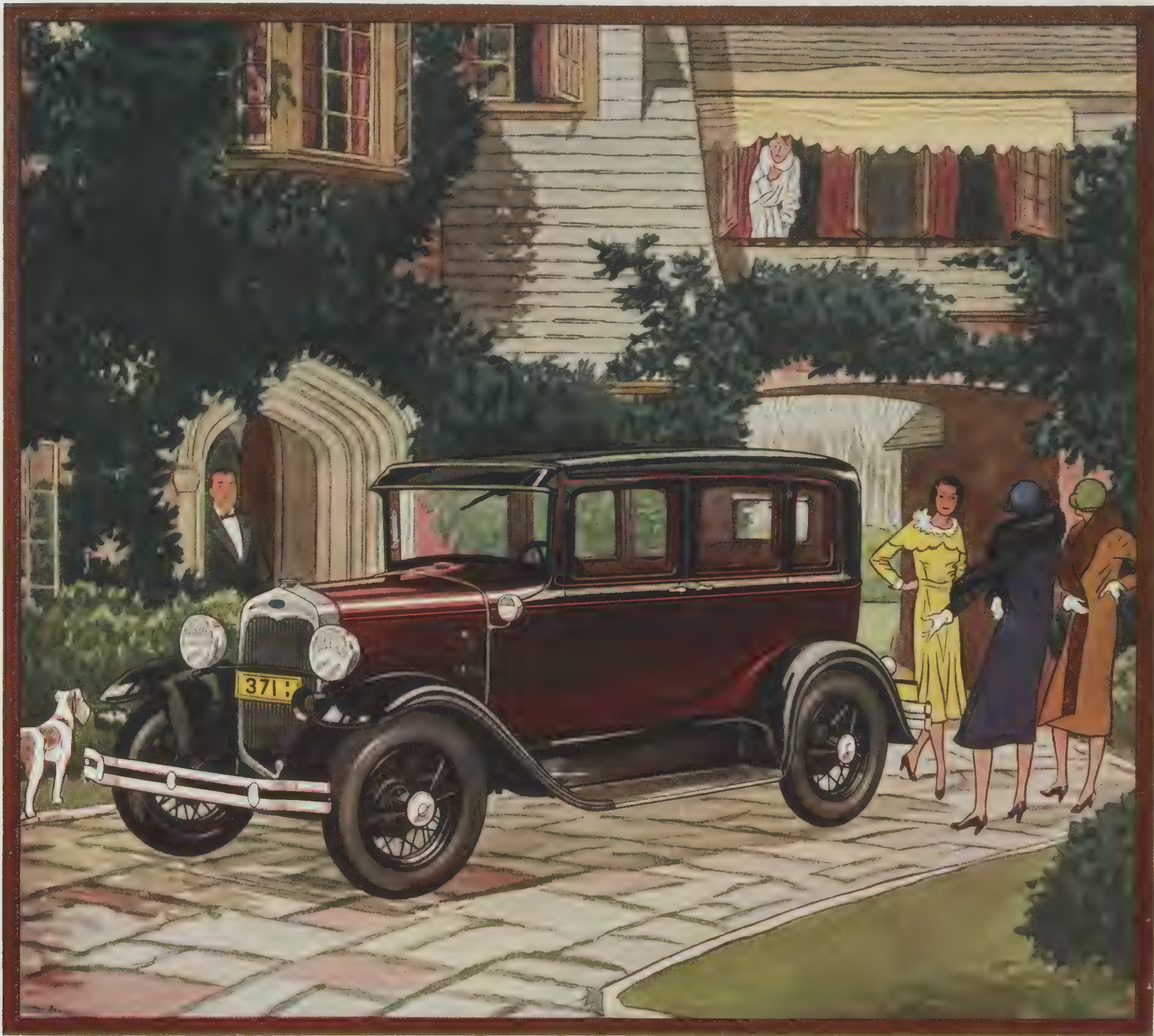
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LAYER CAKE

(All measurements level)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	2 cups pastry flour
1 cup fine sugar	4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
flavoring	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Cream butter, add sugar gradually; beat together till very light, add the well-beaten eggs and flavoring. Sift together three times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; add to first mixture alternately with milk. Put into well-greased layer cake pans and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven.

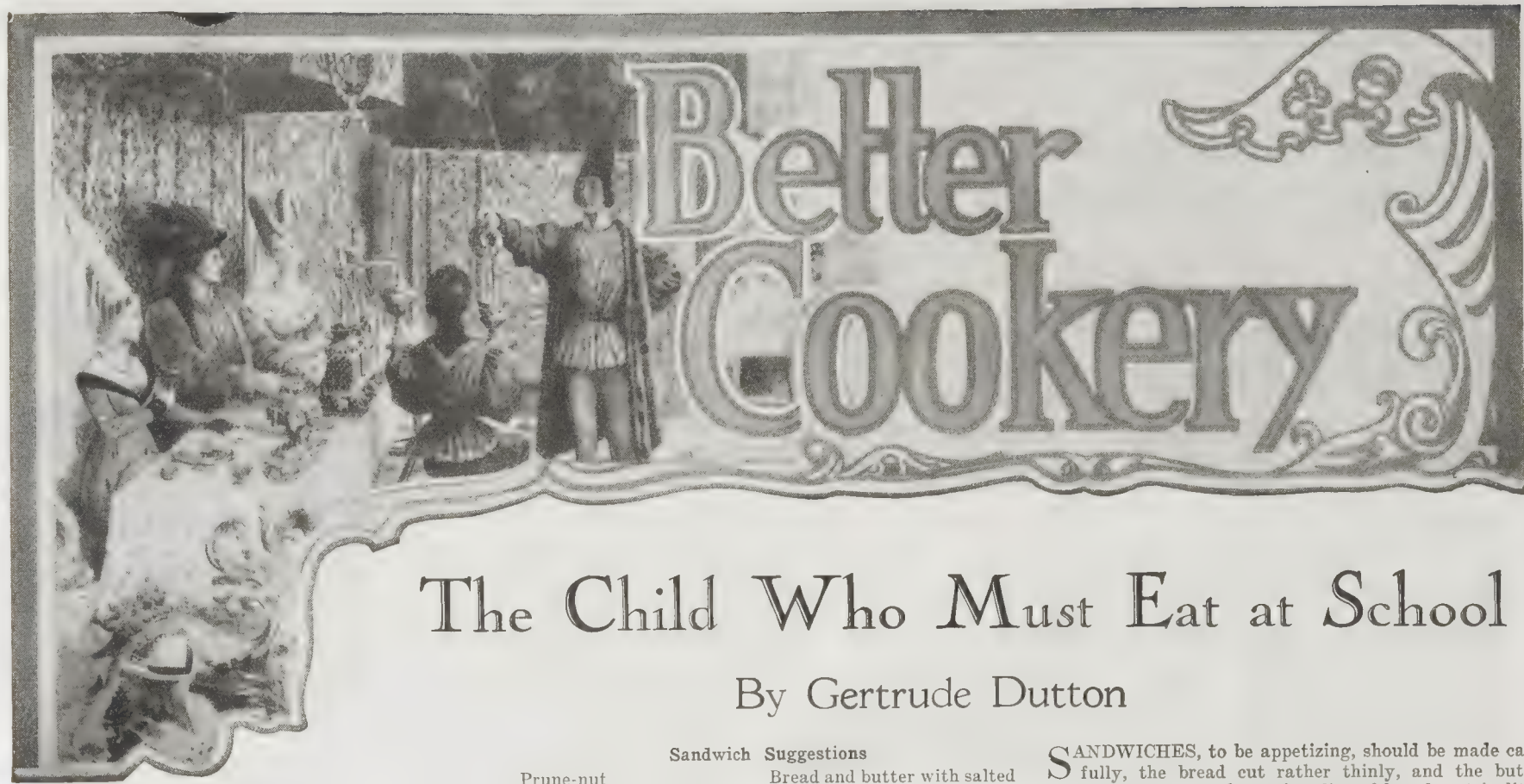
CHOCOLATE BUTTER CREAM

$\frac{1}{8}$ cup butter
3 cups confectioner's sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate powder or
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Soften butter, mix together sugar and chocolate powder and sift into butter alternately with cream; add salt and flavoring; beat till very light, put between layers, spread on sides and pile roughly on top of cake.



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The Child Who Must Eat at School

By Gertrude Dutton

MANY of us firmly believe that a large part of the ill-health among children is due to improper or insufficient food. Particularly unfortunate are the children who must carry a lunch-box to school, for it is, at best, a poor substitute for a hot meal. Children who must drive some miles in a van, very frequently have too light a breakfast owing to the fear of being late. Then, in many homes, dinner is served at noon, with a lighter meal at supper-time, with the result that, too often, some important food element is not included in the child's daily menus. Packing lunch boxes is one of the most tiresome duties a housekeeper has to perform. Yet it is not advisable to let the child prepare his own, for several reasons. The mother should know that a suitable meal is taken, and, too, the child will enjoy it so much more if he does not know what is in the box till he opens it. There should be one hot dish at every meal. If it is not provided at school at noon, a thermos bottle containing hot cocoa or soup should accompany the lunch box.

The container of the lunch is important. Tin is best, as it best protects the food. A tin pail with a handle is very frequently used, but care should be taken to see that one or two holes for ventilation are made in it, or the flavor will be injured. A few sandwiches wrapped in a paper package are not at all appetizing.

A shelf in the pantry, devoted to lunch materials, and not touched for any other purpose, will aid greatly in the packing of lunches. On it should be a supply of waxed paper, paper napkins, containers for food, such as waxed paper cups, custard cups, little covered jars, preferably some of them with secure tops which will prevent the leaking of moist foods. There should also be some non-perishable foods, such as dried fruits, candy, sweet chocolate, nuts, cookies which will keep, biscuits, jars of sandwich fillings. Every lunch should contain sandwiches, something succulent, and a sweet, besides something to drink, if nothing is provided at school. A thermos bottle, well cooled, will keep milk very cold, till noon. Children who carry lunch to school invariably want to eat part of it at recess. For this reason it is advisable to put a sandwich or something extra, on top of the main lunch, for this purpose.

THE making of sandwiches is simplified if a few supplies are kept on hand, such as peanut butter, cheese, salad dressing, dates, shelled nuts, jam or jellies, and a few tins of meat or fish. If possible, the bread should be varied, not always white. Graham, whole wheat, Boston brown bread, raisin, date or nut, or peanut butter bread ought to be used occasionally. Biscuits, buns or muffins, sliced and buttered, give a pleasing variety. It is better to have the sandwich fillings rather moist, but not so moist as to be messy. Chopped meats, eggs, etc., may be moistened with salad dressing. Cheese and peanut butter may have a little cream added, dried fruits, steamed if necessary, may have cream, salad dressing, or fruit juice as a moistener. All sandwiches should be wrapped in waxed paper, to prevent the undesirable mingling of odors and flavors.

A moist dessert, such as some sort of pudding, or stewed or canned fruit with perhaps a cookie or piece of plain cake, is the most suitable. Pie and rich cake are the least desirable. They are unsuited to the diet of small children and are very difficult to carry without becoming mussy and unattractive.

Sandwich Suggestions

Prune-nut	Bread and butter with salted nuts
Bread and butter with stuffed egg	Minced meat
Chicken	Minced ham
Jam	Pimento cheese
Peanutbutter	Cottage cheese-date
Chicken salad	Cheese-jelly
Date	Sliced tomato
Tomato with chipped beef	Dried figs, steamed
Lettuce	Bacon
Salmon	Cheese-olive
Cheese-catsup	Chopped chicken liver
Corned beef	Chopped or sliced cooked sausage
Marmalade or jelly with nuts	Scrambled egg
Meat loaf	Buttered rolls with stuffed prunes
Sardine	Honey-nut
Nuts	Cheese-nut
Buttered corn bread	Egg-bacon
Egg-ham	Salmon and egg
Celery-apple	Peanut butter-banana
Ham-pickle	Cottage cheese-chopped celery
Sliced meat	
Egg	



A suitable, though not necessarily an expensive lunch kit is a great factor in the school lunch problem.

Suggestions for Desserts

Baked custard	Cookies, not too rich
Cookies	Maple sugar
Baked apple	Figs
Dates	Prunes, stuffed
Raisins and nuts	Candy
Stewed or canned fruits	Tapioca pudding
Raw fresh fruits	Sweet breads
Rice pudding	Raisin biscuits
Plain cake	Lemon pudding
Chocolate custard	Apple sauce
Caramel custard	Milk chocolate
Blanc mange	Trifle
Honey or jam or jelly	Gingerbread
	Unshelled nuts

When available, celery or ripe tomatoes should be used. Small children should not have pickles or olives, but the older girls will enjoy them occasionally

SANDWICHES, to be appetizing, should be made carefully, the bread cut rather thinly, and the butter spread evenly over the entire slice of bread, not in little chunks here and there. If creamed, it will spread much more easily. Chopped filling should be finely chopped and moistened to a smooth paste. For small girls with rather poor appetites, it is well to remove the crusts, and cut the sandwiches into small dainty ones.

Prune-nut Sandwich—Wash the prunes, and steam over hot water till tender. Remove the pits, chop, mix with chopped nut-meats, and moisten with fruit juice, or cream. Older girls might like salad dressing.

Egg Sandwich—Cook the eggs hard, remove the shells, mash, and season with salt and pepper, moisten with salad dressing or melted butter, or thin cream.

Stuffed Eggs—Cook the eggs hard, remove the shells, cut the eggs in halves, remove the yolks, mash, season, moisten with dressing, and if wished, add a little finely chopped nut-meats, or cooked meat, or cheese. Refill the whites, put the two halves together again, wrap in waxed paper, with the ends fringed and twisted. Serve with plain bread-and-butter sandwiches, or with the bread and butter.

Salted Nuts — Use pecans, walnuts, peanuts, or almonds. Try to secure halves of pecan or walnut meats. Blanch the almonds by dropping for a few moments into boiling water, when the skins should readily rub off. Shell and skin the peanuts. Put the nut meats on a flat pan, sprinkle with salt, and place in an oven not too hot, to dry off and crisp thoroughly. If wished, the almonds and peanuts may have a very small amount of butter well stirred into them before drying in the oven. A few of these nuts, wrapped in waxed paper, are delicious with brown or whole wheat bread and butter.

Chicken Sandwiches — Cut cold roast or stewed or boiled chicken in thin slices, or slice jellied chicken. Place between slices of buttered bread, season with salt and pepper.

Cranberry sauce made with considerable juice so that it may be eaten as canned fruit, may be put in the lunch box in a small jar with a screw-top.

Sliced-meat Sandwiches—Put between slices of buttered bread, thin slices of tender roasted or boiled beef, or veal, or ham, or, very occasionally, thin slices of well-cooked, lean roast pork. Season with salt and pepper, and, if wished, a little mustard.

Minced-meat Sandwiches—Put cooked meat through the meat-chopper, season, and moisten with salad dressing.

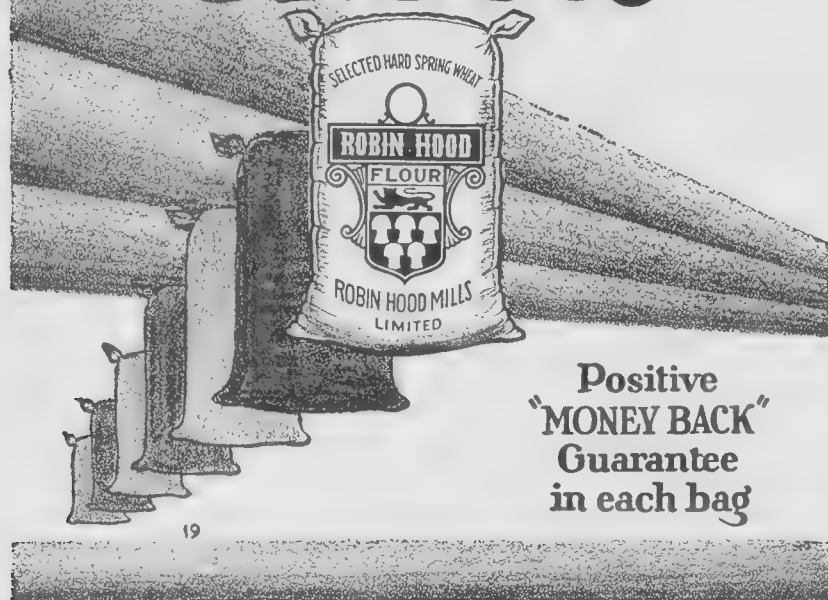
Jam Sandwiches—Most children are fond of sweet sandwiches. Spread one slice of buttered bread with any jam which is thick enough to spread, without soaking into the bread. Cover with another slice of buttered bread, preferably whole wheat or Graham.

If both slices of bread are not buttered, a moist filling is apt to soak too much into the unbuttered slice.

Chicken Salad Sandwich—Chop the cooked chicken in quite small pieces, using a knife and chopping-bowl rather than the meat chopper, if one has one. Mix with finely-chopped celery, and chopped walnut meats, and moisten with salad dressing. Use lettuce with it, if available, either shredded or [Continued on page 70]

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the leaves, and put between slices of
buttered bread, with the chicken mix-
ture.

Date Sandwich—Remove the pits from
the dates, chop to a smooth paste, and
moisten with fruit juice or cream, using
a fruit juice not too sweet. It may be
orange and a few drops of lemon juice,
or the juice from canned fruit, especially
pineapple.

Raisin or Fig Sandwiches—The figs
are first steamed till soft, then, as are
the raisins, prepared like the dates.

Cheese Combinations

Cheddar cheese mixed with pimento
and cream to soften.

Cottage cheese mixed with pitted and
chopped dates.

Cheddar cheese moistened with a tart
jelly, such as plum, grape, currant, or
with gooseberry or strawberry jam.

Cottage cheese, seasoned and mixed
with chopped celery, spread between
brown or date bread and butter.

Meat Loaf Sandwiches—Thin slices of
meat loaf, spread with a little mustard,
put between slices of buttered bread.

Stuffed Prunes—Steam the prunes till
soft, remove the pits, and stuff the cav-
ity with a mixture of cheese and chop-
ped nut meats. Serve with sliced and
buttered rolls.

Honey-nut Sandwiches—Use the gran-
ulated honey, and mix it with finely
chopped walnut meats. Spread between
slices of buttered whole-wheat bread.

Egg and Bacon or Ham or Salmon—
Mix finely chopped hard cooked egg with
finely chopped cooked bacon or ham, or
canned salmon, and moisten with salad
dressing.

Tomato with Chipped Beef Sandwich
—Use either fresh or canned tomatoes.
Tear the dried beef into tiny bits, and
simmer with the tomato till nearly thick.
Break into the mixture, one or two eggs,
according to the amount, and stir till
thick enough to spread. Cool, season if
needed, and spread between slices of
buttered bread.

Cheese-Catsup Sandwiches—Moisten
ordinary cheese with tomato catsup or
one of the meat sauces, such as H.P. or
Worcestershire, and use as a sandwich
spread.

Celery-Apple Sandwich—Chop the ap-
ple and celery quite finely, moisten with
salad dressing and use with buttered
brown bread.

Ham-Pickle Sandwich—Moisten chop-
ped ham with any finely chopped pickle,
and spread between slices of buttered
bread.

Peanut Butter-Banana Sandwich—
Mash a ripe banana with a silver fork,
and mix with peanut butter, and use as
a sandwich spread. Or spread peanut
butter on a slice of bread, cover with
thin layers of banana, and cover with a
second slice of bread.

Lunch Box Desserts

When making desserts for the family
at home, a little extra can be made, and
put in individual containers for the
lunch baskets. Although we do not ad-
vocate pie for children, at any meal, the
larger boys will enjoy an occasional
small individual pie made in a saucer,
or some small dish, in which he may
carry it to school. Milk puddings of
many kinds are cool and refreshing, for
school seems to be a particularly dry
place. With screw-top containers, there
should be no danger of the pudding
leaking from the jar.

On the special lunch shelf may be a
few things such as candied cherries, nuts,
colored sugar, fancy raisins, chocolate
shot, which with only a few moments'
work will decorate a plain thing, and
make it attractive for the lunch-box.
When making a batch of cookies, a raisin
may be added to a few of them, in the
centre, or for the smallest folks, a face
may be made with currants or

[Continued on page 71]

Try RICE this way!



To even the simplest
dishes—such as this
Coconut Rice Custard—
Baker's Coconut will add a
deliciousness to tempt the
most delicate appetite. It's
so much better than the
ordinary kind because of
its luscious flavour and
freshness.

You see, Baker's Coconut
is made from only the fin-
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process and packing keeps
it just as moist and full-
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the shell.

Made in Canada from fresh
coconuts and sold in pack-
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1 can Baker's Southern Style
Coconut (or $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pkg.
Baker's Shred Coconut),

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked rice,

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla,

2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt,

2 cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Beat the eggs thoroughly,
yolks and whites together.
Add the milk, salt and sugar,
stir in the rice, coconut and
vanilla, and turn into a bak-
ing dish. Place in a pan of
hot water and bake twenty
to thirty minutes in a mod-
erate oven—about 350° F.

BAKER'S COCONUT



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The Western Home Monthly?
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE



raisins for eyes, a strip of peel for a mouth. The plainest of drop or cup cakes will be made interesting if a little colored sugar or chocolate shot is sprinkled on the plain icing. An ordinary serving of constarch pudding may be transformed by a candied cherry on top. When cutting out cookies, a fancy cutter may be used for a few of them for the children. By using the commercial pectin, a supply of tiny glasses of jelly or jam or marmalade may be made from canned or dried fruits.

Baked custard is especially satisfactory, because it is so little trouble to make, and carries so easily, yet is satisfyingly moist. Basic recipe:
Scalded milk 1 c Sugar 2 tb.
Egg 1 Salt a speck
Flavoring

Variations

Caramel Custard—Put the sugar in a small frying-pan, and stir constantly over a hot fire till melted, but not burnt. Add carefully to the hot mixture to prevent spattering, and dissolve in the milk. Pour the hot milk on the well-beaten egg, add a speck of salt and ¼ t. vanilla, pour into buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake till a knife thrust into the custard comes out clean.

Coffee Custard—Scald the milk with 1 lb. ground coffee, strain into the beaten eggs, and proceed as for caramel custard, using vanilla as the flavoring.

Chocolate Custard—Dissolve 1 t. or more, cocoa or chocolate in the scalded milk, and flavor with vanilla.

Fruited Custard—In the bottom of the buttered custard cups, put a spoonful or two of stewed apricots, prunes, canned peaches or berries, cut up oranges or bananas, etc., and pour the custard mixture over it to bake.

Boiled custard may be poured over stewed or corned or fresh fruits, or rather dry milk puddings, or steamed or baked puddings, in dishes with tops.

Prune Whip

Prunes ½ pound Whites of egg 3
Walnut meats Custard

Soak and cook the prunes. Remove the pits and rub the fruit through a sieve. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, put in a buttered bake-dish, and cook slowly till firm. The walnuts may be added to the pulp before putting in the bake-dish, if they are wished. Put in a small jar, when cold, and pour a little boiled custard, made from the egg yolks, over it.

Dates

Dates, either plain or stuffed with bits of nut meat, marshmallow, cheese mixture, candy mixture, etc., are always a welcome addition to the lunch. They should accompany something rather moist, such as a salad, because they are so dry themselves. They are so rich in most of the minerals, especially iron, so essential to good health that we should use them often, in all sorts of ways.

A few raisins and salted nuts, especially almonds, or layer figs, taste just as good. Prunes, to be stuffed, should be washed, then steamed for half an hour, or until soft, the pits removed, and stuffed in the same way as dates.

A few pieces of home-made candy, or milk chocolate, or a candy bar, make a good dessert, or a piece of maple sugar, if one can get it.

Sandwiches made of one of the sweet breads, raisin, date, nut, prune, peanut butter, with canned or stewed fruit, may take the place of cookies or cake, or one may make a few baking powder biscuits or muffins, with sugar and fruit in them.

Cake for children should not have rich frosting, nor should it have a sticky, messy filling. Some cake which is moist, without being rich, such as an apple-sauce cake, or a slice of ginger bread with a bottle of real cold milk to drink with it, seem to be preferable.

[Continued on page 72]

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corn
flakes**

Look for the red-and-green Kellogg package whenever you buy corn flakes. It means Kellogg's—the original Corn Flakes. The flakes with the flavor that can't be copied. The kind you'll surely prefer!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are delicious for lunch and dinner as well as breakfast. Serve with milk or cream, and add fruits or honey. Give them to the children for supper.

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GRANDMA'S NERVES ARE WELL AGAIN

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Grandma is jolly when she is well. But she got overtired and nervous. She could not sleep nights and the noise of the children got on her nerves.

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Prune Cake Filling

Drain stewed prunes, remove the pits, and chop or mash. Add a few finely-chopped nut meats, 1 t. lemon juice and a little orange pulp, or orange marmalade, about 2 tb. and spread, after mixing well, between the layers of a plain cake.

Prune Blanc Mange

Cooked and cut prunes ½ c	Prune juice ¾ c
Hot water 4 tb.	Cocoa 2 t.
Cinnamon ¼ t.	Sugar ¼ c
Egg white 1	Corn starch 2 tb.
	Cold water 2 tb.

Remove the pits from the prunes and cut them in quarters. Bring to the boiling point, the hot water, sugar, prunes and prune juice, add the cornstarch, cocoa and cinnamon, mixed with the cold water, and cook in the double boiler for half an hour. Pour into the stiffly beaten egg-white, and mold. Serve with boiled custard.

Prune Chocolate Pudding

Cracker or bread crumbs ¾ c	Chocolate, 1 square,
Brown sugar 3 tb.	Cocoa 1 tb.
Cooked chopped prunes ½ c	Milk 1 c
	Egg 1
	Vanilla ½ t.
	Salt ¼ t.

Soak the crumbs in the scalded milk till soft, add the other ingredients, varying the amount of chocolate or cocoa, to suit the taste. Bake till firm in a buttered pudding dish. Serve with custard, or with cream, if the lunch is kept where the cream will stay sweet.

Apricot Meringue

Pulp of stewed apricots 1 c.	Egg whites 3
	Sugar 3 tb.

Beat the egg-whites till stiff, fold in gradually the apricot pulp, which has been mixed with the sugar. Heap in containers, and chill.

Apricot Rice Pudding

Cooked rice 1 c	Cooked apricots 1 c
Hot milk 1 c	Sugar ¼ c
Egg 1	Flour 1½ tb.

Mix the flour, sugar and rice, and stir into it the milk mixed with the beaten egg, then add the apricots, and bake till firm in a buttered bake-dish.

Apricot Trifle

Put a layer of stale, plain uniced cake in the bottom of a glass dish, on it put a spoonful of stewed apricots, then another layer of cake. Pour over it a little boiled custard.

Trifles

A large variety of trifles may be made from what one has on hand, arranging layers of stale cake, canned or dried fruits, stewed, bright red jelly, red jams, cocoanut, nut-meats, custard or chocolate or cream fillings, whipped cream, etc.

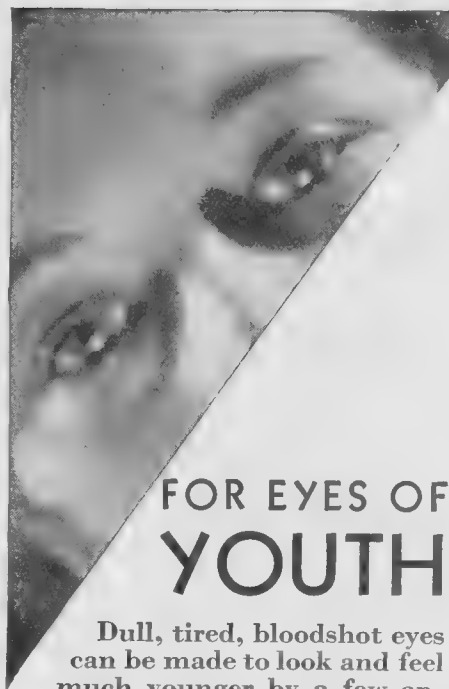
Apricot Biscuits

Make a sweetened baking powder biscuit dough, roll out ¼-inch thick, and cut with a large round cutter. Put half of a cooked apricot in the centre of each, fold over, moisten one edge, and press the edges firmly together. Brush the top with melted butter, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and bake in a hot oven. A spoonful of jam of any kind may be used in place of the apricot.

Chocolate Cream

Scalded milk 1 c	Sugar ¼ c
Cold milk ¼ c	Cocoa 2 tb.
Cornstarch 3 tb.	Hot water 1 tb.
Salt a speck	Egg whites 2
	Vanilla ¾ t.

Mix the cornstarch, sugar, and salt with the cold milk, add the cocoa dissolved in the hot water, to the scalded milk, then add the cornstarch mixture and cook over hot water for half an hour. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla, and mold. Serve with cream.



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The Great White Liniment



WHOOPIING COUGH

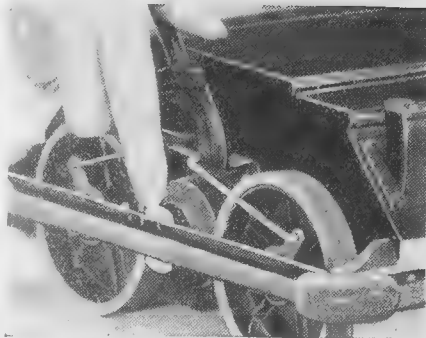
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Ask the leading furniture, hardware or department store to demonstrate. A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—\$6.25 and up (25 cents more in the West). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory) and Grand Rapids, Mich.

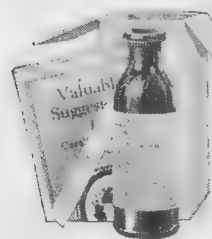
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Shadowland

Continued from page 27

impish youth, it is interesting to study her in the role of a mature, sophisticated woman. In this latter type she is very suave and convincing.

"The Trespasser," by the way, has, as one of its nicest characters a little boy who is quite the most attractive and real child I have ever seen in a movie.

Paris

"PARIS" is diverting froth and should amuse adult audiences. The story is flimsy but amusing. Andrew Sabbot goes from his home in a small town in the United States to Paris to study architecture. While in Paris he so far breaks away from the stern ideas of his home town that he actually becomes engaged to Vivienne Rolland, one of the most popular revue actresses of the Gay City. She refuses to marry Sabbot without his mother's consent. The mother is sent for and arrives white and very much shaken from a bad attack of sea-sickness. Vivienne's leading man (Jack Buchanan) restores Mrs. Sabbot's faintness with some brandy. The result is unexpected and rather disconcerting. Mrs. Sabbot has never before touched alcohol, but her first drink makes her cast aside all her old and perhaps puritanical inhibitions. To her son's horror she begins to act like "flaming youth," and with Vivienne's leading man as her escort she endeavors to see all the revues, cabarets, and night clubs in Paris. Her thorough attempt to paint the town red culminates in the announcement of her engagement to the leading man. Her son is horrified. Vivienne is more than horrified. She discovers that she has been in love with her leading man all the time, and, as usual, must lose him to find it out. However, everything turns out beautifully when it is discovered that the engagement was only a ruse to awaken Vivienne's jealousy. She and the leading man fall into each other's arms, and neither Mrs. Sabbot nor her son feel too badly about it.

So much for the story. Irene Bordoni, who plays the revue favorite, is well suited to the part as she has long been a revue favorite herself. She screens well, sings her French songs delightfully, wears ravishing frocks, and rolls her eyes with true Gallic art and devilry. When she is singing, or when Jack Buchanan is dancing the show is particularly enjoyable.

Although Irene Bordoni is the advertised star of the picture, the show has really been stolen from her by Louise Glosser Hale, who plays the surprising Mrs. Sabbot. Miss Hale has long been known as one of the most accomplished and versatile actresses on the legitimate stage, and so it is not strange that she should be such a success in talking pictures. In "Paris," Miss Hale shows a real genius for comedy. Miss Hale, by the way, is not only a clever actress, but is also a charming writer. I have read several of her essays and a fine short story. Her writings appear from time to time in the best American magazines.

Shiraz

ANYONE with an eye for novelty would do well to see "Shiraz," if this picture should come his way. It is a production made in India. In Europe the film was called "Das Grabmal einer grossen Liebe" ("The Tomb of a Great Love") and it tells the story of the building of the Taj Mahal. The picture is directed along traditional American lines, but the cast is composed entirely of natives. Though they are not all great performers, they are adequate. The settings and Oriental scenery are, of course, the main attractions of the picture. If you like this sort of thing, you will enjoy "Shiraz."

Mr. Wells Makes a "Talkie."

THE latest celebrity captured by the Movietone is H. G. Wells, the English writer. As his books and essays show, Mr. Wells has always been vitally interested in politics, and for his Movietone address he takes as his subject the necessity for new ideas in government. He also declares his belief in an eventual world government. It is interesting to

[Continued on page 74]

THIRD REASON

Why I always drink Salada

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---So was the Lunch"

(From "Letters to Mother"
by a Modern Canadian Housewife)

"I really was worried about the lunch as the 'cats' at all the parties we attended lately were delicious—and I did want mine to be enjoyed just as much.

"I told you the last bag of flour I bought was 'Purity.' Well, the results were so fine I decided to try a recipe for Devil's Food Cake which I got from Aunt Alice. My cake was lovely and moist—quite different from chocolate cakes which so often look better than they taste.

I used a date filling and chocolate icing and it really was a wonderful cake if I do say it myself.

"I really feel that Purity cannot be beaten because since I started using it I have noticed that all my cakes are moister, keep fresh longer, and have an unusually fine flavor which I am told comes from the hard western wheat from which Purity is milled."

Your loving Betty

972

Betty's Recipes

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

1/2 cup grated chocolate or cocoa
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup boiling water
Mix together and let stand until balance of cake is ready.

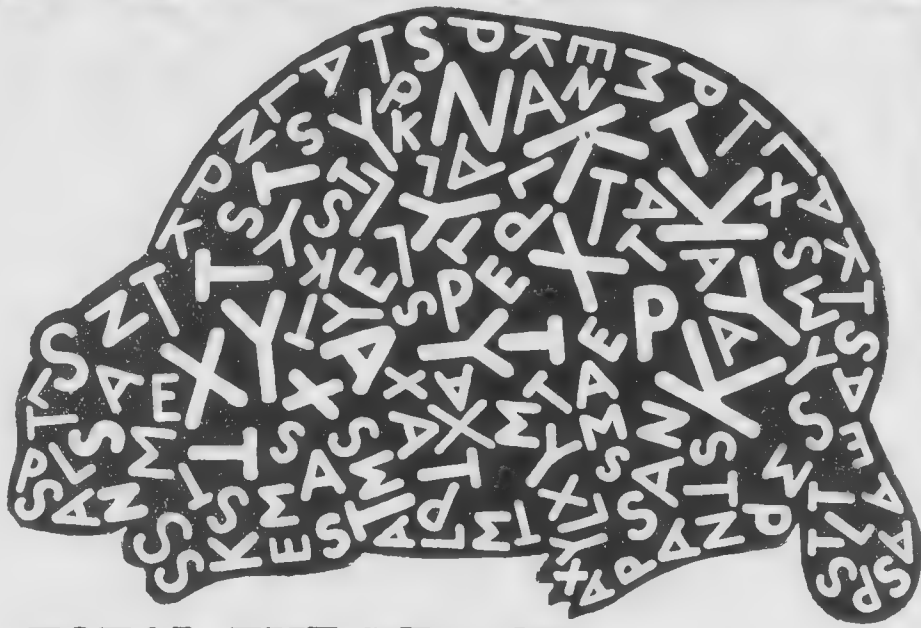
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
2 eggs beaten separately
1/2 cup sour cream
2 cups Purity Flour (sifted)
2 teaspoons baking powder
Pinch of salt
Flavor with vanilla

Mix the first and second parts of cake before the flour is added. Bake in moderate oven (325°) for 40 minutes.

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TOTAL THE BEAVER

Here is a new and decidedly interesting type of Puzzle Contest, in which YOU have a real opportunity to be a prize winner, since none of the "big" prize winners of other contests will be allowed to compete against YOU. (See Rules 1 and 6.)

The problem is to find the Sum Total of the figures represented by the letters in the Beaver shown above: A standing for 5; E for 7; K for 31; L for 4; M for 10; N for 23; P for 12; S for 100; T for 15; X for 17; Y for 11 (To prevent confusion the puzzle does not contain the letters B, C, D, F, G, H, I, J, O, Q, R, U, V, W, or Z.) Note that the letter "N" is shown in two or three places on the side, making it look like the letter "Z" in the puzzle; these letters are obviously "N's."

EXAMPLE

In the small square shown here (and which is not part of the puzzle) there are 3 A's; 1 E; 2 K's; 2 L's; 1 M; 1 N; 4 P's; 1 S; 3 T's; 1 Y. Therefore, their sum total when added together would be 329 made up as follows:

3 A's equal	15	4 P's equal	48
1 E equals	7	1 M equals	10
2 K's equal	62	1 S equals	100
2 L's equal	28	3 T's equal	45
1 N equals	23	1 Y equals	11

Find the answer to the "Beaver Puzzle" in a similar manner. To make certain no one knows the correct answer to the puzzle beforehand, parties not connected with the contest, and who did not know what numbers each letter represented, erased several letters from the original drawing before the puzzle was printed. A note was made of these erased letters and placed in a sealed envelope, which is now under lock and key. When the contest closes, the figures represented by the erased letters will be totalled and then subtracted from the total of the figures represented by the letters in the original drawing, making the correct answer the sum total of the figures represented by the letters in the printed puzzle.

There are no tricks to this puzzle, the letters simply being placed closely together instead of in easily separated groups. The fact, also, that several of the letters, such as K and S, etc., stand for two and three-figure numbers, makes the puzzle more difficult and should reduce the number of ties.

Every care has been taken to show each letter separately and clearly. There are positively no tricks or hidden letters. If, as a result of the printing, any letter is not absolutely clear to you, do not send in your answer without first writing to us about it. This is a contest of skill and positively no answer can be changed after we receive it (note Rule 2). If you wish extra puzzle forms, write and we'll send you, immediately, as many as you need.

Note that there is absolutely nothing further for you to buy or sell in order to further qualify for the prizes herein offered.

100 PRIZES

1ST PRIZE: De Forest Crosley Imperial Series, eight tube, screen grid, (Renown Model), Lowboy Radio, complete with tubes and Electro Dynamic Reproducer, all in a cabinet of highly polished, hand rubbed walnut and bird's eye maple, valued at \$248.00.
2ND to 20TH PRIZES: Identically the same set as for first prize. Value \$248.00. Note: Battery sets of equal value will be supplied to those winners whose homes are not wired for electricity. All radio sets will be shipped on our order from the nearest branch of The Wentworth Radio & Auto Supply Co. Ltd.—the largest retail radio dealers in Canada—with branches in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Kitchener.

21ST to 30TH PRIZES:	\$50.00 IN CASH
31ST to 40TH PRIZES:	25.00 IN CASH
41ST to 50TH PRIZES:	10.00 IN CASH
51ST to 75TH PRIZES:	5.00 IN CASH
76TH to 100TH PRIZES:	2.00 IN CASH

ANSWER EARLY

WIN AN EXTRA \$500.00 IN CASH

In addition to the above Radios, we will also award an EXTRA \$500.00 IN CASH to the 1st PRIZE WINNER; \$200.00 EXTRA IN CASH to the 2nd PRIZE WINNER; \$50.00 EXTRA IN CASH to the 3rd PRIZE WINNER and \$25.00 EXTRA IN CASH each to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th 8th, 9th and 10th PRIZE WINNERS, provided that, in each case, their answers to The Beaver Puzzle were postmarked as having been mailed to us not later than March 27, 1930.



RULES

1. Anyone may enter this Contest except the following: (a) Employees (or members of their immediate families) of the Canadian Radio Service Company, the publishers of The Beaver Canada First, and the Wentworth Radio & Auto Supply Company, Ltd.

(b) Persons (or members of their immediate families) who have won a prize, the total value of which was \$100.00 or more, in any previous Contest conducted by The Canadian Radio Service Company.

(c) Persons (or members of their immediate families) who, between Dec. 31st 1928 and Jan. 31st, 1930 have been awarded a prize, the total value of which was \$100.00 or more, in any contest in which the chain style of Tiebreaker was used to decide final prize winners.

Note: For the purpose of this Contest the words "members of their immediate families" shall be construed to include father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, son, daughter or any relative-in-law of all persons barred under the above rule.

2. Each answer submitted to the puzzle must be accompanied by \$2.00 for one 3 year new or renewal subscription to The Beaver Canada First—Canada's Greatest National Monthly. This subscription will fully qualify the sender to compete for the Contest prizes herein offered.

3. All cheques and money orders must be made payable and sent to The Canadian Radio Service Co., Toronto, (Montreal Office, Keefer Bldg.) and outside Toronto and Montreal cheques must include 25 cents for exchange.

4. Contest will close at midnight, April 19th, 1930. Answers postmarked as mailed up to or on that date will be accepted. Any mailed later, will be unaccepted.

5. Contestants tying for a prize, will be required to answer and abide by the rules of a Tiebreaker problem similar in principle to that used in our last Contest, to decide their final standing.

6. Persons entering the Contest under other than their own legal name, or through the agency of another person or persons, will, if discovered, be disqualified, as will also those implicated.

7. The judges who will act in the interest of the contestants, will be three well-known business or professional men. They will have absolutely no connection with The Canadian Radio Service Company and contestants in entering this Contest agree to accept the decisions and awards of the judges as final and to abide by the rules of the Contest as herein set forth.

What is "The Beaver Canada First?"

"The Beaver Canada First" is a monthly publication, intensely Canadian in its viewpoint and ideals.

Politically it is independent. It favours neither Liberal or Conservative and has no axe to grind except against those who would, in any way, shape or form, sell Canada's wonderful birthright for a mess of pottage. It is a monthly that will appeal to every real, red-blooded Canadian, whether he or she is a Canadian by birth or by adoption.

Everyone of us believes that Canada is to-day one of the great countries in the world, if not the greatest. It has been said by men, who ought to know, and many of whom are not Canadians, that the 20th century is to be Canada's. It will be! But to what extent, depends on just how much Canadians think Canadian and on the individual efforts we put forth in order that Canada shall forge to the front and remain there.

"The Beaver Canada First," through its more than 50,000 readers, is to-day playing a large and important part in shaping Canada's great destiny. Join this great "Canada First" movement by becoming a subscriber and reader of this intensely "Canada First" publication.

THE CANADIAN RADIO SERVICE CO.,
81 Victoria St., Toronto, 2, Ont.

35

Gentlemen:

I enclose herewith my remittance of \$2.00 for 3 years subscription to "The Beaver Canada First"—Canada's Greatest National Monthly—which you will please acknowledge and then forward for me to the publishers.

I also wish to enter your contest (the rules of which I have read, understand and agree to abide by) and I submit

.....as my total of the Beaver.

Mrs., Mr.

or Miss.....

P.O. Box, R.R.

or Street Address.....

City

or Town.....

Prov.....

Prize winners may have their choice of Battery or Electric Radios

Which do you prefer?.....

Are you enclosing \$2.00 for your subscription to

"The Beaver Canada First".....

Are you a new or old subscriber.....

What date are you mailing this?.....

Shadowland

Continued from page 73

see Mr. Wells on the screen; to hear his voice. It is also interesting to hear this writer, who has always loved to play the prophet, continuing his prophecies on the screen.

Some pictures reviewed in last issue: The Virginian—Good talking version of Owen Wister's classic story. With Gary Cooper as the cowboy hero.

Hallelujah—Very fine. A story of the Southern negroes, done by an all-negro cast. This is a strong, serious play, more suitable for adults than for children.

Applause — Worth seeing. Excellent direction. Helen Morgan, clever musical comedy star, in leading role.

Jerome Carver

The Vagabond

By Toni Halsey

West of the sunset stands my house,
There—and east of the dawn;
North of the Arctic runs my yard,
South to the Pole, my lawn;
Seven seas are to sail my ships,
To the ends of the earth—beyond;
Drifters gold is mine to spend,
For I am a vagabond!

Fabulous cities are mine to loot,
Queens of the earth to wed;
Fruits of the world are mine to eat,
The couch of a King my bed.
All that I see is mine to keep,
Foolish the fancy seems—
But I am rich with the wealth of Sight,
The coin of the realm of dreams.

A little vine from foreign parts
Has hung my house with jade-green hearts
And tiny bells, so brightly pink,
They tinkle soundlessly. I think
Its poet's name is "Chain-of-Love"—
Much nicer than the one by which prosaic
people know,
This little vine from Mexico.

My house is a quaint old place,
Big cool rooms and lots of space
For the stray trade-winds to blow and roam.
It's more than a house, it's a vagabond's
home.

Often a drifting minstrel band
Of beach-boys stop for a few stray bars
Of hula tunes with their steel guitars
That sob and cry, with a liquid tone—
While the hot rich voices sigh and moan
Of love and moons, and sad good-byes.

Laughter and sorrow have each been guest
In this house. They have paused to rest
For awhile with me, then have gone away—
But they'll both return again some day.

Spring Song

By Edgar A. Wood

Sing a happy lilting song;
Spring has come! Spring has come!
Winter's drawn out reign is gone;
Spring has come! Spring has come!
Birds are calling,
Catkins falling,
Flowers growing,
Rivers flowing,
Spring has come!

Sing a happy lilting song;
Spring has come! Spring has come.
Joyous days awaited long;
Spring has come! Spring has come!
Life a-humming,
Good things coming,
Old Sol beaming,
Lovers scheming,
Spring has come!

A Woman's Sympathy

By George W. Tuttle

The GOLDEN THREAD that binds our
hearts together;
The SILVER EDGE when sorrow's storm
clouds gather;
The BOW of HOPE that upward points to
sky,
Makes smooth our bed when hour of death
is nigh.



Black crepe gathered at waist; skirt flares at front.

Grey Georgette for evening wear.

Black Georgette trimmed with ermine, cut-outs and ripples.

About New Blossoms and New Fashions

By Suzanne Dickie

ALONG with a few timid blossoms warmed by the rays of a lukewarm sun comes the advance styles of spring. Femininity and more femininity is the watch word. In fact not since many years before the war has fashion been so complicated and so made of nothings to enhance woman's beauty and grace.

Skirts are of course longer, even for sport, where they cover the knees. It would be useless to deny that the latter length is much more graceful than the exaggerated shortness of yore; in this one can at least sit down with ease and dignity. There is no reason to think that fashion will continue to add inches to the new established length. The daily activities of the average woman forbid such a measure, and any tampering with her liberty of actions is doomed to utter failure. Designers, who, while they create models for the French, have nevertheless in mind their best customers, the North American women, will now, that they have attained perfection in line, turn their ability to its improvement and its best adaptation with the needs of modern life. The real long skirt is only worn for formal evenings and it is long only at the back. For afternoons, while gowns are sensibly longer than for sport the hemline is never even. Short here, long there and never down to the ankles despite what has been said to the contrary, even if a few houses have tried to "Out Paris," the generality are keeping to a graceful medium which is becoming to practically every one.

The waist line has at last found a resting place, somewhere above the hips,

and divides the body evenly. With all this firmly established, at least for this season, women can look forward to an enjoyable and well dressed spring.

For sport which is always the most favorite topic, the tuck-in blouse reigns supreme, and most extraordinary of all, in contrasting colors. Some predict that the blouse will or has already caused the supremacy of the one shade ensemble to vanish. This is probably an indication that women are a little tired of monotone ensembles, and that there is a revival of interest in color combinations. The new waists are worn with belts of leather or of the same material as the skirts. Collars and cuffs of lingerie or of pique lend a touch of smartness and are one way fashion has of helping the slender purses in giving them a chance to put a touch of individuality on a simple gown.

Jersey tweed and a coarse cloth called "bure" are used extensively for sport wear, with a close fitting beret, a scarf and a bag to complete the outfit.

Sport coats are absolutely straight and very simple. Some are belted and others are left plain. Leather in contrasting shades are trimming some of them and made into belts. Fur is as ever very practical.

Tailored suits very simply made of French tweeds are worn with heavy crepe blouses or sometimes a tuck-in sweater. Their effort towards a successful season is very marked and about assured as they are usually easily realised and always look "chic."

Tailored dresses are also going to be very popular. They are shown in all the leading collections; their line is very neat and very sober. The skirts are slightly shaped instead of pleated as before. The necks are finished with an interesting shawl collar which buttons on one side and is very new. They are completed with a small fur tie.

GENERALLY speaking "sloppy" dressing which has prevailed for so many seasons is over. Neatness is the sign of smartness now, which is accentuated by touches of lingerie immaculate and dainty, and last but not least, careful corseting is the indispensable foundation of the new styles.

Even since dresses have been added to, there has been loud wails emitted about the length of the coats and the heavy resulting aspect of those garments if they were to be made as long as the new dresses. The result is the adopting of the two-thirds or shorter length coats for afternoon wear and the introducing of the cape for spring. Callot Soeurs and Cheruit had many of those in their new collections. Some were made of brown and beige tweed mixtures combined with bright green jersey, the tweed making the cape and the skirt, and the jersey being used for the lining of the cape and the waist.

For afternoon, the cape is even more prominently worn than for sport. The collections were showing many dainty ones made of printed or plain crepe matching the dresses, and others made of cloth as the dress worn with them. In many cases when the cape is attached

[Continued on page 87]

A SMART SPRING HAT



This smart looking hat is one of the advanced styles shown for next Spring, and was selected from Hallam's new Fashion Book of Ladies' Wearing Apparel.

This Book will be gladly mailed free to any of our readers on request by writing to the

Hallam Mail Order Corp'n Ltd.,
268 Hallam Building, Toronto.



Spun Gold

Fair hair becomes spun gold when washed with Evan Williams "Camomile", the safe Shampoo.

There is an Evan Williams Shampoo for every shade of hair at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

How to Make the New "Dressmaker" Fashions

THE NEW FASHIONS—alluringly feminine with their graceful flares and moulded lines—are not at all difficult to make if you know the secrets of the true "dressmaker's touch."

In a few short weeks, right at home, the Woman's Institute can teach you these fine points of dressmaking that you need to make the new styles.

You can then make all your own clothes at tremendous savings. Think of having all the pretty dresses you want, in the latest and most becoming styles, for just the cost of materials!

68-page Dressmaking Lesson FREE So that you may see how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you a 68-page sample lesson free. It describes the details of cutting and finishing difficult parts of a dress. Just mail the coupon and we will send you this free lesson, as well as our booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-29 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

"Permanent Partners of the Continent"

In Ringing Declaration President Macaulay Describes this as Effect of Sun Life Company's Investment Policy.

ITS WISDOM VINDICATED IN WONDERFUL REPORT OF PAST YEAR

MONTREAL, February 27.—A most lucid explanation of how little the fluctuations of Wall Street affect companies which buy securities, not for resale, but for investment, was given by President T. B. Macaulay at the annual meeting of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. He reduced to the plainest terms what is obscure to many, when he compared the Stock Exchange to an auction room where prices fluctuate according to the mental condition or the bank balance of the bidders, and not according to the intrinsic value of the articles on sale. Mr. Macaulay expressed comparative indifference to these things, his company being concerned primarily and chiefly with the continuance or increase of dividends on the sound securities held by his company.

Impressive Vindication of Investment Policy

And judged by that test, the head of the Sun Life Company surely had remarkable vindication of his investment policy in the report he submitted to a crowded meeting of enthusiastic policyholders. Not only was he able to report new assurances for the year of over \$650,000,000 which carries his company well on to the three billion mark of assurances in force—he was able to show profit earnings which have risen close to \$43,000,000. And as though in mockery of the gyrations of the Stock Market, the dividends actually being paid on Sun Life stocks are \$3,374,000 in excess of those payable on these shares when purchased, while the rights and stock privileges have been worth about \$17,000,000.

Great National Future Shared by Company

"Through our large stock holdings," he said, "we have become permanent partners in the great utility and other corporations which furnish such essential service that they may almost be said to be part of our national life.

"We believe in the future of our entire nations—both Canada and the United States. What will they be fifty years from now? Does anyone doubt their future?

"We have hitched our investment policy to the star of this Continent," Mr. Macaulay declared amid loud applause, "and, in particular, to our great cities, and, just as surely as they continue to grow and prosper, so surely will our investments grow and prosper."

The President's Speech

"It is with very special pleasure that I move the adoption of this fifty-ninth annual report of the Company. We have grown accustomed to great and increasing prosperity, but the achievements of the past year surpass all previous records in even our history.

"The New Assurances paid for reached the huge total of \$654,000,000. Even more impressive, however, is the fact that this is an increase of more than forty-eight per cent. over last year.

"The Assurances in force now exceed \$2,400,000,000, an increase of over half a billion. But a few years ago we rejoiced at reaching the one billion mark; we now have passed the second billion and are well on towards the third billion.

"The Income has reached \$172,000,000, and the Assets are now \$568,000,000.

"More important still, the profit earnings of the year have risen to

nearly \$43,000,000. We have as usual applied a considerable proportion, of these earnings to further strengthening the position of the Company.

"Another \$10,000,000 has been deducted from the market values shown in the report, raising that item to \$30,000,000; \$1,000,000 has been written off the Company's buildings, while over \$2,000,000 has been added to our various special reserves.

"The sum of \$22,600,000 has been distributed as profits to our policyholders, and in addition to all this nearly \$6,000,000 has been added to the undistributed surplus, now more than \$60,000,000.

"This wonderful showing is, as always, based on a valuation of our securities enormously below the market quotations actually existing at the close of the year, so that the real strength of the Company is only partially disclosed.

Stock Exchange a Mere Auction Mart

"That such results should be achieved in the face of the Stock Exchange panic, of which we have heard so much, may at first appear strange. It is, however, not so surprising, for we are apt to over-estimate the importance of that crisis, serious though it was. What is the Stock Exchange? It is merely a place where public auctions are held. It differs from other auctions only in the articles sold, and in the volume of the transactions. It is no more true of this auction than of other auctions that the prices bid are an infallible index of the real value of the articles dealt in. The quotations fluctuate with the optimism or the pessimism of the bidders. They are frequently much better evidence as to the bank accounts and credit of the bidders than of the value of the stocks bought and sold.

Business as Usual

"That was exactly the situation during the recent price reaction. It was purely a Stock Exchange panic. It was not caused by any trouble in general business. We did not see the closing down of factories, wholesale discharges of employees, and other symptoms of business distress such as marked the great depressions to which our minds revert. Outside the ranks of the unfortunate speculators there was little to show that anything unusual was happening in the Wall Street auction rooms. On the wildest days of the reaction the business of the country went on as usual. Men continued to work, children continued to be born, the population continued to grow, the great electric companies continued to increase their output, enlarging their power houses or building new ones. The great corporations whose stocks we own continued to expand, continued to prosper and to earn even larger dividends, just as if there were no dealings in their shares at all. What happened was merely that last June, in a wild burst of enthusiasm, speculators bid up prices beyond normal levels, and this in turn produced a wave of selling which began as profit-taking, but ended in a panic which carried prices as much below normal levels as they had previously been forced above them. The prices of November last, of course, showed a great drop from the quotations of mid-September, but in reality that great reaction did little more than remove the temporary bulge caused by the over-enthusiastic bidding of the previous months of the year. The actual intrinsic value of the shares was, of course, not affected by the fact that the speculators had exhausted their bank accounts and had to lower their bids.

Dividends on Securities Greatly Increased

"The investor who buys for permanent holding is but little concerned as to the prices which may be bid for his stocks by those who frequent the Exchanges. What interests him is to know that his dividends will not only be paid regularly but will gradually increase with the passing years. I will apply this test to our own holdings. At the present time the dividends actually being paid on our stocks are \$3,374,000 in excess of the dividends payable on those same shares when we purchased them. This is equal to one and a quarter per cent. per annum on the book value of all our holdings. We have also received rights and stock privileges worth about \$17,000,000. And the end is not yet. Even since the slump began on say October first, the dividends payable on our stocks have increased about \$1,500,000 and we have received rights with a value even in these markets of \$1,100,000.

No Losses by Permanent Investors

"To imagine that loss was caused to any except those carrying shares on margin because market prices in 1929 marched up a hill and then marched down again, is to remind me how an old friend told me mournfully some years ago that he had lost over a million dollars during the preceding twelve months. When I replied sympathetically, he added with equal mournfulness: 'Yes, I have lost over a million by not buying stocks a year ago when they were low.' The losses supposed to have been suffered by permanent investors, such as the Sun Life, are like those of my jocular friend—they are not losses at all, but merely profits which we might have made had we known just when the peak was, and had altered our practice so as to sell out at that time.

Following the Continent's "Star"

"When investing our funds, we look always to the distant future—ten, twenty, thirty years hence. Through our large stockholdings we have become permanent partners in the great utility and other corporations which furnish such essential service that they may almost be said to be part of the national life. We believe in the future of Montreal, of New York, of Chicago, and of all our great centres of population. We believe even more in the future of our entire nations—both Canada and the United States. What will they be fifty years from now? Does any one doubt their future? We have hitched our investment policy to the star of this Continent, and in particular to our great cities, and just as surely as they continue to grow and prosper, so surely will our investments grow and prosper. What need we care for the moods or pocketbooks of in-and-out speculators? Why should we reverse our policy and throw our great holdings on the market for some possible temporary gain? Could we be sure that we would ever get our shares back? We prefer to continue as permanent partners.

Sun Impregnable on Blackest Day

"We must, of course, consider market quotations when preparing our annual report, but our policy is so to undervalue our holdings that there can be a tremendous drop in prices without even reaching the figures at which our securities are carried in our accounts. Last year we announced that we had a margin of \$100,000,000 to provide for just such a possible market crisis as we have experienced. We expected a reaction, but I

confess that we did not expect one of such severity. Our assets have now been tested by one of the worst financial reactions in history, and you will be interested to know that the provision made by us for such a contingency proved more than ample, for even on the blackest of the black days we still had about \$35,000,000 of the amount intact as a margin of excess valuation still remaining to protect our surplus. I am now able to say that even after distributing the large profits which we have announced, after making the further reserves to strengthen our position, and after adding \$6,000,000 to our declared surplus, we have today the entire margin of \$100,000,000 again intact. The blow has fallen, the slump has come, the values are marked down and we are in a stronger position than ever before in our history.

"This practice of undervaluing our securities is now a permanent feature of our investment policy. I look forward to the time in the not distant future when we will have an undisclosed margin so huge that even the present large figure will appear comparatively small. It is our ambition that the values placed on our securities will always be buttressed by safeguards so great that market fluctuations will affect us no more than the winds that whistle around our building.

Securities Compared

"I would not have you suppose that I am blind to the merits also of well selected bonds and mortgages as investments. There is much to be said for them. Their values, nominally at least, do not fluctuate greatly. They are particularly attractive at times when stock quotations appear unduly high, as in the latter part of last year. But while they offer greater resistance to price reactions, they have no power of growth. Personally I prefer securities that live and advance, that keep pace with national growth and development—securities with a future, rather than securities which, even if protected against deterioration (not always successfully) by gold caskets, can, at best, only remain stationary and unchanging by the side of the road while the army of progress marches past. There is a happy medium. I think that our Company should always have a large amount invested in choice bonds, but I also think that in the best interests of our policyholders a considerable proportion of our assets should always be invested in high grade progressive common stocks.

A Future that Defies Prophecy

"It is a wonderful report that we present, but I always think of the present as a mere vantage ground from which to get an ever further vision into the future which must be planned for. What is our future to be? The realities of the present are far in advance of anything that we even imagined possible but a few years ago, and the outlook now is brighter than ever. I hardly dare to make a prophecy. If any of you care to calculate what our position will be if we can maintain anything like our present rate of progress for even the next few years, the results will surprise you. We already occupy a remarkable position. We have a character and an individuality all our own. We have an enthusiastic army of policyholders, and we enjoy the confidence of the public in a very unusual degree. We can, I think, look forward to a future so glorious that even the achievements of the present will then seem small. And let us never forget that every extension of our business is an extension of service and blessing to humanity."

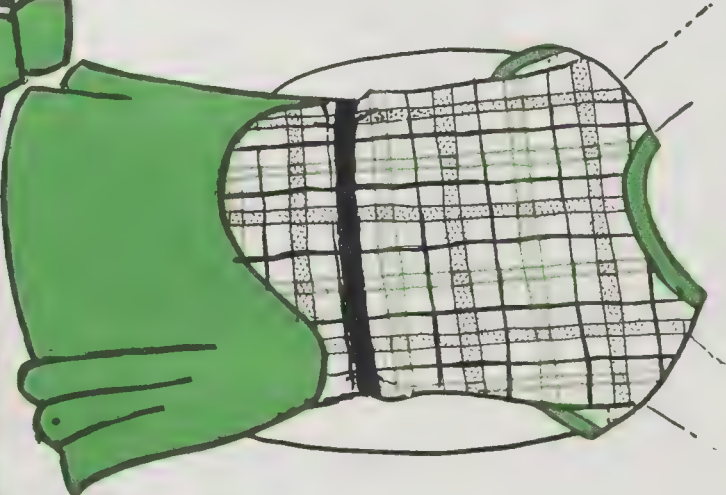
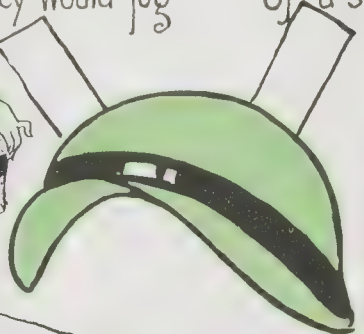
GOG AND HER FRIENDS



"Sure it's St Patrick's Day in the morning"
To her two little friends, whispered Gog
So Goofy and Golly decided at once
To Dublin next day they would jog

They rode on a fat little black and white pig,
Round its neck they put ribbons of green
And riding along, they both warbled a song
Of a sweet little Irish colleen

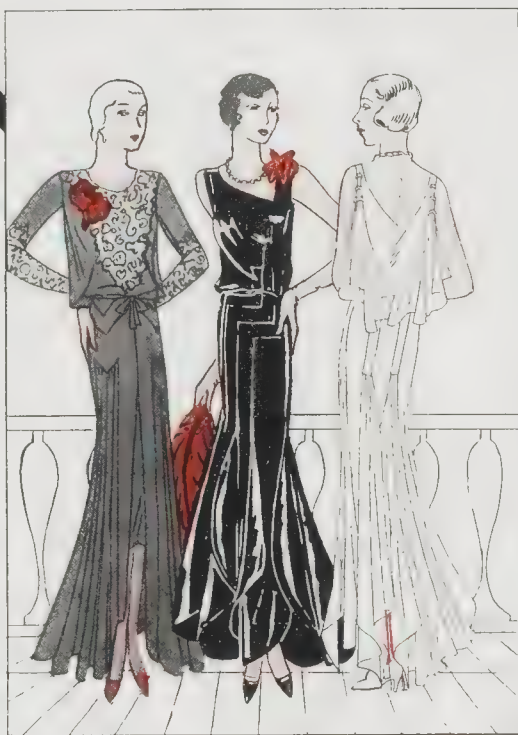
But all of a sudden that piggie so fat
Took a notion to wriggle and jump
It tumbled old Goofy clean over the fence
And poor Golly came down with a bump



About new blossoms and new fashions



CREATIONS JEAN PATOU—Tailored dress in crepe de chene worked with pintucks and flat pleats. Dress of Patou red crepe with organdie collar and cuffs. Coat of woolen with above the waist trimmings of braids caught with an incrustated band.



CREATIONS MARTIAL ET ARMAND—Evening dress of grey georgette and ecru lace, brightened with two embroidered roses. Dress of black faille finished with large flower. Chiffon gown with fichu caught at shoulders with silver bands.



CREATIONS LOUISE BOULANGER—Grey ensemble trimmed with cut-outs. The dress is of sokol and is formed of three shaped frills with pleated jabot on bodice.



CREATION PATOU—Three piece suit in burgundy red jersey with skirt of jersey tweed; collar of shaved lamb. A coat of jersey tweed trimmed with plain bands of red broadcloth.



CREATION CHANEL—Dress of biege jersey, with a brown wrong side underlined with stitches down three quarter length of the skirt. A sports dress of knitted red goods with a large yoke, leather belt with metal buckle. Two piece dress of fine jersey with contrasting buttons.

See Page 75 for Description

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with LUX Toilet Soap



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, in the strikingly beautiful bath room which is one of the finest built in Hollywood . . .

She says: "So many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. It certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Mary Brian



Greta Nissen says, "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin wonderfully soft and smooth."

Luxury hitherto found only
in French Soaps
at 50c or \$1.00 a cake . . . now

10c

IT ATTRACTS you instantly when-
ever you see it—a skin that is ex-
quisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood, where loveliness and magnetism mean success, they know this "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood Directors.

"The charm of a perfect skin is a social asset to any woman, but to a star it is a business necessity," says Mary Brian. For with the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights pouring down on a star's skin, when a close-up is being taken, flawlessly beautiful skin is essential.



Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, uses Lux Toilet Soap in this charming Hollywood bathroom. She says "Never have I found anything like this fragrant white soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Lois Moran, Fox star, says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does. It's a delightful soap."

Mary Brian keeps her skin always lovely with Lux Toilet Soap. In fact 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

Notice the exquisite texture of Mary Brian's skin the next time you see her—or Joan Crawford's, Lois Moran's or Greta Nissen's. Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use this soap.

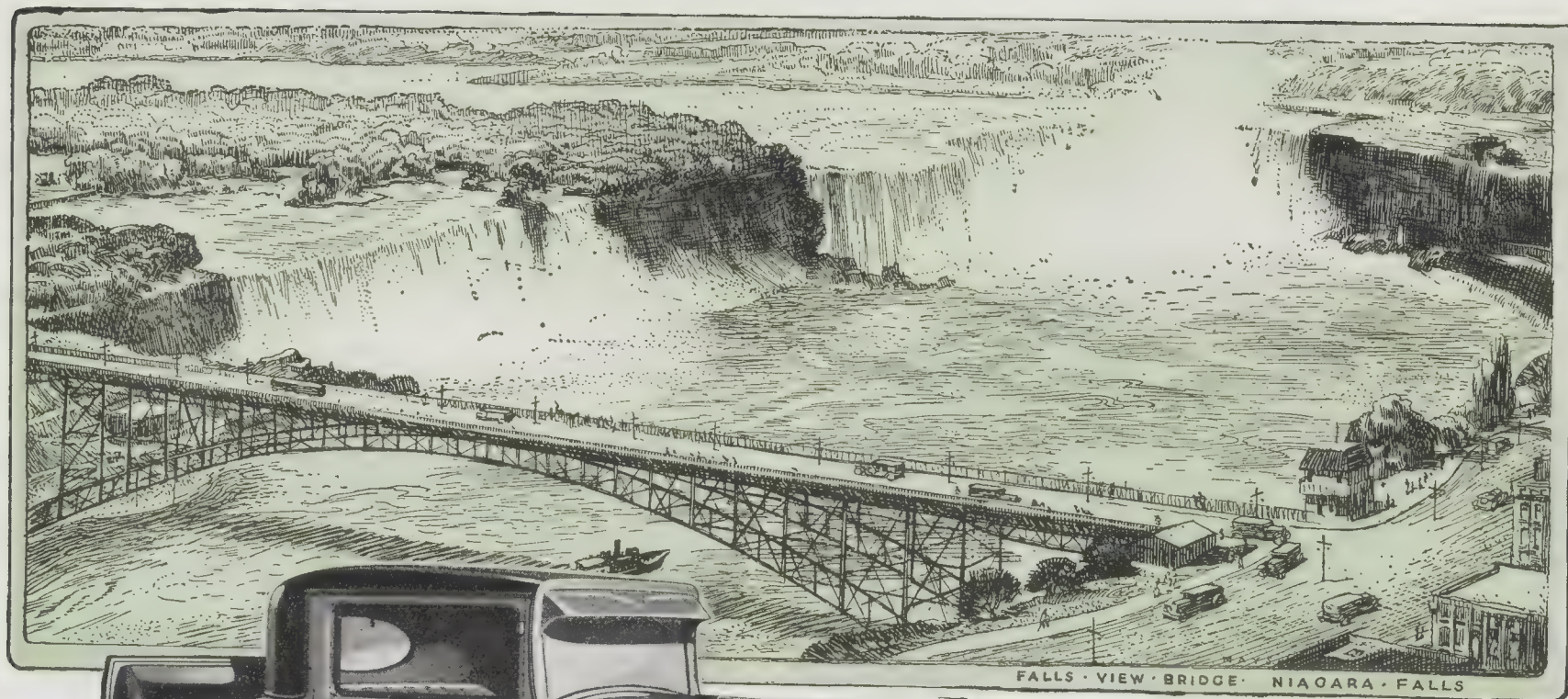
All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Buy several cakes of this white, fragrant soap—today. You will find that it keeps your skin wonderfully smooth.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soap makers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor General and Vicountess Willingdon



Unless a star's skin shows flawlessly smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for a close-up, she cannot hope to stir the hearts of her public.



A Famous Name ... A Finer Car

NOTEWORTHY improvements have been made in the Pontiac Big Six without in any way sacrificing the sound basic principles of big car design on which the splendid reputation of Pontiac is so securely founded.

The large 60-horsepower engine, for example, rests on new-type rubber engine mountings, making it noticeably smoother. The Pontiac Six is safer for day and night driving because of the new, sloping non-glare windshield and because the big, four wheel weather-proof brakes are now still more effective. A new steering mechanism acting on roller bearings

makes driving much easier. Improved Lovejoy Shock Absorbers are now standard equipment. And the Bodies by Fisher have acquired fresh charm with the addition of attractive new half-oval belt moulding.

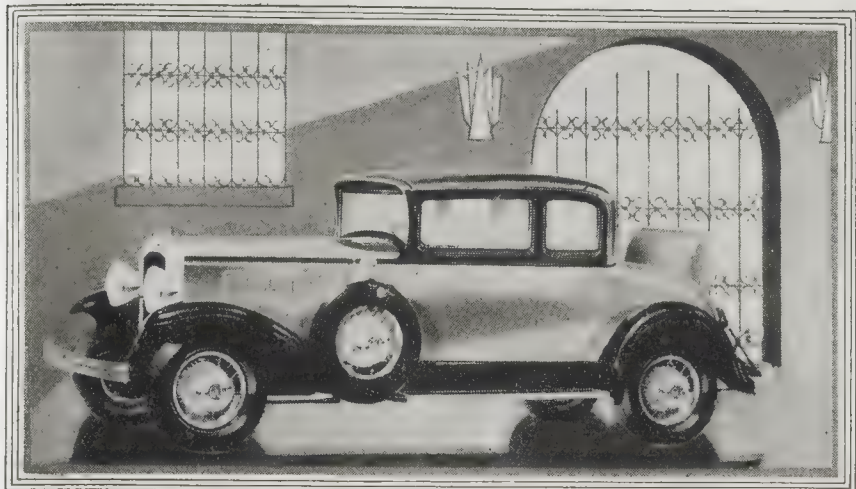
The owner of this finer Pontiac now enjoys new advantages. Before you buy another car be sure to see the Pontiac Big Six and find out more about it. Drive it and learn what speed . . . what power . . . and what acceleration it provides. Judge for yourself its greater value. Then, should you wish, make use of the G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan.



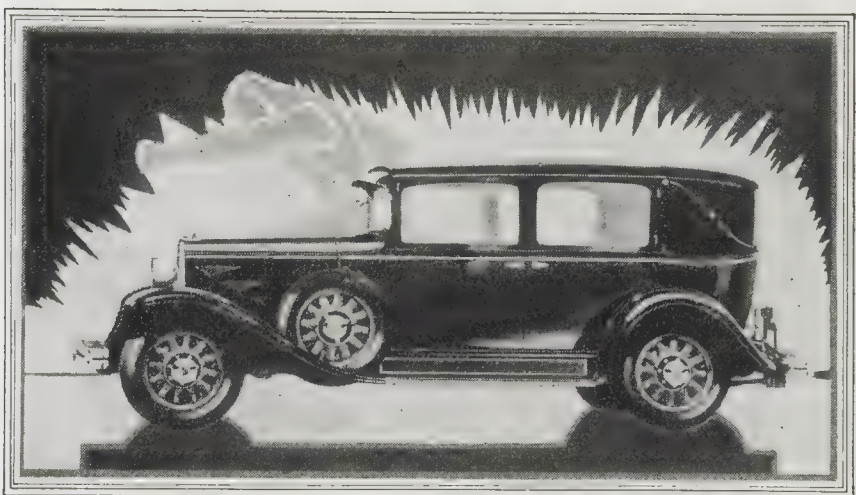
PONTIAC BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS
OF CANADA LIMITED

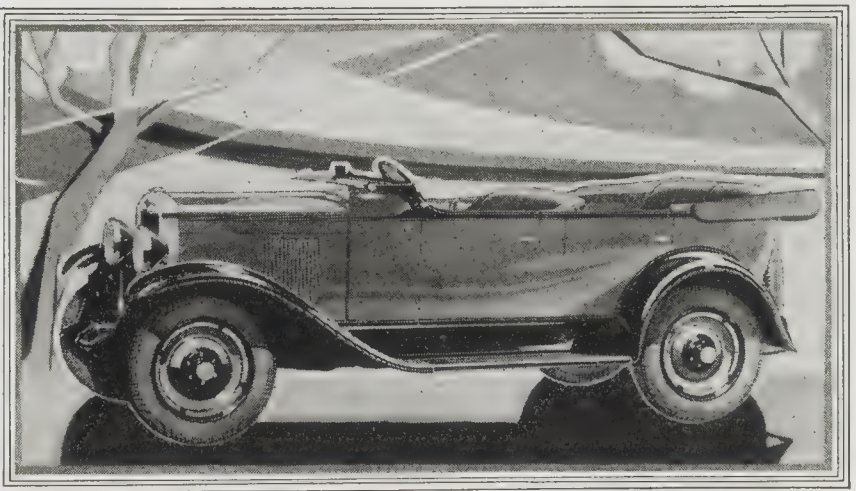
Popular Models of 1930



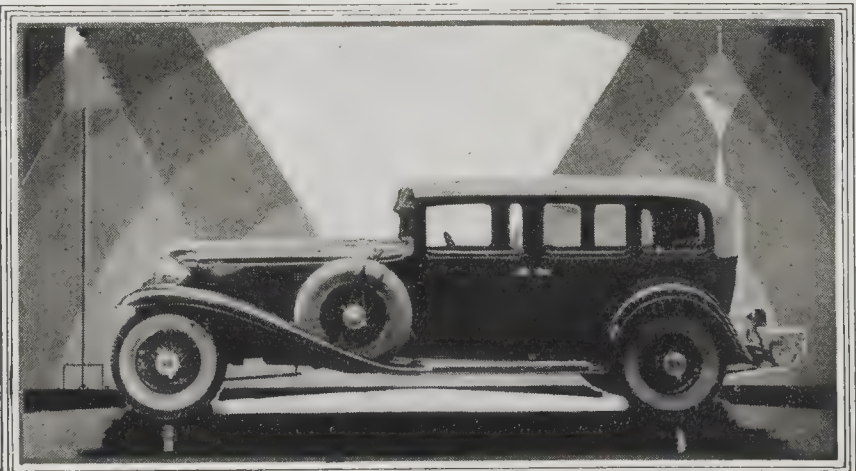
Reo Sport Coupe, Model 20 Flying Cloud



Chrysler 77 Town Sedan



The New Chevrolet Six Phaeton



Five Passenger Cord Front Drive Sedan

Today, as always, what Chrysler does—or proposes to do—becomes the basic standard of efficiency in the realm of automobiles



NEW CHRYSLER 77" TOWN SEDAN, \$2315—CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS

CHRYSLER INSPIRES a pride all its own

Ownership of a Chrysler brings with it a deep-rooted satisfaction which springs from the firm conviction that, regardless of price, Chrysler is a car [that] knows no peer.

In all that Chrysler is . . . in all that Chrysler does . . . in pedigree and in prestige . . . Chrysler offers something more.

Up to six years ago thousands of motorists could be satisfied only with highest-priced American-made cars or expensive importations.

Today they are driving Chryslers . . . and with polite boastfulness, for they have been able to find more complete fulfilment of their motoring ideals in a Chrysler than in any other car.

At the same time, because of surprisingly low prices, Chrysler has enabled thousands upon thousands to enjoy this supremely fine motoring who never even dreamed of being able to possess cars of such outstanding excellence.

Comparisons of cars today invariably take Chrysler as their basis. A car either is or is not an approach to Chrysler.

Yes—Chrysler has set the pace . . . and maintained it . . . year in and year out.

And because of the knowledge that in a Chrysler one has the best that motoring affords, Chrysler ownership imparts a certain thrilling pride the like of which cannot be claimed so universally by any other motor car.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

FEATURES: LARGE, POWERFUL ENGINES . . . SEVEN-BEARING COUNTER-WEIGHTED CRANKSHAFT . . . MULTI-RANGE FOUR-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND GEAR SHIFT . . . RUBBER SPRING SHACKLES . . . CHRYSLER WEATHERPROOF FOUR-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . LARGER, ROOMIER BODIES OF DREADNOUGHT CONSTRUCTION . . . ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEATS . . . METALWARE BY CARTIER

MULTI-RANGE
CHRYSLER



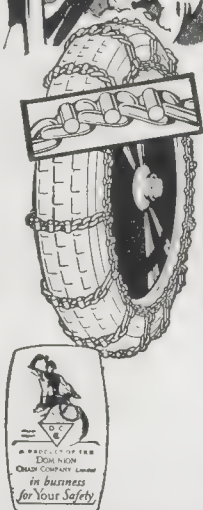
Stop and figure what might happen!

You know you are going to skid when you lose traction on icy roads. Safety lies in the extra grip that WEED Chains give you. Ice and snow call for steel teeth on your tires. WEED Chains supply the need. They are the best insurance—a true economy.

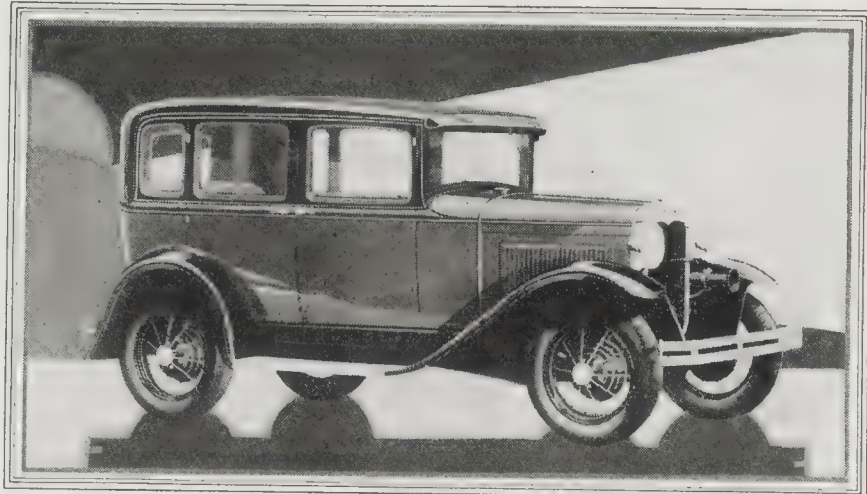
WEED Chains are made for all sizes and types of passenger and truck tires—and for all road conditions. Insist on genuine WEEDS when you buy tire chains.

Made in Canada by the
DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited
NIAGARA FALLS ONTARIO

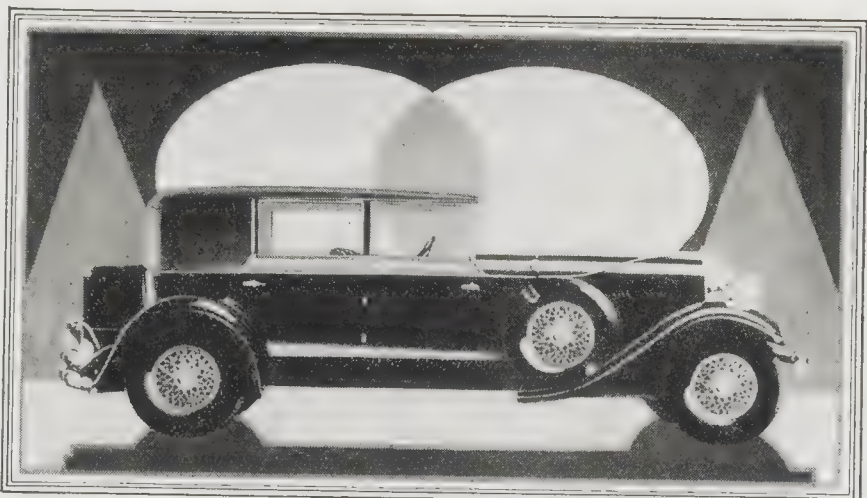
WEED CHAINS



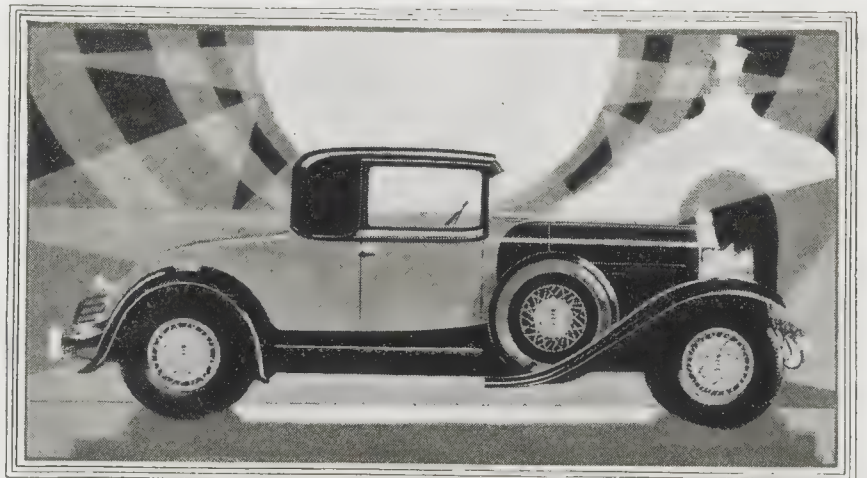
Popular Models of 1930



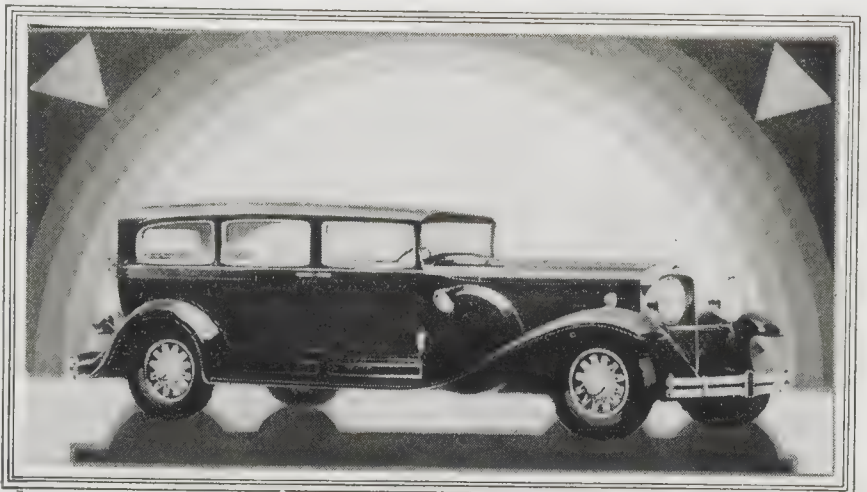
The New Three-Window Fordor Sedan



Auburn 125 Phaeton-Sedan



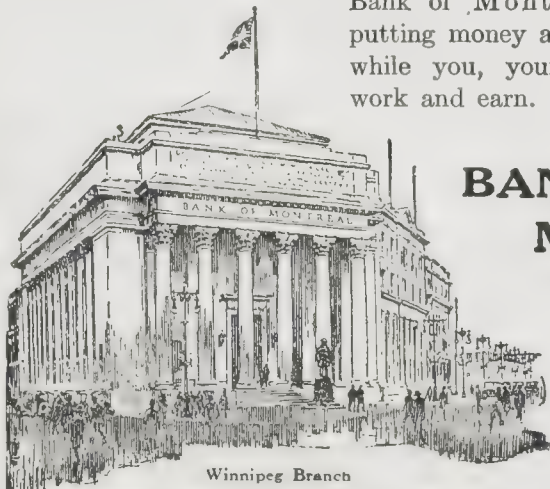
The Willys Knight Great Six Coupe



The New Marmon Big Eight Seven-Passenger Limousine

THE BEST WAY

to "be prepared" is to have a reserve fund of money in the bank. The best way to secure this is to make deposits regularly in your Bank of Montreal savings account, putting money aside to work for you while you, yourself, are still able to work and earn.



Winnipeg Branch

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

Total Assets in Excess
of
\$960,000,000

236 Branches
West of the Great Lakes

Setting the Pace in Styles . . .

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING AND SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

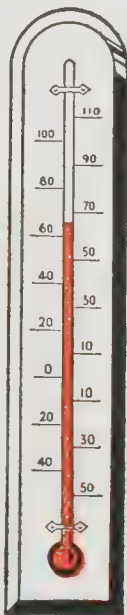


Laugh out at the weather...

ANYONE who can build a home can build a *warm home*. TEN/TEST Insulation is within the reach of all. It makes a house snug and weather-tight. It shuts out cold, dampness and draughts. It saves over 30% of fuel bills. In summer it keeps the house cool and livable.

Furnace heat escapes through the walls and roof of even a well-constructed house, if it is not insulated. There are countless unseen places through which air passes. Only the best insulation, such as TEN/TEST, can seal a house as a cork seals a bottle.

Though TEN/TEST Insulating Building Board costs a little more than ordinary lumber, it makes a difference in comfort which cannot be measured in dollars. The house becomes a real home. Comfort reigns. The cost of installing TEN/TEST is absorbed in the saving of



fuel over a period of a few years. And TEN/TEST insulation lasts the life of the building.

TEN/TEST comes in strong, solid sheets, of any thickness required, which are built right into the house... as sheathing, as roof insulation, or as a base for plaster. It is so made that neither heat nor cold nor noise can pass through. TEN/TEST is a Canadian product, developed to beat the Canadian climate.

Will you write for a free booklet which tells you a great deal about home building? Ask for your copy of "TEN/TEST and the Most Wonderful Adventure in the World."

TEN-TEST
INSULATING BUILDING BOARD

THE EATON SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE IS NOW READY - WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TO-DAY

A Book of Good Values

The new EATON Spring Catalogue is now in the mails, and illustrated in this book is merchandise from the markets of the world—merchandise that is of good quality and at prices that will benefit Western Canada's thousands. This big EATON Catalogue will afford you an opportunity to share in these offerings, and you can feel confident, when shopping by mail at EATON'S, of getting value for your money.

Perhaps you are one of the few who have not received your copy of this book. If such is the case, just a post card will be sufficient to bring a Catalogue to you.

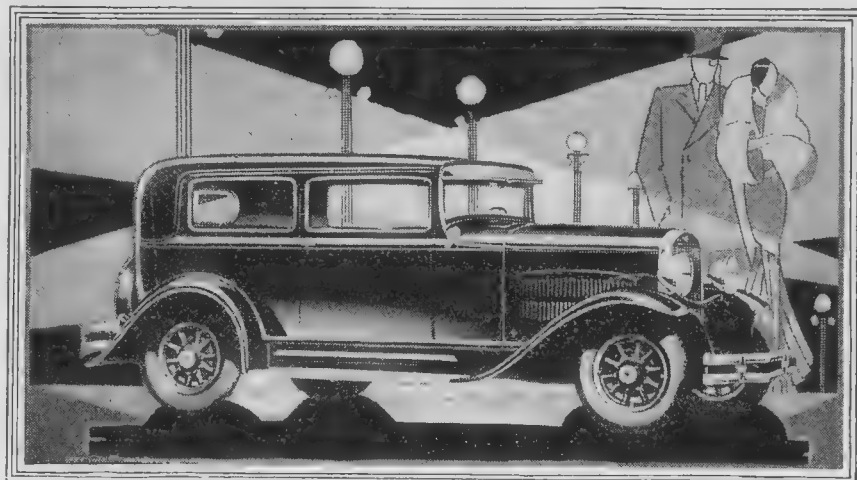
Write for it Today—
Free on Request



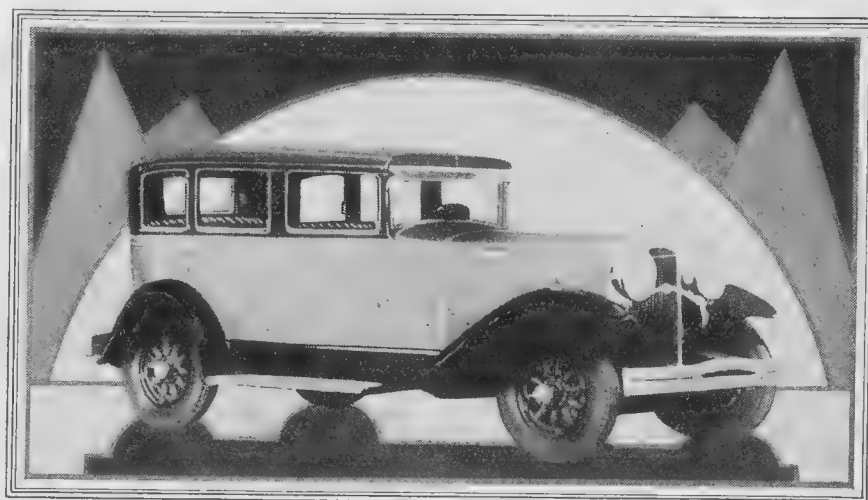
GOOD QUALITY
MERCHANDISE
TO SUPPLY THE
NEEDS OF THE
PEOPLE OF
WESTERN
CANADA

EXCEPTIONAL
ECONOMIES
FOR OUR
WESTERN
CUSTOMERS

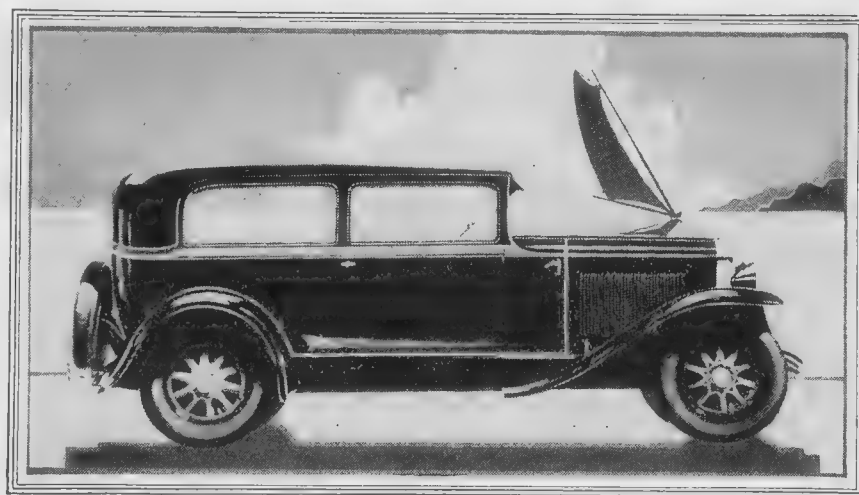
Popular Models of 1930



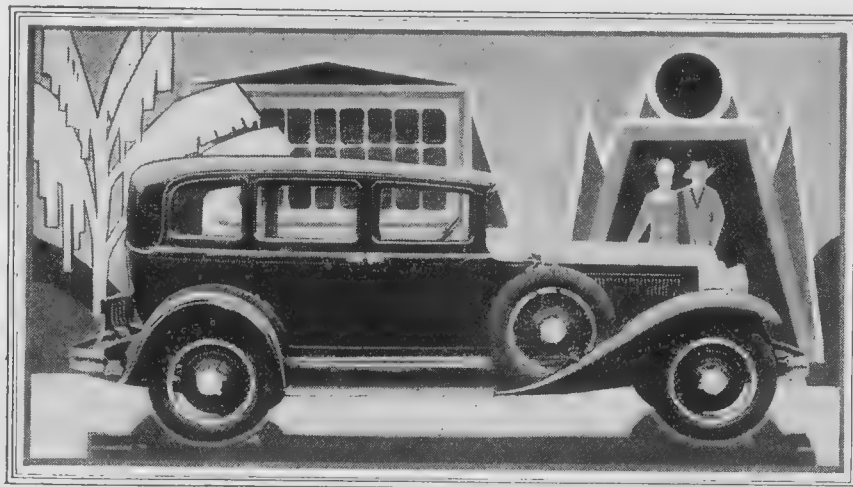
The New Essex Challenger Coach



Graham Special Eight Sedan



New Series Pontiac Big Six—Two Door Sedan

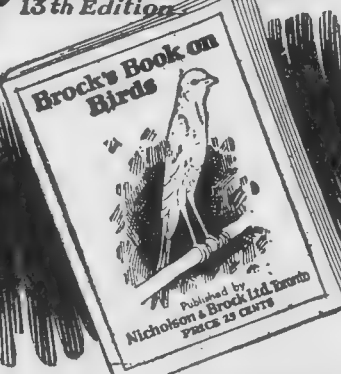


Studebaker World Champion President 8 Regal Sedan

A WORD TO THE WISE!

Watch the expiry date of your subscription to Canada's Greatest Magazine
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

13th Edition



NEW

and ENLARGED
EDITION

BROCK'S BOOK ON BIRDS

Send for Your Copy Today

This wonderful book on birds is a new and revised edition replete with 342 pages of valuable information on the care and feeding of cage birds; including 80 pages of practical advice on the treatment of bird diseases.

The regular price is 25c, but to those answering this advertisement and enclosing 10c, we will send a copy of Brock's Book on Birds—and a generous sample of Brock's Bird Seed, a correctly balanced diet prepared from the finest seeds, selected from all parts of the world—together with a real treat for your bird, a sample of Brock's Bird Treat, a tonic that brightens the plumage and strengthens the song.

Mail the coupon and only 10c for book and samples.

BROCK'S

BOOK ON BIRDS & BROCK'S BIRD SEED

MAIL THIS COUPON 31

Messrs. NICHOLSON & BROCK, LTD.
125 George St., Toronto 2.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find 10 cents for Brock's Book on Birds, a sample of Brock's Bird Seed and Brock's Bird Treat, as advertised.

Name.....

Address.....

306



MAIL 10¢ ONLY FOR THESE

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 58

real estate securities, and so have a fair amount of security.

The success of such a company depends entirely upon the ability of its management. Some such companies have developed into very successful institutions, more especially in Great Britain and the United States. We cannot give you any opinion as to the reliability of this particular concern.

We must point out that an investment in the bonds of such a company has very little greater advantage than an investment in government bonds or the bonds of large industrial companies. The objections to the purchase of bonds are twofold, namely, marketability and history. It would be difficult to sell the bonds of this syndicate unless to some person who is intimately connected with it, and if they were sold in the open market, they would possibly be subject to a considerable discount.

The history of the syndicate is that it has not been in business very long, and has not a record of successful operation as proof of its efficient management, which is some guarantee of protection to the investor.

Saskatchewan.

Q. I would like your opinion through your legal column on the oil company, Associated Securities Limited, 212 Hammond Building, Moose Jaw.—"X.Y.Z."

A. This company is not an oil company although they hold a great number of leases on oil lands. You do not state how you are interested in this company, and it is therefore difficult for us to advise you.

As the company deals in oil leases you will understand that its investments are of a speculative nature.

NEARLY FIFTY PER CENT. INCREASE IN SUN LIFE BUSINESS

It is only four years since, for the first time in the history of life assurance in Canada, a Canadian company was able to announce over a billion dollars of assurance in force. The event was properly celebrated by the Company in question, Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, and evoked much gratified comment from public men, financiers and journalists, as well as creating general satisfaction among the Canadian public. It was regarded as a signal achievement in a little more than fifty years of that Company's history.

President Macaulay upon that occasion expressed confidence that the momentum then acquired would carry the Company to even more surprising achievements in the next decade. But it is doubtful if even the President of the Company, himself, who personifies confidence and optimism, could have foreseen that the second billion would be surpassed within four years. Yet this is what has happened. The annual report of the Sun Life Company published today shows that the total assurances now in force are close to two and a half billion, or \$2,401,000,000. Some idea of the magnitude of these figures may be gleaned from the fact that they exceed the total national debt of the Dominion by more than \$100,000,000.

The income of the Company, \$172,850,000 (an increase of over \$28,000,000 over 1928), is \$15,000,000 more than the entire customs revenue of the Dominion in 1928.

The assets of the Company were increased by nearly \$80,000,000. They now stand at \$568,000,000.

The undivided surplus has been increased by \$5,868,000, bringing the total over liabilities, contingency accounts and capital stock to more than \$60,000,000.

Even more impressive is the statement that the rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets has risen to 7.02%. This figure includes a certain amount from bonuses and stock privileges accruing on some of the Company's holdings, but if these were entirely eliminated the rate would still be 6.60%.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

A TOWER OF STRENGTH

1929

New Assurances Paid for	-	654,451,000
An Increase of \$213,207,000		
Assurances in force (net)	-	\$2,401,237,000
An Increase of \$504,322,000		
Total Income (net)	- - -	172,857,000
An Increase of \$28,110,000		
Surplus earned during the		
Year - - - - -	-	42,863,000
Payments to Policyholders		
and Beneficiaries - -	-	69,174,000
Surplus and Contingency		
Reserve - - - - -	-	72,807,000
An Increase of \$5,869,000		
Total Liabilities - - -	-	495,390,000
(Including Paid up Capital)		
Assets, at December 31st, 1929		568,197,000
An Increase of \$79,239,000		



NEW HEAD OFFICE BUILDING

Rate of Interest earned on mean invested assets 7.02%

The high rate of dividends allotted to participating policyholders is continued and the special dividend on maturing policies extended and increased.

EXTRACTS FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT

New policies paid for numbered 161,391 for a net amount of \$654,451,143.27, an advance of \$213,206,752.36, or more than forty-eight per cent., over the previous year. This marked increase and the fact that the average policy, for the first time, exceeded \$4,000, afford impressive evidence of the ever-growing popularity of the Company.

After deducting amounts reassured, the total assurances in force amount to \$2,401,237,036.94, an increase of \$504,321,102.37. This advance is notable not merely for its magnitude, but because when allowance is made for terminations by death and maturity, it represents a remarkably high rate of continuance, and evidences great satisfaction on the part of our policyholders.

The amount paid to policyholders since organization, together with the amount at present held for their security or benefit, exceeds the total amount received from them in premiums by \$139,290,474.03.

The rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets has risen to 7.02 per cent. This figure includes a certain amount from bonuses and stock privileges accruing on many of the Company's holdings; but if these were entirely eliminated the rate would still be 6.60 per cent.

A net profit of \$13,077,284.62 was realized from the redemption or sale of securities.

The surplus earned during the year, based on the values entered in the accounts, amounted to \$42,863,578.59, but from this sum substantial appropriations have as usual been made to further strengthen the position of the Company.

An additional \$10,000,000.00 has been deducted from the market values of our securities as a provision against possible market fluctuations, raising the amount thus set aside for this purpose in the accounts to \$30,000,000.00.

A further \$1,000,000.00 has been written off the Company's buildings.

\$931,000.00 has been appropriated to raise the annuity reserves to the Rutherford table of valuation, with interest at 3½ per cent. This exacting standard requires reserves \$2,656,000.00 in excess of those of the Dominion Government standard.

\$1,200,000.00 has been set aside as additional provision for claims arising from total disability, death claims as yet unreported, and possible claims under cancelled policies on which a surrender value or reinstatement might be applied for.

\$22,606,265.67 has been paid or allotted as profits for the year to policyholders.

The special amount entered as a liability to provide for unforeseen contingencies has been maintained at \$12,500,000.00.

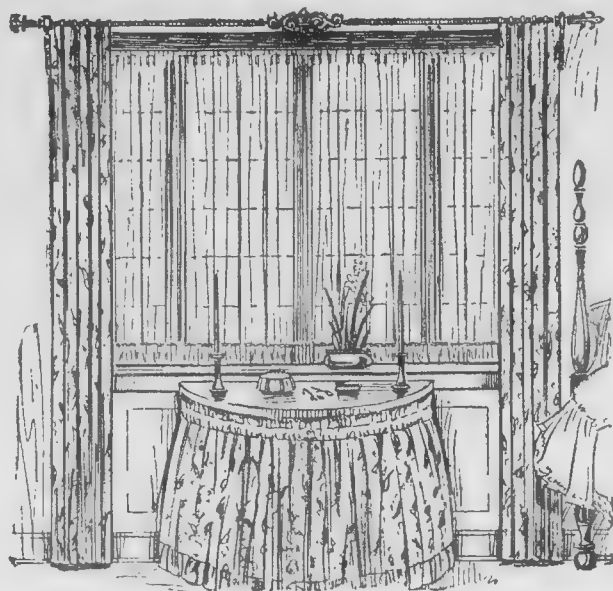
After making all these deductions and allocations, \$5,868,899.96 has been added to the undivided surplus, bringing the total over liabilities, contingency accounts and capital stock, to \$60,307,762.44.

In accordance with our usual conservative practice the securities owned by the Company have again been valued at figures much below the market quotations current at the close of the year. This undervaluation represents an important element of strength to the Company additional to the specific provisions in the statements.

Your Directors are pleased to announce that the high scale of profits at present allotted to participating policyholders will be continued during the ensuing year, while the Special Dividend on maturing policies, introduced last year, has been extended to include policies maturing after having been in force five years or longer and the scale of benefit has been increased.

The business of the Company has always been conducted under the exacting provisions of the Canadian Insurance law and the rigid supervision of the Insurance Department of the Government of Canada. Ever since we entered the United States in 1895, the Company has been under similar supervision there and is now subject to the regulations of thirty-eight States of the Union which require periodical examination of the affairs of all companies licensed in their territory. In the discharge of their regular duties a committee of twenty-two examiners, representing the States of Michigan, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Ohio, Tennessee, Washington, Virginia, West Virginia, Florida and the District of Columbia recently completed an exhaustive examination into every department of the Company's affairs. The report of this committee makes gratifying reference to the liberal treatment accorded to our policyholders, and provides authoritative testimony to the Company's strength. Even adopting the low valuations placed by us on our securities, the committee still reported a surplus at the close of last year \$1,333,921.71 in excess of the figure claimed by the Company.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA



Do You Know About Atavio Drapery Hardware?

When you are planning Spring cleaning, give a thought to your window draperies and arrange some changes.

New curtains in a new arrangement will create a much brighter atmosphere. An added note of colour can be tastefully introduced by the use of Kirsch Atavio Drapery Hardware, smart designs in cast aluminum, artistically coloured to harmonize with your colour scheme. Let the Kirsch booklet help you brighten up your home—we will be glad to send you a copy free of charge.

Kirsch

DRAPERY HARDWARE

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Woodstock Ontario
Please send me Kirsch booklet free of charge.
Name
Address.....
Town..... Prov. 54

To Interpret the Vogue of the New Silhouette

NISBET & AULD

Present the New

BORDERED Peter Pan Fabrics

PARIS says "Borders". The masters of Style, who have created the all-conquering vogue of The New Silhouette, have found an added grace in finishing off the flare of the longer skirt with colorful decorative designs of the same material. The effect is *chic*, smart, truly Parisian.

Peter Pan Bordered Fabrics have been Paris-designed for the specific purpose of accentuating the charm of the New Silhouette. Gloriously lovely, guaranteed tubfast, these famous fabrics are a year ahead in style.

FREE

Nisbett & Auld, Limited take pleasure in offering 30 free samples of Peter Pan, together with colored fashion pictures illustrating the new dresses.

NISBETT & AULD, LIMITED
34 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

Send me 30 samples of Peter Pan, with colored fashion pictures—FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

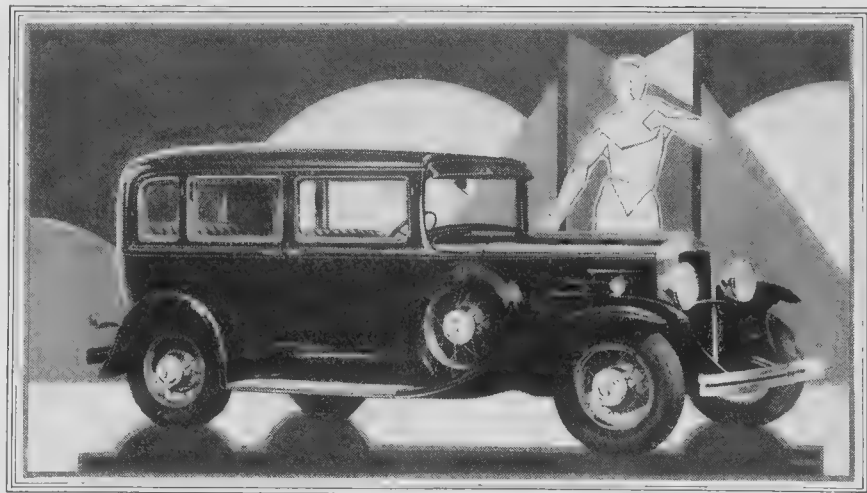
City..... Prov..... W.H.3



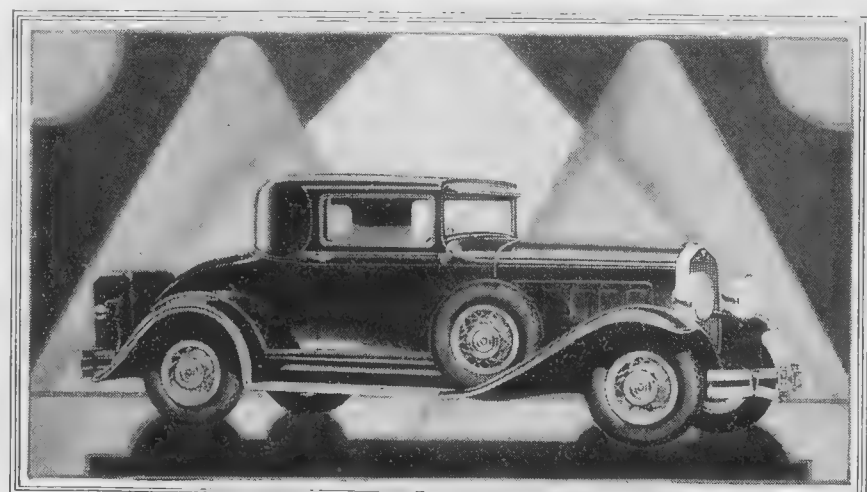
GENUINE
Peter Pan
Guaranteed Fast Color
WASH FABRICS

It's the Quality of the Fabric that Makes the Difference

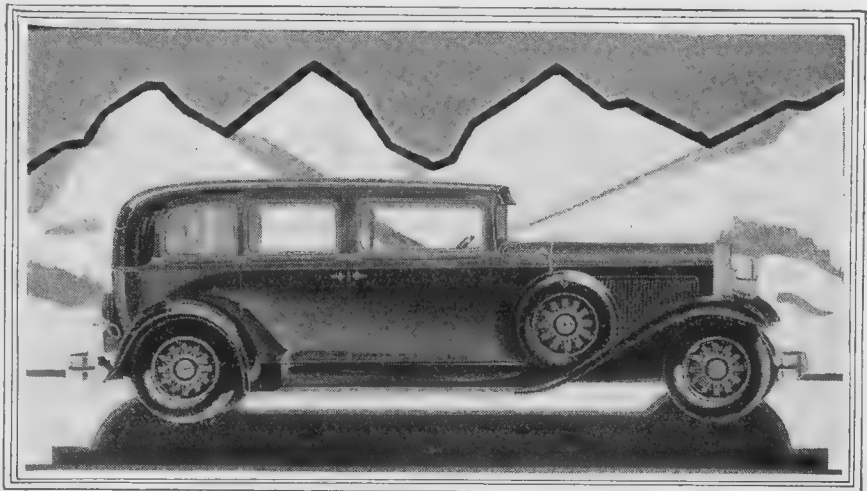
Popular Models of 1930



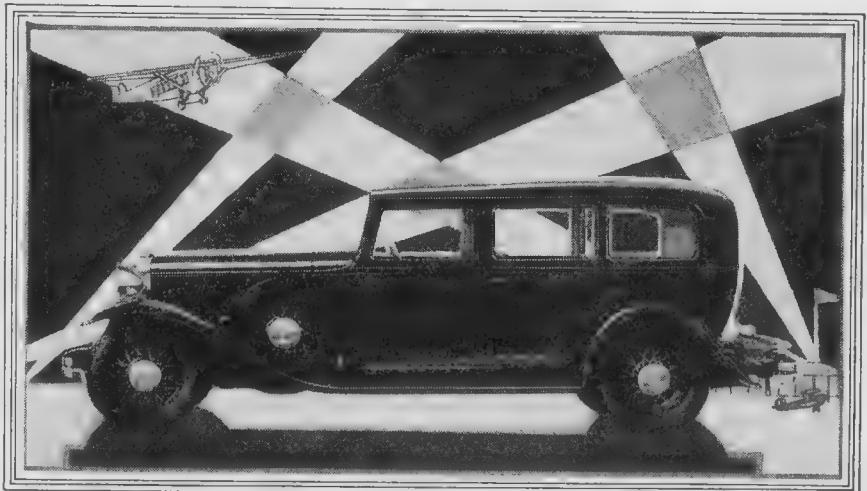
Durant Six Cylinder De Luxe Sedan



Hudson Great 8 Coupe



Nash Twin Ignition Six, Seven Passenger Sedan



Hupmobile Model 'U' Custom-Built, Seven Passenger Sedan



The Sheen of Royal Irish Linen on Your Table

Genuine Irish Table Linen has always been a luxury out of most women's reach. Now, the finest quality linen in new and original patterns and colours is within the reach of everyone.

By ordering direct from the makers in Ireland you save all intermediate costs and obtain beautiful linens at surprisingly low prices.

Write today for our Illustrated Book "Irish Linens of Quality." It is full of descriptions of new and lovely linens for all purposes. We will send this book with samples free of charge.

Specimen Offer

Sheets

Exceptional Offer! Heavy make, will last for years. Sizes 2 x 3 yards (single bed). Hemmed. Per Pair, \$4.49.

Pillow Cases

to match sheets. Hemmed. Each 42c.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

Royal Irish Linen House LTD.
BELFAST N. IRELAND



Without? With~
ANTI-MIST
GUARANTEES CLEAR VISION

AGENTS WANTED

You can quickly build a big money-making business of your own selling Anti-Mist. Sells to Auto Supply Stores, Opticians, Druggists, Cigar Stores, Garages, Railroad and Street Car Companies. Anti-Mist makes glass water-proof, steam-proof and frost-proof. One application lasts a day. Clear Vision guaranteed in all weather; money back guarantee if it fails.

\$50 to \$100 WEEKLY. Others are doing it. Sells on sight. Anti-Mist retails at 35c for 1/2-oz. tin, \$1.50 for 4-oz. tin. Send 35c NOW for sample 1/2-oz. tin and full particulars.

ANTI-MIST CHEMICAL CO.
817 Granville St. Vancouver, B.C.

REMEMBER—When writing the advertisers please mention that you saw their ad. in the Western Home Monthly.

About New Blossoms and New Fashions

Continued from page 75

to the dress its object is to soften the line of the fitted seams and the higher waist. In general the cape harmonizes well with the new flaring skirts and the tighter bodices. It will be of great help to rejuvenate made over dresses by introducing some of the cape material into the gown and then create a smart "ensemble."

In general, the new evening dresses have the appearance of the corols of flowers, being moulded to the figure from the upper portion down to the knees, and then blossoming into a quantity of petals downwards onto the floor. The necks are still cut very low at the back. A new necklace which has been designed for this fashion is made of several strings of tiny pearls twisted into a heavy rope joining at the back and ending into huge tassels of beads hanging below the waist. This accessory to an evening frock has a very happy effect, as it fills the long expanse of a nude back so trying for many.

Pintucks are also a much used form of trimming which is not only used on sheer material but is also found on materials of all sorts. Geometric designs and flowers are carried out through this media. Usually tucks are done by hand and give any dress a very exclusive finish.

Lingerie collars and cuffs as well as lacy fronts made of organdie are finding their way on afternoon frocks while deep lace berthas and fichus are draped on dinner and formal gowns.

THERE is this season a great revival of natural silk in opposition to artificial. The leading Lyons manufacturers are introducing some delightful taffeta and moir printed in small designs. All the crepe used formerly are also in the race for supremacy and all have even chances to win. For sport wear the greatest event of the new season is the reappearance, leading all other materials, of shantung in a great variety of weaves; one is of wool and silk mixed, another is very light in weight and is called "Honan." Then there is an infinite number of printed ones. Sport shoes are also shown made of plain and printed shantung, and with bags to match sport outfits are ever so smart.

Spring hats are following in the wake of winter ones as to line. The high forehead and the low backs although very trying for so many are being made into the materials of spring. Linen is the leading medium for sport hats and for wearing with simple summer gowns. Suzy White was showing several of them in her spring collection; some in white and others in green and yellow. One specially smart model was made in a shape hugging the head absolutely and was worked in button hole stitch.

Black bankock, panama-laque and bakou are two other very popular mediums. Blank satin was used very happily to make a soft little toque which had a long point falling over the right shoulder.

It is very difficult for this season to draw a hard and fast line as far as shades are concerned, each house seems to be law to itself and every color is popular. There are greens, light, and dark, blues in pastel and turquoise, faded pinks, pale greys and beige; all of these are used, as well as a few bright reds for the pert young girls. In general one might say that becomingness is first considered.

In spite of the loud protestations heard on all sides about the departure of fashion toward more elaborate styles, the smart woman can rest assured that the ungracious line of the nineties with the hour-glass figure is very far from being resurrected. The designers of today are only interested in creating clothes which will be becoming and will enhance women's feminine charms, the existence of which had been forgotten during the long and dark years of war. Modern life cannot tolerate the return of styles which would hamper or slow up everyday activities, therefore there is no need to worry about the future.

GREATER in all that builds goodwill

Everywhere, immediate approval of the new Dodge Six and the new Dodge Eight-in-Line has been followed by sustained enthusiasm for the merit and value of these fine cars. Such a big, capable Six at such a low price—a low-cost Eight so high in quality—truly, here are achievements worthy to add new and greater lustre to this fine old name.

SENSATIONAL VALUES

A NEW SIX \$1065

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

NEVER BEFORE—a closed car by Dodge Brothers at so low a price.

NEVER BEFORE—a silent Mono-piece (Steel) Body on any car so low in price.

NEVER BEFORE—4-wheel internal-expanding hydraulic brakes on any Six at so low a price.

A NEW EIGHT \$1400

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

NEVER BEFORE—a low-priced Eight of Dodge Brothers quality and dependability.

NEVER BEFORE—at so low a price, a Dodge Brothers car so big, roomy and comfortable.

NEVER BEFORE—in this price range, so much in de luxe appointments and fine-car features.

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

CHILDRENS COSY CORNER

BY BOBBY BURKE

BRITISH COLUMBIA

HURRAH! We've found a province that is proud of itself. A province that is willing to "tell the world" how lovely it is, what fine people live in its borders, and what splendid things they do. We've got pictures, write ups and even some verses. We're going to give a gold button and Special Mention to Thelma Davidson of Shawnigan Lake, B.C. for a neat, carefully prepared book with pictures pasted in. Unfortunately we cannot reproduce the book to show you how nice it is or how well prepared, but it opens with a map of the province, then shows pictures and a write up of Victoria, Vancouver, the Fraser River, Okanagan District, Vancouver Island, Fishing, Lumbering (with pictures of forests) and it closes with a little written summary descriptive of the birds, trees, animals, parks, churches and other public buildings and a list of books that tell of B.C. These books are written by E. O. S. Scofield, H. Bancroft, J. T. Walbran, Edgar Fawcett and The Year Book of B.C. by R. E. Gosnell. Congratulations Thelma!

Gold Buttons also go to Vaughan Mosher, Port Alberni; Alix Gillis, 1572 Vining St., Victoria; Theresa E. Arnold, 3235 Linwood Avenue, Saanich, Victoria; to Isabelle Johnson, Malakwa; Marguerite Davie, 4470 McGill Street, Vancouver; Eleanor L. Cates, 1235 E 15th Avenue, Vancouver; Elvina U. Gray, 1231 Montrose Avenue, Victoria; Mabel Thornycroft, 150 Howard Avenue, Nanaimo, B.C., and Connie Tulloch, 3878 15th Avenue, West Vancouver, B.C.

Shown herewith are some of the pictures, and extracts from the write-ups about the Province of British Columbia:

OF course I think British Columbia is by far the most beautiful province in Canada. Our city of Victoria is known as the city of sunshine and flowers which it most certainly is. I will try to describe some of the beauty spots.

Buchart's Gardens are the most beautiful sights in B.C. especially in June when the roses are in full bloom. there are in the garden some of the best roses in Canada.

One of Victoria's most popular drives is the Marine Drive. It is wonderful to see the breakers thundering over the rugged rocks and then, much subdued, roll seaward again.

I think Victoria is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. And I hope that you too Bobby Burke will someday "Follow the Birds to Victoria." Alix Gillis.

I would like to tell you something about our most wonderful province British Columbia. I live in Victoria, it's Capital, which is situated on the south east corner of Vancouver Island. Vancouver Island was named after Captain George Vancouver, who explored and surveyed along the coast of the island. Vancouver Island was united to British Columbia in 1866 and British Columbia joined the Dominion of Canada in July 1871.

Victoria was originally a Hudson's Bay Fort and was named Victoria in 1843, Queen Victoria having given the name to British Columbia.

B.C. has been noted a long time for its gold mines in the Cariboo. Silver, copper, coal mines, lumbering, dairying,

Top: Bird's Eye View of Revelstoke
Side: Indian Totem Poles, Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.
Oval: Provincial Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

cattle, salmon, fox skins and fruit growing are all to be found here in the province.

The forests of B.C. are given portrayal in Bertram Sinclair's interesting stories, and poems by Pauline Johnson portray the many beauties of this province.

I am particularly interested in the growth of Victoria, as my great grandparents came to Fort Victoria on the Norman Morrison, a sailing vessel which came by way of Cape Horn. My great grandfather tended sheep in the Fort and my great uncle was the first white child born here.—Elvira U. Gray.

Nanaimo is situated on the east side of Vancouver Island directly west across the Gulf of Georgia from Vancouver. From Nanaimo we have a wonderful view of the mountain ranges of B.C. The blue Gulf of Georgia studded with green islands in the foreground, then the dark blue coast range and in the distance the high snow-capped Rockies.

Going in the train through the Rockies can never be compared for scenery. Travelling along the side of the mountains with the Thompson River far below and the great snow-capped mountains far above you is a very great sensation.

Going up the Fraser River past the Hell's Gate Canyon is well worth remembering. The river narrows so until the banks are a very short distance apart and the great flow of water rushes through the canyon very swiftly.

I have tried to describe a few of the hundreds of beauty spots in B.C. but being no writer, cannot describe them in words fitting for the purpose.

Wishing you and all Cosy Corner Members every success. — Mabel Thornycroft.

It would take too long to tell all about B.C. It is a very large province with high mountains, wonderful farms and orchards, great forests, mines and fisheries. In Vancouver the largest city, is Stanley Park which mostly everybody knows about, with its big trees,

gardens and wild animals. There is a big gun there which is fired every night at nine o'clock, and several totem poles set up for people to see. In Vancouver is the University of British Columbia.

Victoria is the capital. The Parliament Buildings are there and the Observatory where there is a very large telescope. There is a Solarium where crippled children are treated and the beautiful Butchart Gardens.

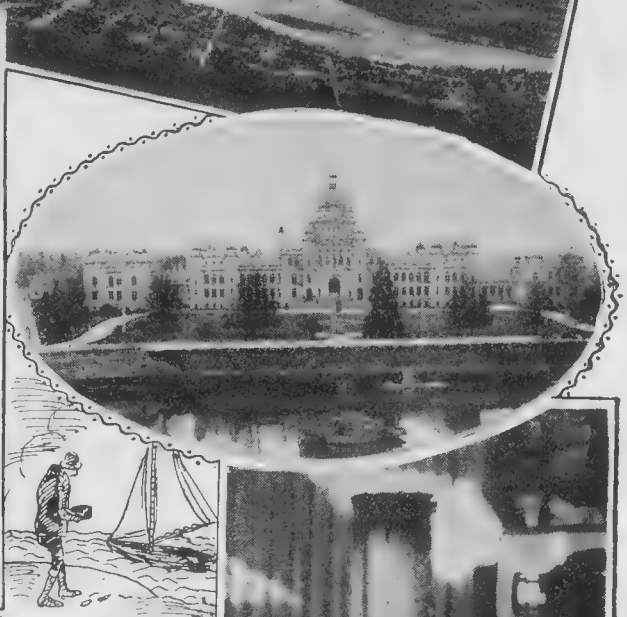
At the mouth of the Alberni Canal is Bamfield the Cable Station where the cable from Australia lands.

The scenery of B.C. is not only pretty but magnificent. I think B.C. is the best province in Canada.—Vaughan Mosher, Port Alberni, B.C. Box 114.

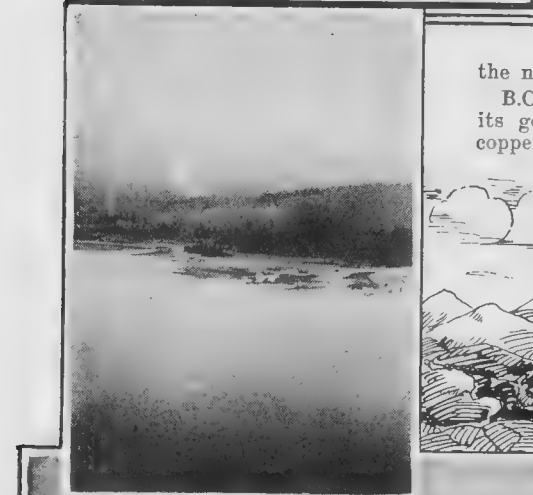
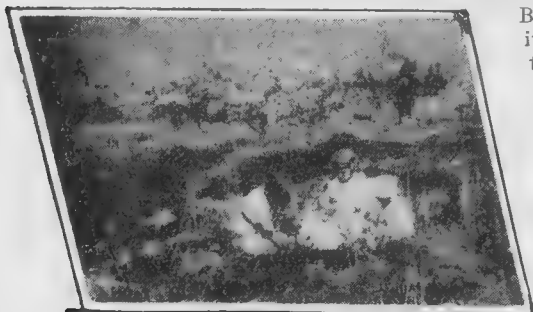
There are so many beautiful things to tell about British Columbia, the lovely forests, Stanley Park, Bowen Island, Vancouver Island, Crescent Beach and many others. All the beautiful rivers like the Fraser River, I used to go fishing there. Not saying much about Stanley Park, a seven mile drive around it, the beautiful trees centuries old, one the most important, they have made an entrance right through the tree so cars drive through.

The Zoo with many animals such as the bears, monkeys, birds and ever so many more. Also Capilano, amid the forest, also the swinging bridge hundreds of feet high, when you stand on the bridge the roar of the water is so great that at times you cannot hear yourself speak. I must not forget Lost Lagoon, it is a beautiful lake, it is frozen over now and 6,000 people were skating on it.

I am sending you a picture of a little cub found in Capilano a man is feeding it on the bottle. I took a snap of him.—Audrey Hockley.



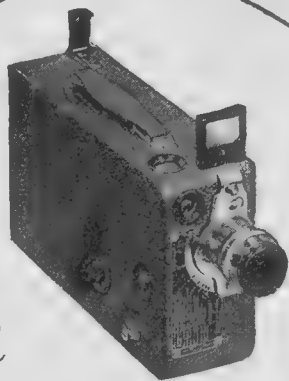
Audrey Hockley's Baby Bear.



Log Chute, sent by Agatha Harms.

Top: Renata Orchards in Bloom Centre: Burrard Inlet
Bottom: The Narrows, Arrow Lake.

If you can press a lever you can take movies with this extremely simple little camera.



An Extremely Simple Movie Camera

that anybody who can press a lever can operate. That even the modest purse can afford!

You can get a Koda-scope projector, for showing home movies, as low as \$70.



Designed for amateurs, by the men who so simplified picture-taking that snapshot-making became easy enough for children

IF you can look through a finder and press a lever, you can take successful home movies, either in black-and-white or in full color, with this remarkably simple little camera.

You'll get wonderfully clear and interesting movies, even if you are an absolute beginner . . . even if you've never had a camera in your hands before.

The ease and convenience of it all will surprise you.

And if you can afford the ordinary accessories of modern life, you can afford a Ciné-Kodak.

Imagine the thrill of seeing your own child smiling, dimpling, walking across your home movie screen. Your own loved ones, kept just as they are . . . never changing, never aging . . . in marvelous motion pictures that you yourself make.

Developed by the men who simplified amateur picture-taking

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

That's the point to remember. You want the *simplest* movie camera you can get, one that a child could operate.

With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press the lever and you take movies. Then send the film to any Ciné-Kodak processing station. In a few days, you receive it back—without cost; developing is included in the price of the film.

And, with the Koda-scope, you project the pictures in your own living room—sharp and

clear—as easily as playing a record on the phonograph.

With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, the Ciné-Kodak takes black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, Ciné-Kodak B or BB f.1.9 takes beautiful pictures, in full, natural color—every color that the eye can see is recorded for you in home movies.

Any Ciné-Kodak dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and to show you Kodacolor on the screen. To permit buying from income rather than capital, many offer an attractive deferred payment plan.

MAIL FOR FREE BOOK

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras



This World of Wonders

EAST and West in recent months leading men in the public life of Canada have been making speeches which are reminders that the next Dominion general election is beginning to loom up on the political horizon. The Philosopher remembers that in the campaign of 1908 it was suggested to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that a phonograph cylinder record (it was before flat round records were introduced) be made of a speech by him and that the new-fangled invention called the biograph be used to make a moving picture of him delivering the speech, and thus with a phonograph and a projection lantern and screen he could be both heard and seen by many more audiences between Halifax and Victoria than he could possibly address in person. But Sir Wilfrid would not listen to the suggestion. He declined either to make a speech into the recording funnel, or, as he said, "make a peep-show" of himself. He refused to figure as a moving shadow on a screen, to the accompaniment of what his opponents would call "canned eloquence." He said that to do so would be "undignified and un-British." Broadcasting was, of course, unheard of then. What a different world we live in now! It will not be so very long before receiving radio sets which will provide television as well as audition will be as general in the homes of this country as audition sets are now. Television by radio is already a thing achieved.

Stairs

WHILE on a visit to Brandon last month, The Philosopher, in viewing one day the house of one of the earliest citizens of that city, whose founders chose so picturesque a situation for it as the metropolis of the fertile Brandon plains region of Manitoba, remembered being told forty years ago about the first house in Brandon which had stairs. That house was built by James A. Smart, a pioneer in the village of tents which was the beginning of Brandon in 1881. The Indians used to assemble to marvel at the stairs. The squaws, with their papooses, used to delight in sitting on the stairs, as if they were a grandstand. Is it to be wondered at that the Indians found those stairs, the first they saw, most extraordinarily interesting and novel and, indeed, spectacular? Their emotion might well prompt a poet to sing somewhat thus:

Here's to the man who first built stairs;
To him be praise and glory!
He was the first who ever burst
Into an upper story.
Ah, but for him, a downstairs world,
A ground-floor world, 'twould be!
And yet his name's unknown to fame—
A shame, it seems to me.

Doctors and Proverbs

A DOCTOR who is one of The Philosopher's oldest friends often says that the ignorance about the human body and its processes which prevails among even highly intelligent and otherwise well educated men and women is to him astounding. But The Philosopher tells him that he is thinking of what used to be the case when he was young, and that he fails to realize the great amount of education about health which is disseminated in the schools and in newspapers and magazines. But the doctor shakes his head at that and in reply to the proverb that by forty every man is either a physician or a fool, says that doctors have a proverb among themselves that the man who prescribes for himself has a fool for a doctor, even if he is a doctor himself. As is usual with every such pair of proverbs which contradict each other, it is possible to extract truth and error from both.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—THE EDITOR.....	5
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	90
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	92

Fiction

NO DEFENCE—Gilbert Parker.....	5
RAB OF THE RED HEAD—H. A. Kennedy.....	10
SOSSIDGES—E. G. Bayne.....	12
THE STUFF OF DREAMS—Berton Braley.....	13
PIGS FOR PERIWIGS—Blodwen Davies.....	14
THE SOW'S EAR—Freda Graham Bundy.....	16

Articles

THE HUMAN TOUCH AND THE IMMIGRANT—Anne Anderson Perry.....	9
HOCKEY SPEEDS UP—William David Stovel.....	17
THE OLD GUARD MARCHES ON—D. Walter Thomson.....	19
A HOME FROM NEW ENGLAND—V. W. Horwood.....	22

Regular Departments

SHADOWLAND WITH ALL ITS VAGARIES—Jerome Carver.....	27
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F. C. I.....	36
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	58
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	59
CHILDREN'S CUT OUTS.....	77
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	88

Women and the Home

EMBROIDERY.....	66
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	69
ABOUT NEW BLOSSOMS AND NEW FASHIONS—Suzanne Dickie.....	75, 78

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$2.50 A YEAR

An Old Man Too Soon

HENRY FORD'S reported utterances are not always so brimming with wisdom that The Philosopher regards him as one of the major prophets. But sometimes Henry utters a true and notable saying. After remarking that he preferred workers between thirty-five and sixty because of their greater stability and experience, and that he would not think of excluding those beyond sixty who could still do their work, he said, as reported in a recent interview: "It is usual to associate age with years only because men and women along in what is called middle age stop trying. They let themselves be old." There is truth in that. Many a man has shortened his life because he began to act like an old man too soon.

A Neglected Art

IN LISTENING to some of the sounds that emanate from radio sets, The Philosopher has more than once thought of an accomplishment which used to be thought worth-while, and would still be found to be worth-while, if people with good voices would cultivate it. Why reading aloud has become such a neglected art in the restless impatience of the modern rush may not be hard to account for. But it is a pity. The Philosopher does not mean dramatic elocution—not at all; he means simply the art of reading aloud agreeably and intelligently from a book. A sick-room, evenings at home, even lovers' meetings may be enriched and enlivened by the sensible exercise of this pleasant accomplishment.

In Regard to Insects

"THE greatest war ever waged or ever to be waged," said a Winnipeg doctor in a public address recently, "is the war that is constantly being waged between insects and humanity." True. It is generally supposed by optimists that there is some good in everything. Yet it is difficult to find a full excuse for some insects, except that they sometimes eat other insects. This does not, of course, refer to the bee, which is credited with many admirable qualities, including industry, thrift, good house-keeping and general attention to business; only the other day The Philosopher learned that the crop of honey in Manitoba last year amounted to 6,853,800 pounds, the largest on record, for which the beekeepers of the Province received \$822,432. Then there is the ant, whose diligence is commendable, though sometimes misdirected. After thinking over the whole subject of insects for some time, The Philosopher would divide the objectionable insects into two main classes, types or parties. There are those that poke their noses into everything, and there are those that will eat anything.

Chatter That Does Not Help

SOME politicians are so much given to assailing the motives and acts of some other politicians that occasionally you hear an elector expressing a cynically dubious opinion about the characters and doings of all men in public life. But such wholesale cynicism reflects more discreditably on the man who utters it than on the public life of the country. When a disgruntled citizen says that his fellow-Canadians can be organized wholesale to jump through the hoops held up by politicians for them to jump through, like a lot of performing dogs at a circus, he is simply saying what is not true. It makes him feel superior, no doubt, to say that the average ordinary man is unhappy without his daily dose of bunk. The fact is that it is he himself is not happy unless he talks that way.



PERFORMANCE MATCHES BEAUTY . . .

in the Sensational New Chevrolet Six

CHEVROLET . . . alone among all cars in the lowest price field . . . offers the style assurance and roomy comfort of "bodies by Fisher." It combines long, low lines and beautiful colorings . . . with lavishness of interior appointment no other car near Chevrolet's price can boast.

And the new Chevrolet Six matches this superb beauty with thrilling performance. Its big, 50-horsepower, six-cylinder engine delivers smooth, quiet power with ample reserve to meet every demand for flashing acceleration and sustained high speeds.

An improved steering mechanism and fully-enclosed, weather-proof, four-wheel brakes give easy, instant control. Four Delco-Lovejoy shock absorbers add greatly to comfort. Other typical features include the Fisher non-glare windshield; harmonic balancer;

heavier and stronger rear axle; new electric dash gasoline gauge; new accelerating pump; adjustable driver's seat and larger balloon tires.

The interior appointment of the new Chevrolet Six is most complete. Upholstery is of high-grade plush throughout. Seats are roomy and deeply cushioned. Plush-covered piping hides all seams where doors and body join, sealing the car against drafts. Bright metal work is chromium plated.

The new Chevrolet Six offers scores of outstanding improvements—yet it is available at *extremely low prices*. Visit your Chevrolet dealer today, and see this remarkable new Six . . . ride in it . . . drive it yourself. Any one of the eight beautiful new models may be purchased on the convenient G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan.

CHEVROLET

The **GREATEST**

CHEVROLET

IN CHEVROLET HISTORY

IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

What the World is Saying

A Disarmageddon Thought

Another world war would mean Armageddon.—Manchester Guardian.

A Place Outside the Door.

What place in this world is there for a knocker?—High River Times.

It Has Done That to Many Pedestrians.

Motoring takes a man's mind off his work completely.—Dundee Courier.

Now It's Often a Garage Institution

In the good old days the home was a stable institution.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

It Will Be an Eggspress, Of Course

The Great Western is to run shortly a special egg train.—London Telegraph.

But Not Nearly So Much.

A psychologist says that under the strains of life woman wears better than man.—London Spectator.

Might Have Been Better Expressed.

A novelist writes: "I never knew what happiness was until I was married."—Boston Transcript.

But Not Into Saxophones

It is a fundamental rule of health that we should breathe deeply.—Lethbridge Herald.

Depends on How Well Acquainted They Are

It is surprising how many persons can be got into one automobile.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Notable in Learning the Cornet

Practice makes some people perfect—and drives their neighbors almost mad.—Kamloops Sentinel.



Well, if it isn't the girls!"

Next, Built-in Bread Stuffing!

It is reported from California that a breed of chickens without wings has been developed by a poultry-Burbak down there.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Aren't Most Statistics That?

We wonder if the college professor who has classified 507 "known annoyances" included the persons who collect useless statistics.—London Saturday Review.

What About a System for Clear Days?

A lighting system has been devised that will eliminate many of the dangers of navigation in fog, and will also be of great use to aviators and drivers.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Where 81 Constables Were Bitten

According to official figures, eighty-one constables were bitten in the Metropolitan area by dogs last year. The ideal constable would be one without fear or flavor.—London Humorist.

A Thought that Occurred to Ye Ed.

The thought occurred to us the other day that we would like a dog-team, instead of an auto, in the kind of weather we have been having. With a dog-team you would not have trouble on account of the grease freezing in a dog's hind axle.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

And Often on Others' Feet, Too

A dancing master says that a good many dancers nowadays are too heavy on their feet.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

How About Bald Sitters?

The new school of photography aims to avoid what may be called a smoothness like that of an egg.—Montreal Standard.

Before Era of the Bridge Table

The test of the happy marriage used to be made by observing a pair at the breakfast table.—Calgary Herald.

Have to Do Side Jumping, Too

The highest jumper in the world is said to be the black jaguar of South America, which has been seen to jump from the ground to a branch fifteen feet high. He must have heard of the feats which humans have to perform when walking in the streets of the cities of civilization, in avoiding automobiles.—Niagara Falls Review.

With Squeaking Slate Pencils

You may think modern life is hard on the nerves, but do you remember when school children did their school lessons on old-fashioned slates?—Toronto Globe.

Collapsible Pedestrian Next

A Berlin engineer has invented a motor car, the wheels of which will fold beneath the chassis.—Amsterdam De Telegraaf.

Trouble With the Secretive Glands

Physiologists say now that inability to keep a secret is a physical rather than a psychological failing.—Journal of Applied Psychology.

Others Regard It as a Bad Habit

"The playing of the saxophone is an art," says one of the leading broadcasting authorities in New York.—Ottawa Citizen.

And on Drums, So Much Per Pound

The tariff on musical—or so-called musical—instruments should, of course, provide a sliding scale for trombones.—Kitchener Record.

Household Hint

Then, too, table scraps can be seasoned with salt water and converted into a nice fur coat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

But Where is That to be This Year?

The very latest thing in women's watches is one to be worn at the waist.—Vogue.

Like the One About Old Razor Blades

Henry Ford himself raises the question of what is to be done with the old Fords.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Why so Many Surgeons Are Good at Golf

A light hand and a flexible wrist are essential to the success of a carver.—Canadian Hotel Review.

Why Was the Expert Needed?

A Glasgow man who married seven times, has been declared insane by an expert.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

England not Eating Enough Apples?

The number of medical men in England has increased by more than 10,000 since 1914.—Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery.

Ties Should be Selected to Match Socks

No country should commit itself to ties which are incompatible with its fundamental interests.—Copenhagen Politiken.

Needs an Amplifier When it Barks?

A tiny Yorkshire terrier weighing only two pounds was recently exhibited in Birmingham.—Manchester Guardian.

Some "In-Laws" Talk the Same Way

Relatives are often persons who express their wonder at your having married into that kind of family.—New Westminster British Columbian.

Maybe That's How he Got the Suit

"A man with a new suit is trusted," says the advertisement of a tailor. Well, that depends.—Halifax Mail.

And Red Flannel Underwear

Airplanes are to be equipped with mufflers, says a New York report. Why not provide them with overshoes also?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Many Would be Knocked Prostrate

If all the jokes in all the almanacs were told, there'd be a lot of people laid end to end.—Vancouver Province.

Life's Way of Evening Things up

For every woman who makes a fool out of some man there's another who makes a man out of some fool.—Quebec Telegraph.

It Attacks the Trouble at the Wrong End

A handbook issued for the use of political campaigners gives a good deal of advice about how to begin speeches.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

All Ready to Risk it, Please Stand up!

"Riches do not always bring happiness," said Mr. Rockefeller truly, at the time of his retirement ten years ago.—Toronto Globe.

We Should Have Thought So, Too

A girl whose ear was snipped while she was being shingled by a lady hairdresser has been awarded damages. We should have thought a lady hairdresser would have known that ears are worn long now.—Aberdeen Citizen.



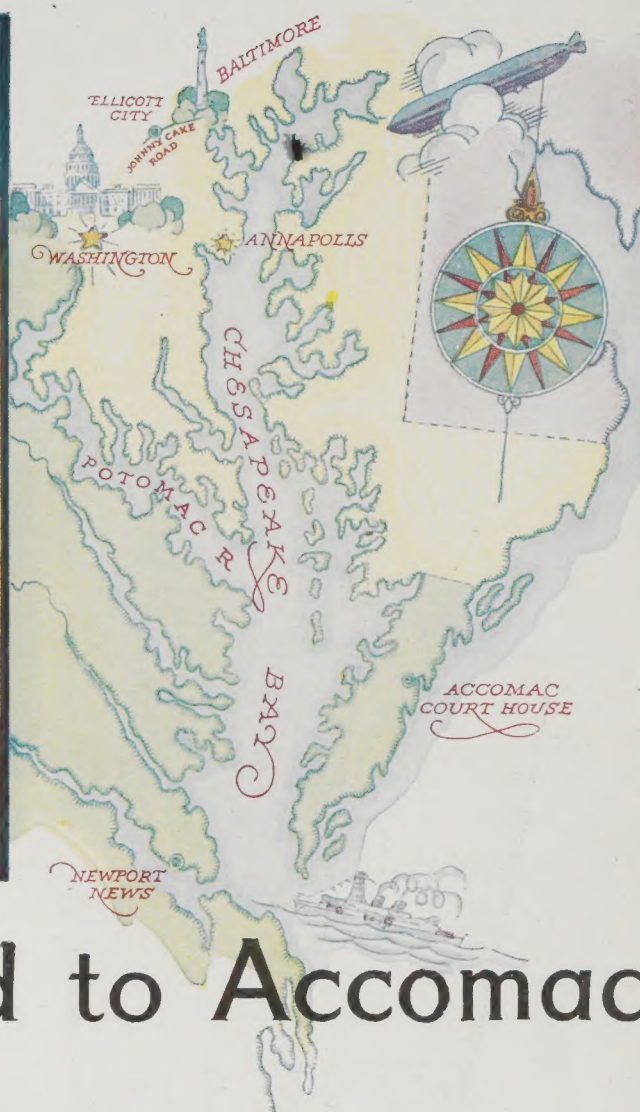
Mr. Jones (scanning weather report): "Darn it! Not a sign of wind; and I've had to look at that blamed perpetual-smoke ad. a week now!"



"Have you some of those cute little yellow pills about so big, with that adorable taste and funny effect?"



The southern apple dish and the Virginia hot bread I learned how to make.



From Johnny Cake Road to Accomac

-- good cooking all the way

I've been loitering down through the Chesapeake Bay country which is as chock full of history as a cherry pie is full of cherries, looking for interesting Crisco recipes for you. And I found marvelous recipes, with the flavor of by-gone days, quaintly phrased, calling for "yeast powder" instead of baking powder and speaking familiarly of "saleratus."

And I found marvelous cooks who know about Crisco and the wonderful delicacy foods have when they're cooked with it. In many an old family cook book I saw tucked away the page of pie recipes I gave you last year in the magazines.

I met a woman in Baltimore who said, "even Baltimore oysters are *proud* to be fried in such a good fat. Just drain them, season, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and use plenty of Crisco in your skillet. And they're marvelous—all crunchy and crispy."

On to Washington over a stretch of the old Johnny Cake road where teams of oxen still wind their way through Ellicott City, where stands a 200-year-old flour mill, now converted into a modern doughnut-machine factory. Which reminds me that Crisco's the best fat I know to fry doughnuts in, too. They never absorb the fat and stay fresh flavored and sweet for weeks.

Then to Annapolis where the loveliest woman showed me her great-grandmother's hand-written cook book with a recipe for Brown Betty entitled and misspelled in the most ladylike hand, "a fine recipe for a *frugel* housewife." It called for unsalted butter! Not so frugal now!

I have given you this recipe, too, for Crisco costs so little in comparison that you can afford to be lavish with it. Yet it tastes for all the

world just like freshly churned sweet butter.

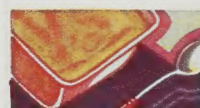
Finally across the bay to Accomac Court House, Virginia, and out to a white-pillared house, where, from the colored cook, I got a recipe for real Virginia spoon bread. I was told that this cook, who hovers over her shiny kitchen stove like a pianist over his Steinway, is famous for miles around.

This Virginia spoon bread isn't like *ordinary* corn bread. It is light and rich and full of flavor—don't serve it with jelly or syrup or anything that will hide it's own deliciousness.

But you must make the spoon bread with Crisco. This fine cook tells me she likes the delicate flavor Crisco gives to foods. She knows too, that Crisco stays fresh, fluffy and snowy-white even without ice-box help.

I have a cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," that you'll find interesting. You may have it by writing me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-30, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



SPOON BREAD

4 eggs, 2 cups milk 2 tablespoons
1 cup white corn meal melted Crisco
1 tablespoon sugar 2 teaspoons bak-
ing powder 1 teaspoon salt

Scald milk and salt in double boiler and pour over corn meal. Cool. Add sugar and beaten eggs. Stir in baking powder and last the melted Crisco. Beat well. Bake in Criscoed deep baking dish in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes. Spoon out and serve with butter.



"FRUGEL" BROWN BETTY

2 cups crumbled 4 tablespoons
bread (not too Crisco
fresh) 1 cup brown sugar
4 cups finely sliced or 1 teaspoon cinna-
chopped tart apples mon

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Mix sugar, spices and salt. Brush baking dish with melted Crisco and add layer of crumbs. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Dot with Crisco. Add layer of apples. Repeat until dish is full, ending with layer of bread crumbs and dotted Crisco on top. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until apples are cooked (about an hour). Remove cover the last 15 minutes so top gets crunchy and brown. Serve hot with soft lemon custard or hard sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter and Gamble Co., Ltd.



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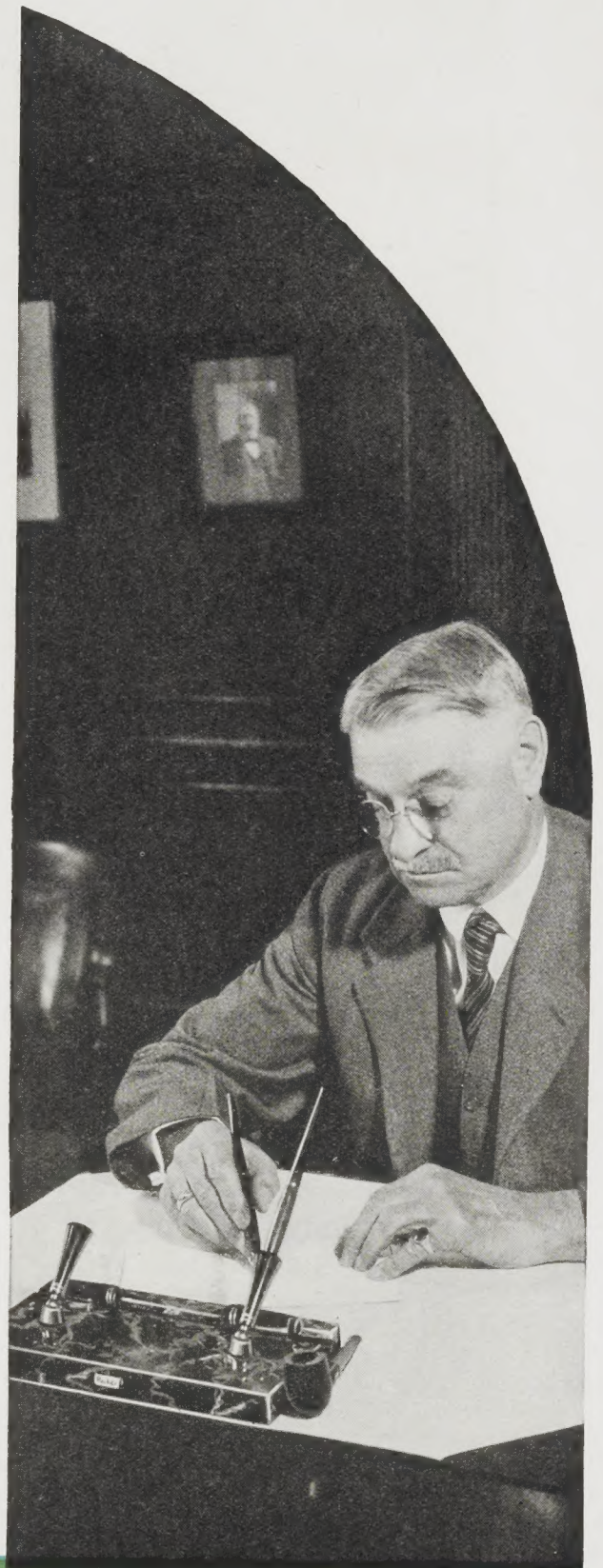
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